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LAURENS ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

By Cosmo Monkhouse

HOWEVER high or low Mr. Alma-Tadema may be ranked by posterity there can be no doubt that he is a Master. His knowledge of effect, his control over his materials, his manipulative skill, are scarcely equalled by any modern artist. He knows what he wants to do, and what he can do, and he rarely oversteps the boundaries of his knowledge or capacity. Unusual talent and unusual judgment in its exercise combine to make him a Master in the true sense. His works all speak of the confident exercise of assured skill as a draughtsman, and a colorist, and a composer of pictures. But it is not only as an executant that he has won his well-deserved fame. Even his extraordinary imitative skill in the representation of light-reflecting surfaces and textures, even his marbles, his bronzes, and his brocades, though they have become as famous as Terborch's satin gowns, would not have earned him his present popularity. It is not his "still life" alone, superexcellent as that is, which has raised him to a unique place in the estimation of his contemporaries, but also the real, may I say the living, life which animates his canvases. Alma-Tadema is not an idealist, he does not seek after more than mortal beauty, his fancy does not wander beyond this lower world of human life, nor does it try to give form to the abstractions of the mind; neither is he a realist in the usual sense—one whose only aim is to reproduce carefully the sights of the present day; he is the painter of human incident in all ages and places. If he does not raise you to Olympus or give you photographs of the Strand, he takes you to the palace of Pharaoh, and fills the streets of ancient Rome with fresh-drawn life.

Alma-Tadema's pedigree as an artist is a very long one, but he essentially belongs to his time. The choice of subjects from the ancient history of a foreign land was compulsory on the earliest Christian artists, and as time went on we find them treating with more and more familiarity those scenes from the Bible and the legends of the Church which formed the staple of their employment. What is now called historical *genre* is no new invention; the works of Ghirlandajo, of Benozzo Gozzoli, and Carpaccio, to mention no other artists of the fifteenth century, are full of it; and another common practice of Tadema, the introduction among his figures of portraits of his friends, is equally time-honored. Even the effort to reproduce scenes from the life of ancient Rome, with every possible regard to accuracy of costume and character, was made more than four hundred years ago, as we may see in Mantegna's "Triumph of Scipio," in the National Gallery in London, and his "Triumph of Julius Cæsar" at Hampton Court Palace. Nevertheless the interest in other ages and all places for their own sakes, the historical curiosity which is not only scientific and artistic but also human, is a distinct character-

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istic of the present century, from Sir Walter Scott to Alma-Tadema. In the spirit of his work the latter may be regarded as an heir of that so called "romantic movement" which broke down the old conventions of David in France and Belgium and of West in England. The artists of the old classical school did indeed paint Greeks and Romans, but they were almost as far removed from ordinary humanity as the gods of Olympus. In the works of Tadema we are made to feel that they were composed of the same flesh and blood as ourselves.

While, however, he belongs intellectually to the general movement of his time and to no particular nation, his purely artistic impulses and technical proclivities are clearly derived from his own Dutch ancestors. That decided preference for interiors and court-yards, with their subtle and complicated effects of reflected light; that wonderful skill in the representation of all kinds of substance and texture, that delight in beautiful color modified and graduated infinitely by different intensities of illumination, that love of finish and detail; in all these predilections Alma-Tadema shows his nationality. Instead of Holland he gives you Italy, instead of bricked alleys, marble courts, but in his blood is the spirit of Terborch and Metzu and De Hoogh.

The biographies of celebrated artists so often commence with tales of extraordinary precocity and of an obstinate bent in the direction of art which no worldly consideration will overcome, that one would have been really disappointed to find that the little Laurens Alma-Tadema was an exception to the rule—he was not. Born at Dronryp, a Friesian village near Leeuwarden, on January 8, 1836, he corrected an error of a drawing-master in 1841, and painted his sister's portrait ten year's afterward. He was sent to the public school at Leeuwarden, but of course spent

Joseph, Overseer of Pharaoh's Granaries.

(Painted in 1874.)

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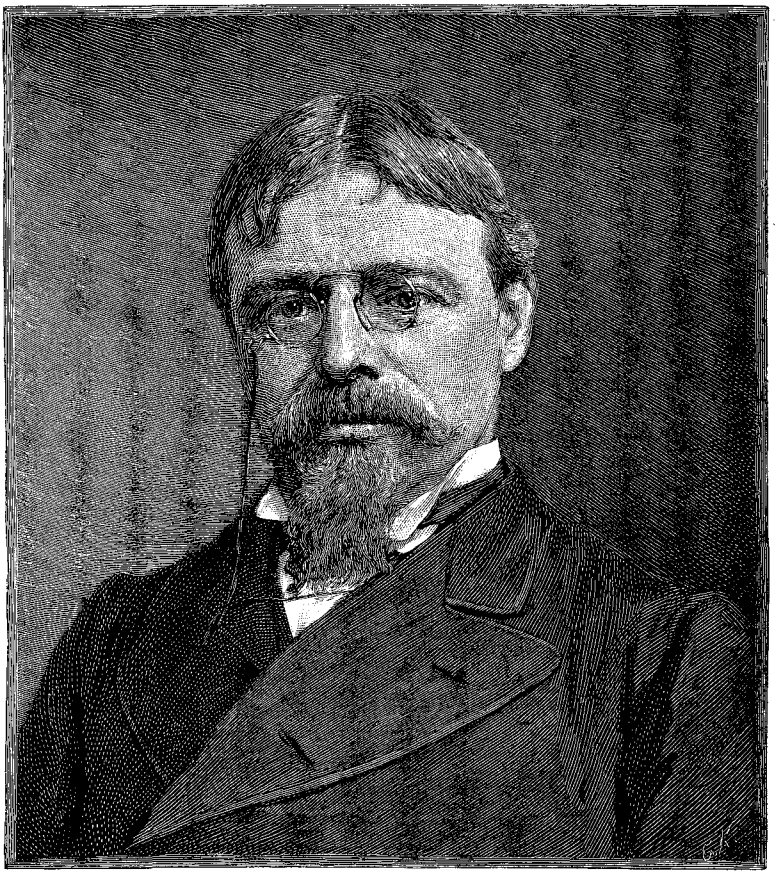
every spare moment in drawing and made little progress in Greek or Latin. His mother (mothers always favor their sons' artistic proclivities) used to wake him by pulling a string tied to his toe so that he might rise early to sketch. Unfortunately his father, Pieter Tadema, a notary, had died when he was four years old and his mother (his father's second wife), a lady of great spirit and character, but weak health, was left with a large family, two only of which were her own children. It was therefore all the more desirable that Laurens should follow his father's profession, or at least one less precarious than that of a painter. But in these cases where art and nature are, so to speak, on the same side, nothing will withstand them in the long run. After a long struggle between duty and inclination the youth's health broke down, and the course of his true love (for art) was allowed to run smooth. The result was a quick and thorough restoration to health. In order to secure for him a better course of training than his native country then afforded, he was sent to Antwerp, where in 1852 he entered the Academy, under Gustave Wappers, the painter of "Episode de la Révolution Belge," the leader of that "romantic" and "national" movement in Belgian art which was fast obliterating the old classical school of David. From the Academy, Tadema passed to the atelier of Henri (soon after to become Baron) Leys, then in the flush of the success of



Laurens Alma-Tadema.

(From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company.)

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his new manner of painting mediæval scenes. To him, beyond all others of his generation, belongs the merit of infusing into his pictures the spirit of the age which he sought to restore. Not only was he careful about correctness in architecture, in costume, and type, but he gave to his figures an old-world air, a quaintness of demeanor, a spirit, and a sentiment, in character with their surroundings. When it is added that his execution was thorough and masterly and his color beautiful, it is easy to understand how powerful an effect he had upon the development of his young pupil. Tadema worked very hard, and painted several pictures which he afterward destroyed. We are told that the subjects were for the most part selected from half-historic times, and that the first of the larger ones was from Goethe's "Faust," which reminds us of "La Promenade de Faust" by his master, which is now in the Museum of Brussels.

In 1859 Tadema assisted Leys in his frescos on the wall of the great hall of the Hôtel de Ville at Antwerp, and about this time he was joined by his mother and sister. He was now but three and twenty, and was still in the student stage. In the exhibition of his collected works at the Grosvenor Gallery in the winter of 1882–83 there were two pictures which may be said to mark the beginning and end of this first period of every artist's career. These were the portrait of himself, dated 1852, and "A Bargain," painted in 1860. His mother died about four years after she came to Antwerp, but not before he had achieved a great success by his picture of "The Education of the Children of Clovis" (1861), exhibited at Antwerp, and had received his first gold medal at Amsterdam in 1862.

One of the most remarkable features of Tadema's pictures, even at this time, was the accuracy of their architectural and decorative details.

From his childhood he appears to have had a strong interest in antiquities, and to have studied those of Greece and Rome, when he was comparatively careless about acquiring a knowledge of Greek and Latin. What first turned his attention more particularly to the Merovingians, were the works of Augustin Thierry and the teaching of Louis de Taey, Professor in Archæology in the Academy of Antwerp. The "Education of the Children of Clovis" was not his first attempt to illustrate a striking and picturesque incident in the terrible family history of that great warrior who founded France. To 1858 belongs the remarkable picture of "Clotilde at the Tomb of her Grandchildren." Both pictures were to be seen side by side at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1882, the former lent by the King of the Belgians, and the latter by M. Jules Verspreerewen.

In the "Education of the Children of Clovis," we see the three young children of Clovis and Clotilde practising the art of hurling the axe in a court of Roman architecture. The most interested of their spectators is their widowed mother, who is training them to avenge the murder of her own parents. A fine little fellow, the eldest son, is taking his aim with vigorous gesture, the second is watching and waiting his turn, the youngest is standing by his mother's knee. In the second picture Clotilde is mourning the orphan children of her first-born, who have been murdered by their uncles.

It is characteristic that, even in these early works, the artist avoids the great high-road of historic art, and takes, as it were, a by-path; choosing, not great public events, but domestic incidents connected therewith; not the tragedies themselves, but their preparation and result.

"The Children of Clovis" was the first picture painted by Tadema under the guidance of Leys, and, no doubt, partly on this account, shows an advance beyond the earlier "Clotilde at the Tomb," but they both testify to the originality of the young artist who thus early had marked out a fresh path for himself, well suited to his special talent and disposition. They are the first of a series of pictures, of which the best-known and the finest, is the "Fredegonda" of 1878 (exhibited 1880), where the rejected wife or mistress is watching from behind her curtained window the marriage of Chilperic I. with Galeswintha. But this picture was a return

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Shy.

(Painted in 1883, and owned by Mr. Theodore Miller.)

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A Nymphæum.
(Painted in 1875—now in Krum's collection at Antwerp.)

to an old love, whom he had left some years, for perhaps still more congenial society. The principal pictures of Alma-Tadema may be divided into four classes: 1, Portrait; 2, Frankish; 3, Egyptian; 4, Greek and Roman. Tadema's first Roman picture, "Catullus at Lesbia's" (now in the Walters Gallery at Baltimore), was painted in 1865, but a Roman feeling may be said to permeate all his works, except the pure Egyptian, and those few pictures of mediæval Flemish interiors, which tell of his studentship at Antwerp, and should perhaps be noted as a fifth group. If we except one of his Egyptian pictures, "The Death of the First-born," and one or two of the Roman pictures like "A Roman Emperor," it is in this Frankish or Merovingian series that we find the painter moved by the deepest feeling and the liveliest spirit of romance.

Perhaps the most strongly dramatic and passionate of all

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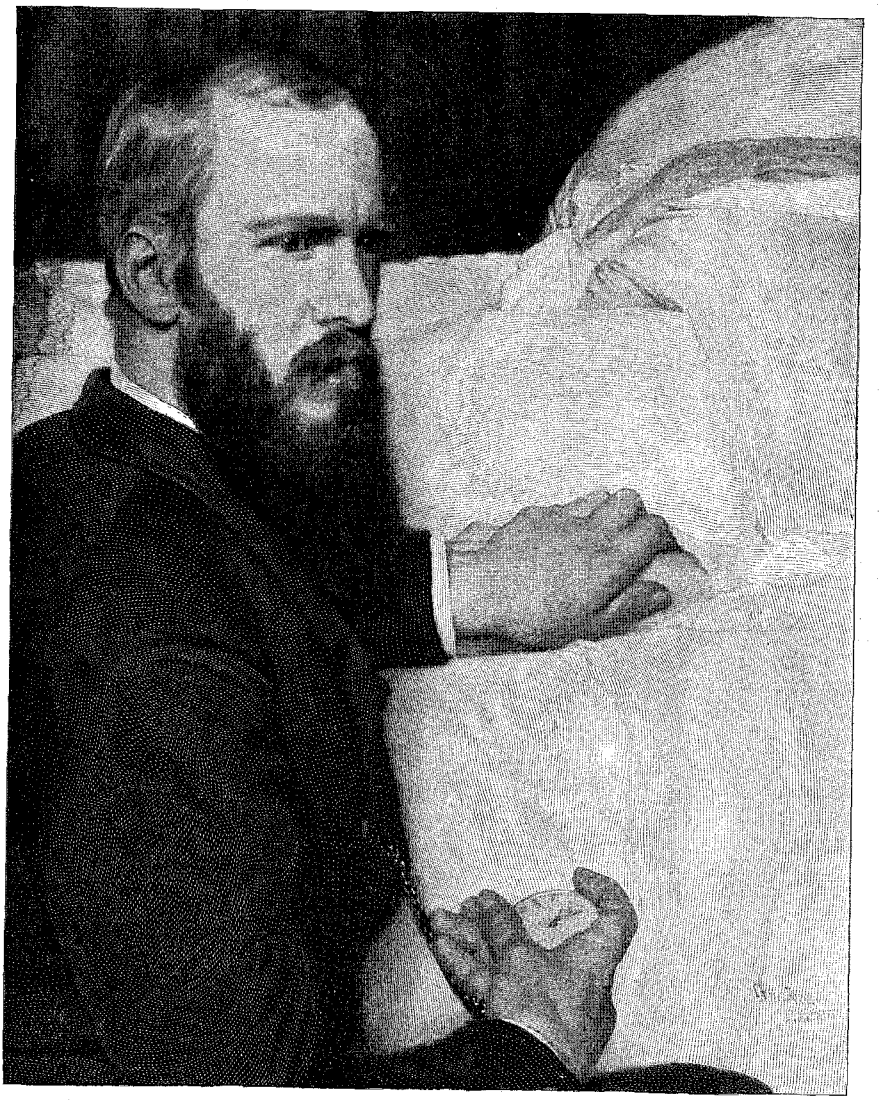
his designs, is that of "Fredegonda at the Death-bed of Prætextatus," where the bishop, who has been stabbed by order of the Queen, is cursing her from his dying bed. There is a good wood-cut of this somewhat stiff but powerful picture in the "Art Annual" for 1886, which is devoted to the career of Alma-Tadema.

The first note I have of a picture by Alma-Tadema, which attempts to reproduce for us the life of ancient Egypt, relates to "Egyptians Three Thousand Years Ago," which was lent by Mr. J. Dewhurst to the Grosvenor Gallery in 1882, and was painted in 1863. It has been followed by many notable scenes of Egypt before and after the Roman period, faithful in their architectural and ornamental details and careful in their human types. Those concerned with the time of Pharaoh are reserved in color and severe in sentiment and style, as though the statues and painted reliefs which adorn the temples and palaces of the Nile had come to life and repeopled their solitary streets and halls. Here



Dr. W. Epps, the Physician.

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both the pictorial and the plastic sense of the artist, which are combined in him to an unusual degree, are called strongly into action. His Egyptian figures want neither life nor individuality, but they are constrained by some of that stern formality which characterizes Egyptian art. Yet among the series of his Egyptian pictures there is one which reaches a profounder depth of human pathos than he has elsewhere sounded. This is the "Death of the First-Born," painted in 1893 and still in the possession of the artist. The scene is the interior of an Egyptian temple on a clear warm night, with the moonlight seen through a distant doorway, and the gloom within fitfully illumined with lamps. Upright and monumental, Pharaoh, crowned, and glittering with jewels, sits on a low stool with the slender figure of his first-born lying dead across his knees. He seems as passionless and immovable as a statue, and yet the artist has made you feel that his stoicism is more apparent than real, and is maintained only by severe control. On one side sits the mother, overcome with anguish, on the other the physician, and all around on the dim, lamp-lit floor are priests and players of strange instruments, suggesting a weird din of wild prayers and shrill music. Among his other Egyptian pictures are "An Egyptian at his Doorway" (1865), "The Mummy" (Roman period, 1867), "A Widow" (1873), "The Chamberlain of Sesostris" (1869), and "Joseph. Overseer of Pharaoh's Granaries" (1874). The last is one of the most strange and characteristic. It is a small but long picture, showing an Egyptian hall or apartment, the wall of which, carved and painted with Egyptian reliefs, occupies the whole of the background. On the narrow strip of floor between this and the spectator are two figures. On the left is Joseph, sitting stiff and stately on a throne-like chair. His left hand is extended, and holds a tall staff of office surmounted by a lotus flower. On either side of his neck his hair descends in rope-like plaits, a bead necklace of many rows hangs across his chest, and his feet are bare. On the right the storekeeper sits on the ground reading from a papyrus roll, his pen stuck through his bushy hair. In the scanty foreground are spilled samples of strange-looking grain.

On these scenes from Frankish and Egyptian life Alma-Tadema spent great energy and research, and exercised his best imagination; but through all his life his strongest and most consistent art-impulse has been toward the presentation of the life of ancient Greece and Rome. Now he treats it historically, as in "Tarquinius Superbus," "Ave Cæsar," and "Heliogabalus;" now socially, as in a hundred pictures, such as "The Wine Shop," the "Audience at Agrippa's," and "The Entrance to a Roman Theatre." As might be expected of a man of scholarship and culture, he does not forget either the literary or the artistic past; he paints "Sappho" listening to the lyre of Alcæus; he shows us "Tibullus at Delia's" and "Catullus at Lesbia's;" he introduces us to Phidias showing the frieze of the Parthenon to Pericles, Alcibiades, and Aspasia; and invites us to the studio of Antistius Labeo; he takes us with Hadrian to the pottery of a Roman Minton in England, and to a reading of Homer on the shores of the Greek Archipelago; with a wave of his paint-brush he brings before us the dance and music of the "Vintage Festival," the pomp of their religious processions, and the mighty movement of the "Pyrrhic Dance," and he gives us the *entrée* even to the ladies' baths, to the "Apodyterium," the "Tepidarium," and "The Bath" itself; he reveals to us the mysteries of the toilette and the innocent merriment of the girls as they splash and play in the water, squeeze their skins with strigils, or submit themselves to the *douche* which spirts from the mouths of bronze or marble sphinxes. He has many things to tell us (or to paint us) of their homes and domestic affections. We see the mother kissing her child before her "Departure" to the amphitheatre, or bargaining by "The Bridge" for a row on the river with her daughter, or reading to a "convalescent," who is "down on the sofa," for the first time, just able to listen to the "last novel," and to enjoy

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The Earthly Paradise.

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the ancient Roman equivalent of beef-tea. Last, but not least, of his gifts to us are his scenes of love and flirtation, now treated sportively with ever so delicate a humor, as in "Who Is It?" or "Shy," or "A Love Missile," or more seriously and idyllically, as in the "First Whisper," or "The Question," one of the smallest and most charming of the painter's works. Of this a beautiful variant in water-color ("Xanthe and Phaon") is in the Walters collection at Baltimore. Nor have I yet exhausted the many ways in which Alma-Tadema has depicted the lives of the old Greeks and Romans, so as to bring them (as Miss H. Zimmern remarks) "within the scope of our sympathies."

There is so high a general level of accomplishment in all these pictures, and so great a variety of conception, that it is difficult to select favorites, but for various reasons I will choose a few which were painted before he took up his residence in England some five and twenty years ago. The "Tarquinius Superbus" of 1867, the "Phidias and the Elgin Marbles" of 1868, and the "Pyrrhic Dance" and "The Wine Shop" of 1869. The scene of the "Tarquinius" is a garden, but as in most of his earlier pictures, whether interiors or in the open air, there is no sky visible; the distance is blocked by a wall highly decorated with classical figures. The face of Tarquinius is of unusual beauty, his bearing of unusual elegance, as he stands in an attitude of haughty ease to receive the huge keys which the envoys of Gabia bring him on a salver. A remarkable feature in the picture is the thick bed of tall poppies, some of which are in the tyrant's hands, apparently just cropped with his sceptre. No other artist has ever made so much use of flowers to beautify his pictures as Alma-Tadema. They frequently aid him in his difficulties of color and composition. A picture which will not come right is often settled by a mass of splendid bloom from his garden or conservatory. In this respect he has allowed himself some liberty of anachronism (especially perhaps in later years), introducing the latest variety of purple clematis or rose azalea into the gardens and palaces of ancient Rome. The "Phidias and the Elgin Marbles" is the first of those glimpses of the art-world of classical life of which "Hadrian in England," "The Sculpture Gallery," and the "Picture Gallery" are later samples. Here the subject is as Greek as it can be, and the types and costumes of the figures have been studied with the greatest regard to time and race; but even here he is not so convincing as in his pictures of Rome and the Romans. This work is an early example of what may be called his fragmentary style of composition, his complex lighting and daring effects of perspective. It is made up of sections of roof, of frieze, and of scaffold, and it is only through the planks of the last that you get peeps of a world below.

The "Pyrrhic Dance," though one of the simplest of his compositions, stands out distinctly from them all by reason of its striking silhouette and impressive attitudes of the soldiers engaged in this famous war-dance. Two only of the warriors are wholly visible as they advance with lifted shield and lowered lance with long, slow stride round the arena. The action of the men, studied no doubt carefully from some ancient relief or vase painting, is admirably rendered. It is stealthy, alert, and formidable. Behind, on marble benches, sit a noble company watching the robust and picturesque game with interest, but these two warriors, so heavily armed and yet so light upon their feet, make the "picture" which remains upon the memory. In the "Wine Shop" the humor of the artist, never far below the surface, appears more prominently than usual. The muscular young wine-seller, with a face like a satyr's and sparkling with merriment, is retailing the last good story to an audience of his customers, who are sipping their wine and listening with various degrees of interest. One on the left is absorbed in a critical examination of the merits of the vintage. The characters of all are well seized and well distinguished from each other, and the whole scene is presented with a force which the artist has seldom excelled.

During the five or six years after the

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death of his mother, within which period these four pictures (and so many more) were painted, Alma-Tadema's private life has passed through much joy and suffering. In 1863 he had married a French lady, and had removed from Antwerp to Brussels, where he remained till 1869, when his wife died and left him a widower with two little girls. Soon after this he deter-

Xanthe and Phaon—of Ebers's "The Question."
(Water-color, painted in 1883, in the Walters' Art Gallery, Baltimore.)

L. Alma Tadema
private collection

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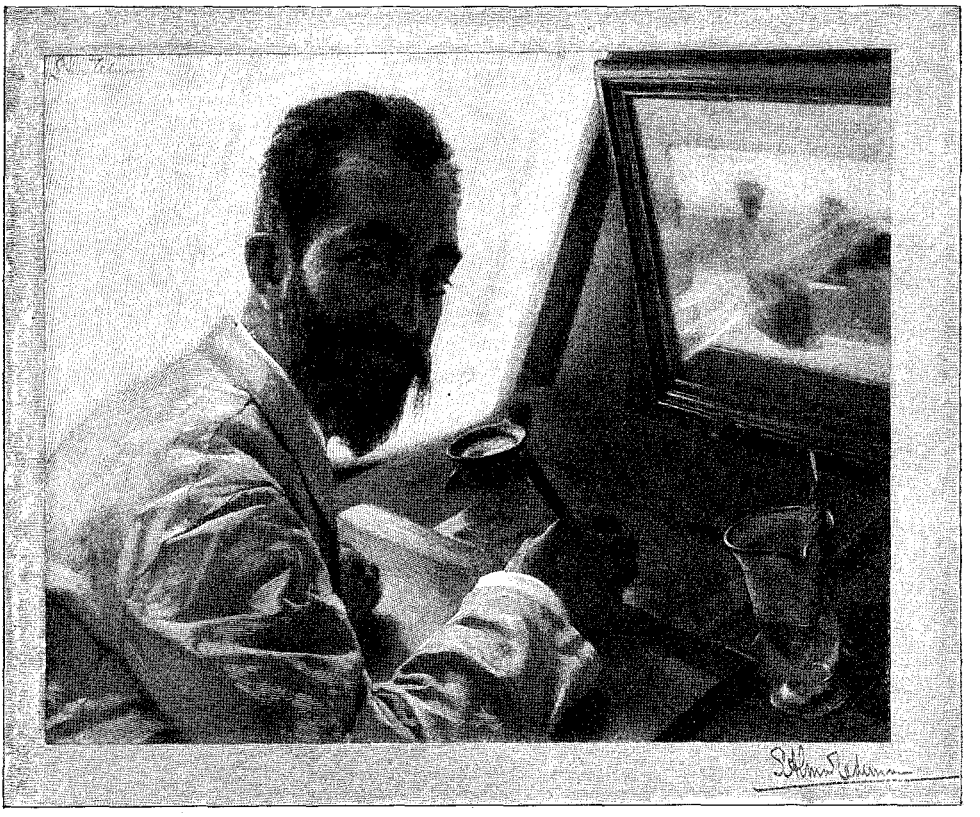

L. Lowenstam, the Etcher.

mined to change his residence from Brussels to London, where he was to find friends, fame, prosperity, and new domestic happiness. With regard to fame it must, however, be remembered that when he made this resolve he was already one of the most celebrated of the younger artists of Europe. He was only three and thirty, but besides the distinctions which he had gained in Holland and Belgium, he had been awarded a medal at the Paris Salon of 1864, and a medal of the second class at the Exposition Universelle of 1867. It is difficult to say how far his reputation had spread in England. He had been too young to share in the honors paid to the Belgian artists at the London Exhibition of 1862, especially to Louis Gallait (the painter of "The Last Moments of Count Egmont" and "The Last Honors paid to Counts Egmont and Horn," that powerful but ghostly picture known by the name of "Les Têtes coupées") and to Baron Leys, who was represented by his young "Luther Singing the Canticles in the Streets of Eisenach." But he was known to many artists and connoisseurs, and a few of his pictures, too remarkable for their unusual style, their finished execution, and fine color, to pass unobserved, had been seen at Wallis's French Gallery in Pall Mall, and perhaps elsewhere in London. When he came to England he came to stay, and as if to announce his intention, he sent to the Royal Academy of 1869, from "51 Rue des Palais, Bruxelles," two pictures, "Un Amateur romain" and "Une Danse Pyrrhique" (the picture already described), his first contributions to the Exhibitions of this Academy. Next year the catalogue contains the same address, and his pictures were "Un Intérieur romain," "Un Jongleur," and "Un Amateur romain (empire)." Next year's catalogue chronicles

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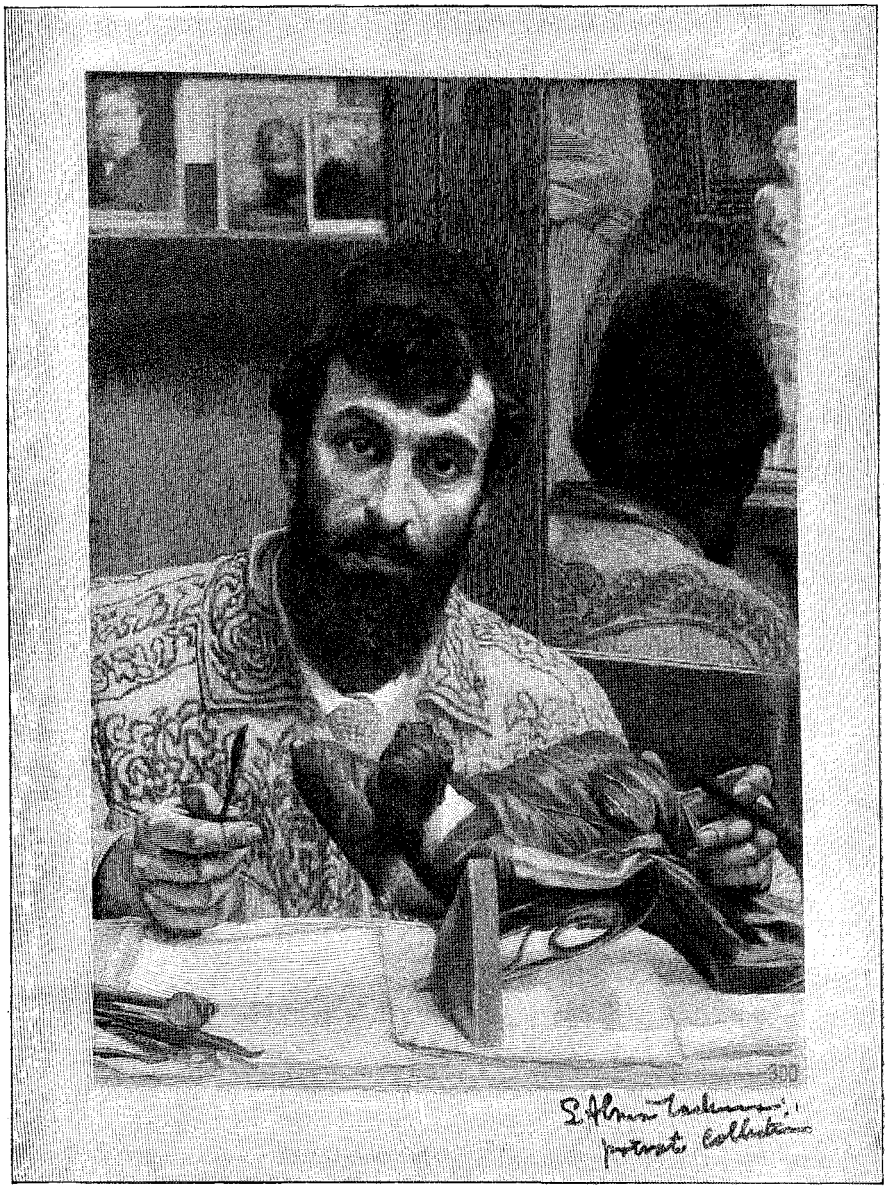

The Late Professor G. B. Amendola Making the Silver Statue of Mrs. Tadema.

two changes: his address is English—4 Camden Square, N. W.—and his name is indexed under A instead of T. By joining his second name, Alma, to his surname Tadema, he had become the Alma-Tadema we know. His godfather was Laurens Alma, and from a boy he had been accustomed to sign himself L. Alma-Tadema.

His pictures of this year were "Grand Chamberlain to his Majesty, King Sesostris the Great," and "A Roman Emperor A.D. 41," one of his most celebrated compositions, which was partly a repetition of his "Claudius" of 1867, and again to be reproduced with variations in the exquisite little picture called "Ave Cæsar," "Io Saturnalia," which was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1881. But the year 1871

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The Entrance to the Temple.
(R. A. Diploma painting in 1882.)

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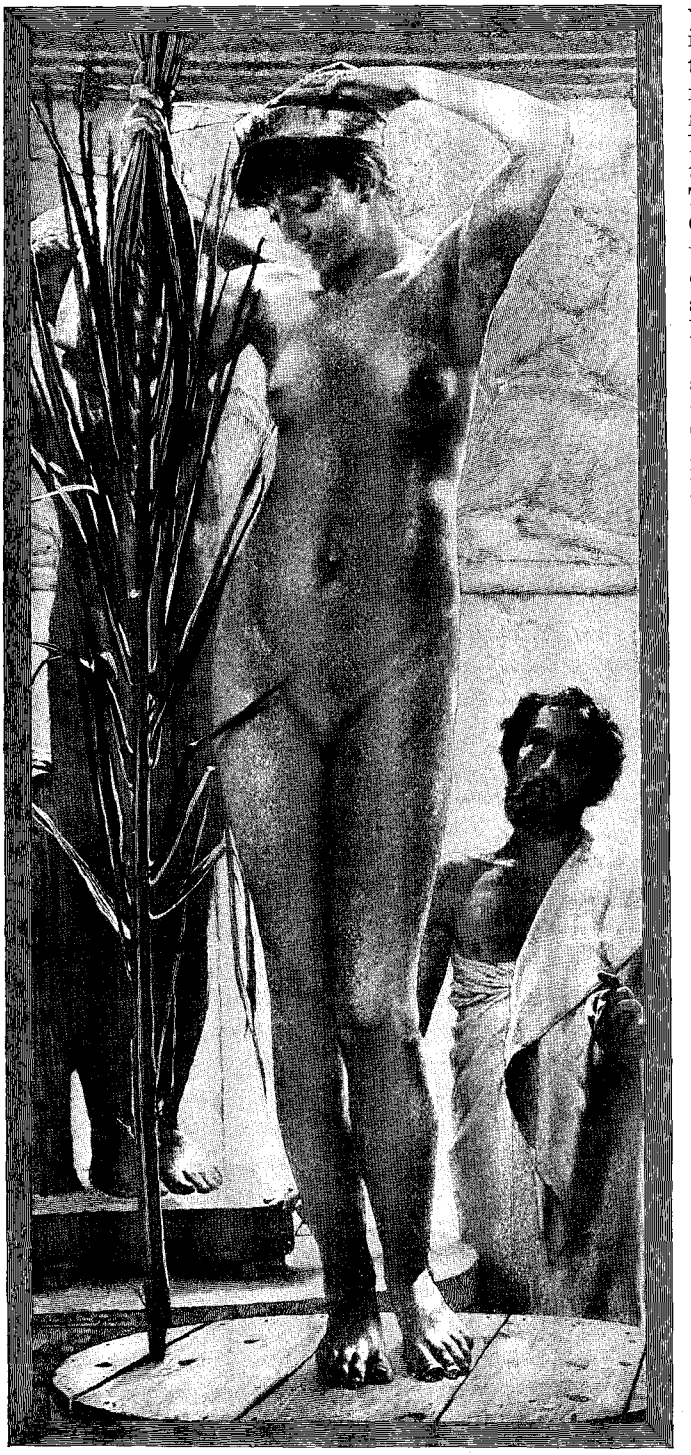

The Sculptor's Model.

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)

was in other ways more important still in the history of the painter's life, for it was then that he married his second wife, Miss Laura Epps, and took up his residence at Townshend House, North Gate, Regent's Park, which soon became one of the most interesting and attractive houses in London.

It is not necessary to add much with regard to the pictures which Alma-Tadema has painted during his long residence in England. Most of the more important ones have already been mentioned, with more or less of comment, and have been made well-known by means of engravings. It needs but a mention of the name to recall such works as "The Vintage Festival" (1870), "The Picture Gallery," "The Sculpture Gallery" (1875), "The Audience at Agrippa's" (1876), "The Seasons" (1877), "Sappho" (1881), "Hadrian in Britain" (1884), and the "Apodyterium" of 1886.

Since then, however, he has painted two pictures of high importance which may be less known. These are "The Women of Amphissa" (1887); and the "Roses of Heliogabalus" (1888). They are both among his most daring attempts, the former especially in form, the latter in color. The former shows us a wandering troupe of Bacchantes lying in every attitude of exhausted nature in the market-place of Amphissa, the latter the guests of Heliogabalus being smothered in an avalanche of rose-

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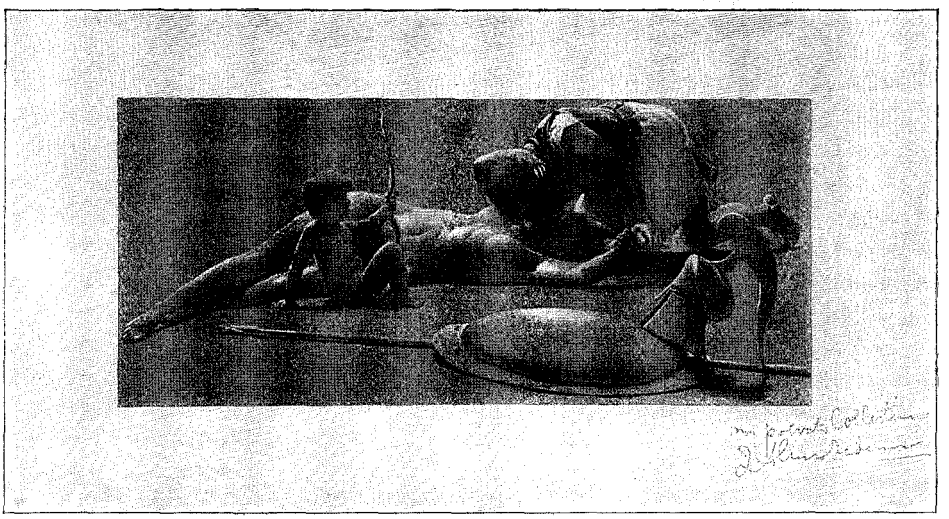

Venus and Mars.

(Painted in 1872. This formerly decorated the ceiling of Mr. Tadema's studio at Townshend House. It was destroyed by fire, and has never before been engraved.)

leaves. In both these pictures we see that, however accurate they may be in historical detail, the artist has become the master of the archæologist, and this perhaps in a few words is the history of Alma-Tadema in England.

His real progress has been in freedom of draughtsmanship, in perception of beauty, in subtlety and exquisiteness of color, in directness of pictorial intention, in gayety of spirit. He teaches less but he pleases more. May I add in a whisper that he gets more modern as well as more human, using art only as a drapery for nature, and the past as a cloak for the present.

Alma-Tadema is not a professional portrait-painter, but he paints, and no one more powerfully and sympathetically, the portraits of his friends. In 1871, he painted the portrait of Miss Laura Epps, soon to become his wife, and thereafter to grace not only his life but his art. Her type of beauty, if not her exact likeness, animates many of his best pictures. He has painted his daughters also, when quite young, and afterwards. One of these (Miss Anna), like her mother, is an accomplished artist. Always painting a friend, now and then, he has painted them more frequently of later years. Among others may be mentioned Ludwig Barnay, the actor, Count von Bylands, Signor Amendola (the late sculptor), Herr Lowenstam, the etcher of many of his pictures, Dr. Epps, his brother-in-law, Herr Henschel, Dr. Joachim, Herr Richter, the musician, and Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A. His female portraits are fewer, but there are two at least of great charm, Mrs. F. D. Millet, the wife of an American artist, and Mrs. Charles W. Wyllie, the wife of an English one. As to the portraits of friends introduced into his pictures they are too numerous to mention. In his last large picture, "Spring," Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, clad as ancient Romans, are looking down from an upper story upon the brilliant spectacle.

He has introduced himself also into at least one of his pictures, "The Departure," which is quite a family group, for the mother is his wife, the child his daughter, and he himself is on the wall in the form of a bust. Nor could anyone pass more easily for an ancient Roman, and anyone who had seen him, crowned with a massive wreath of bluebells, mixing in the brilliant assembly at a Fancy Ball given some years ago, by the Institute of Painters in Water-colors, might have well suspected that he had in his veins some drops of the blood of the Roman Emperor he was personating. Perhaps he has; it would account for much in his character and

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Engraved by Henry Wolf.

Portrait of Mrs. C. W. Wyllie.

(After a photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.)

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work. But I am afraid that, however, he may be descended, there is no ground for supposing that he is an Englishman, except in the sense of nationalization. But we are proud of him, nevertheless, not only on account of the lustre he has shed on our Academy of Arts, but also because he has nearly all the qualities which we fondly regard as characteristic of Englishmen. All the world knows that he is one of the most original, skilful, versatile, and ingenious of modern artists, as those among whom he lives are able to add that he is healthy, strong, good-natured, honorable, manly, and, if somewhat quick-tempered and imperious, without a touch of the mean or the morbid throughout his character or his art.

I hope he will pardon this little panegyric, but his personality is so strong that it is difficult to write of him without being personal. There is no artist whose character so permeates not only his pictures but everything connected with him. His house is not only his castle but his shell. To say that it was built from his designs gives but a poor notion of the intimate relation between it and its occupant. Sir Frederick Leighton's is a wonderful house, and has a unique feature in its oriental hall, with its divans, its marble fountains, its walls and recesses of Damascus tiles, but it is not as a whole so characteristic as Alma-Tadema's; in one you see the owner's taste, in the other the man himself. As you walk along the Grove End Road, with its villas on each side, like any other road in the locality of St. John's Wood, the ordinary dull brick garden-wall is interrupted by a neat semi-classical doorway of terra-cotta, with a pediment atop and pilasters at the sides, on the capitals of which are moulded the monogram of the artist.

Farther on, the ilexes and lilacs interrupt the view of the house, but glimpses are caught of the roof of a large conservatory, of a wall glittering with a broad band of gay-colored tiles, red and yellow and white, and of the huge window of the artist's principal studio. You can see that the house is built of red brick with yellow terra-cotta dressings, and surmounted with bold architectural chimney-cases, broad and tall and arched at the top. As you pass along, the great apse of the studio, like a semidome, comes into view, and then a flat brick wall, of which the red and yellow bricks are so arranged that it resembles the front of a classic temple. Beyond all this are the ordinary dwelling-rooms, but of these little can be seen except the roofs and the chimney-cases and the weather-cock in the shape of a palette and paint brushes.

Bacchus and Silenus.

(Painted in 1875. This also decorated the ceiling of the Townshend House studio, but was destroyed by fire, and is here engraved for the first time.)

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The rest is hid in trees. The whole effect is somewhat puzzling, heterogeneous, and bizarre, but impressive withal from its boldness and eccentricity. And if you enter the door, what do you see? Everything that is new and old, strange and beautiful, Dutch or Roman, Japanese or Italian, English or French, dominated and harmonized by one man's triumphant taste. Everywhere you look you are met by some sign of the owner's genius for decorative design and arrangement.

The hall leads to a staircase carpeted with brass, which goes up to the big studio, or, if you turn to the left, to another hall or room shut in only by the glass sliding doors of the conservatory. It is adorned with all kinds of ornaments, movable and immovable, but its most remarkable feature is the wall panelled with tall slim pictures, each of them by a different hand. Leighton, Boughton, Sargent, Calderon, Van Haanen, and some score more of the artist's friends have thus contributed to its embellishment. Upstairs is the studio, with its huge, round, apse-like recess, draped with magnificent embroidery of Venetian velvet and furnished with seats fit for a Roman emperor, with its domed aluminium roof, its singing gallery, and, raised on a platform in the midst, its famous piano of oak and mammoth ivory, on the tablets of which (inside the lid) are inscribed, by their own hands, the names of the most celebrated singers and musicians in Europe.

If I were only to attempt to exhaust all that this studio and the hall possess of beauty and interest I should need more space than has already been filled by this article, and so I must leave to the imagination of the reader the charming studio of Mrs. Alma-Tadema and all the other rooms and passages of the house, though they are filled with objects of beauty and curiosity, which somehow seem to have been made for the places they occupy. May they long remain as they are, under the same ordering will, the same masterful, mastering, and masterly spirit, for the house can never have another real possessor. Its future occupant, whatever his merit or ability, will be nothing but a hermit-crab.

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER XLV

A CHAPTER OF UNDERCURRENTS AND SOME SURFACE FLASHES

THUS a round and good old English practical repartee, worthy a place in England's book of her historical popular jests; conceived ingeniously, no bit murderously, even humanely, if Englishmen are to be allowed indulgence of a jolly hit back for an injury—more a feint than a real stroke—gave the miserly veteran his final quake and cut Chillon's knot.

Lord Levellier dead of the joke detracted from the funny idea there had been in the anticipation of his hearing the libertine explosion of his grand new powder, and coming out cloaked to see what walls remained upright. Its cleverness, however, was magnified by the shades into which it had despatched him. The man who started the "rouse for old Griphard" was named; nor did he shuffle his honors off. Chillon accused him, and he regretfully grinned; he would have owned to it eloquently, excited by the extreme ingenuity, but humor at the criminal bar is an abject thing, that has to borrow from metaphysics for the expository words. He lacked them entirely, and as he could not, fronting his master, supply the defect with oaths, he drew up and let out on the dead old lord, who wanted a few

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pounds of blasting powder, like anything else in everybody's way. Chillon expected the lowest of his countrymen to show some degree of chivalry upon occasions like the present. He was too young to perceive how it is, that a block of our speech in the needed direction drives it storming in another, not the one closely expressing us. Carinthia liked the man; she was grieved to hear of his having got the sack summarily, when he might have had a further month of service or a month's pay. Had not the workmen's forbearance been much tried? And they had not stolen, they had bought the powder, only intending to startle.

She touched her brother's native sense of fairness and vexed him with his cowardly devil of impatience, which kicked at a simply stupid common man, and behaved to a lordly offender, smelling rascal, civilly. Just as her father would have treated the matter, she said: "Are we sorry for what has happened, Chillon?" The man had gone, the injustice was done; the master was left to reflect on the part played by his inheritance of the half share of ninety thousand pounds in his proper respect for Lord Levellier's memory. Harsh to an inferior is a horrible charge. But the position of debtor to a titled cur brings a worse for endurance. Knowing a part of Lord Fleetwood's message to Lord Levellier suppressed, the bride's brother, her chief guardian, had treated the omission as of no importance, and had all the while understood that he ought to give her his full guess at the reading of it: or so his racked mind understood it now. His old father had said: *A dumb tongue can be a heavy liar;* and *Lies are usurers' coin we pay for ten thousand per cent.* His harshness in the past hour to a workman who had suffered with him and had not intended serious mischief was Chillon's unsounded motive for the resolution to be out of debt to the man he loathed. There is a Muse that smiles aloft surveying our acts from the well-springs.

Carinthia heard her brother's fuller version of the Earl's communication to her uncle before the wild day of her marriage. "Not particularly fitted for the married state," Chillon phrased it, saying: "He seems to have known himself, he was honest so far." She was advised to think it over, that the man was her husband.

She had her brother's heart in her breast, she could not misread him. She thought it over, and felt a slight drag of compassion for the reluctant bridegroom. That was a stretch long leagues distant from love with her; the sort of feeling one has for strange animals hurt: and she had in her childish blindness done him a hurt, and he had bitten her. He was a weak young nobleman; he had wealth for a likeness of strength; he had no glory about his head. Why had he not chosen a woman to sit beside him who would have fancied his coronet a glory and his luxury a kindness? But the poor young nobleman did not choose! The sadly comic of his keeping to the pledge of his word—his real wife—the tyrant of the tyrant—clothed him; the vision of him at the altar, and on the coach, and at the Royal Sovereign Inn, and into the dimness where a placidly smiling recollection met a curtain and lost the smile.

Suppose that her duty condemned her to stay in England on guard over Chillon's treasure! The perpetual struggle with a weak young nobleman of aimless tempers and rightabout changes, pretending to the part of husband, would, she foresaw, raise another figure of duty, enchaining a weak young woman. The world supported his pretension; and her passion to serve as Chillon's comrade sank at a damping because it was flame. Chillon had done that; Lady Arpington, to some extent; Henrietta more. A little incident, pointing in no direction, had left a shadow of a cloud, consequent upon Lady Arpington's mention of Henrietta's unprotectedness. Stepping up the hill to meet her sister, on the morning of Henrietta's departure for London under convoy of Mr. Wythan, Carinthia's long sight spied Kit Ines, or a man like him, in the meadow between Lekkatts and Croridge. He stood before Henrietta, and vanished light-legged at a gesture. Henrietta was descending to take her leave of her busied husband; her cheeks were flushed; she would not speak of the fellow, except to reply, "oh, a beggar," and kept asking whether

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she ought not to stay at Stoneridge. And if she did she would lose the last of the Opera in London! How could she help to investigate the cause of an explosion so considerate to them? She sang snatches of melodies, clung to her husband, protested her inability to leave him, and went, appearing torn away. As well did healthy children lie abed on a bright summer morning, as think of holding this fair young woman bound to the circle of safety when she has her view of pleasure sparkling like the shore-sea mermaid's mirror.

Suspicions were not of the brood Carinthia's bosom harbored. Suspicion of Chillon's wife Carinthia could not feel. An uncaptained vessel in the winds on high seas was imagined without a picturing of it. The apparition of Ines, if it was he, would not fit with any conjecture. She sent a warning to Madge, and at the same time named the girl's wedding-day for her; pained in doing it. She had given the dear girl her word that she would be present at this of all marriages. But a day or two days or more would have to be spent away from Chillon; and her hunger for every hour beside her brother confessed to the war going on within her, as to which was her holier duty, the one on the line of her inclinations, or that one pointing to luxury—choice between a battle-horse and a cushioned chair; between companionship with her glorious brother facing death, and submission to a weak young nobleman claiming his husband's rights over her. She had submitted, had forgotten his icy strangeness, had thought him love; and hers was a breast for love, it was owned by the sobbing rise of her breast at the thought. And she might submit again—in honor? scorning the husband? Chillon scorned him. Yet Chillon left the decision to her, specified his excuses. And Henrietta and Owain, Lady Arpington, Gower Woodseer, all the world—Carinthia shuddered at the world's blank eye on what it directs for the acquiescence of the woman. That shred of herself she would become, she felt herself becoming it when the view of her career beside her brother waned.

Madge and Gower came to Stoneridge on their road to London three days before their union. Madge had no fear of Ines, but said: "I never let Mr. Gower out of my sight." Perforce of studying him with the thirsty wonder consequent upon his proposal to her, she had got fast hold of the skirts of his character; she "knew he was happy because he was always making her laugh at herself." Her manner of saying, "She hoped to give him a comfortable home, so that he might never be sorry for what he had done," was toned as in a church, beautiful to her mistress. Speaking of my lord's great kindness, her eyes yearned for a second and fell humbly. She said of Kit Ines, "He's found a new 'paytron,' Sarah says Mr. Woodseer tells her, my lady. It's another nobleman, Lord Brailstone, has come into money lately and hired him for his pugilist when it's not horse-racing." Gower spoke of thanks to Lord Fleetwood for the independence allowing him to take a wife and settle to work in his little Surrey home. He, too, showed he could have said more and was advised not to push at a shut gate. My lord would attend their wedding as well as my lady, Carinthia heard from Madge; counting it a pity that wealthy noblemen had no profession to hinder the doing of unprofitable things.

Her sensibility was warmer on the wedding-day of these two dear ones. He graced the scene, she admitted, when reassured by his perfect reserve toward her personally. He was the born nobleman in his friendliness with the bridal pair and respectfulness to Mr. Woodseer. High social breeding is an exquisite performance on the instrument we are, and his behavior to her left her mind at liberty for appreciation of it. Condescension was not seen, his voice had no false note. During the ceremony his eyelids blinked rapidly. At the close, he congratulated the united couple, praising them each for the wisdom of their choice. He said to his Countess: "This is one of the hopeful marriages; chiefly of your making."

She replied: "My prayers will be for them always."

"They are fortunate who have your prayers," he said.

Lord Fleetwood himself drove them

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through London to the hills, where another carriage awaited them by his orders, in the town of London's race-course. As soon as they were seated he nodded to them curtly from his box, and drove back, leaving them puzzled. But his Countess had not so very coldly seen him start his horses to convey the modest bridal pair. His impulses to kindness could be politic. Before quitting Whitechapel, she went with Sarah Winch to look at the old shop of the fruits and vegetables. They found it shut, untenanted. Mr. Woodseer told them that the Earl was owner of it by recent purchase, and would not lease it. He had to say why; for the Countess was dull to the notion of a sentimental desecration in the occupying of her bedchamber by poor tradespeople. She was little flattered. The great nobleman of her imagination when she lay there dwindled to a whimsy infant, despot of his nursery, capricious with his toys; likely to damage himself, if left to himself.

How it might occur, she heard hourly from his hostess, Lady Arpington; from Henrietta as well, in different terms. He seemed to her no longer the stationed nobleman, but one of other idle men, and the saddest of young men. His weakness cast a net on her. Worse than that drag of compassion, she foresaw the chance of his having experience of her own weakness, if she was to be one among idle women: she might drop to the love of him again. Chillon's damping of her enthusiasm sank her to a mere breathing body, miserably an animal body, no comrade for a valiant brother; this young man's feeble consort, perhaps: and a creature thirsting for pleasure, disposed to sigh in the prospect of caresses. Enthusiasm gone, her spirited imagination of active work on the field of danger beside her brother flapped a broken wing.

She fell too low in her esteem to charge it upon Henrietta that she stood hesitating, leaning on the hated side of the debate; though she could almost have blamed Chillon for refusing her his positive counsel, and not ordering his wife to follow him. Once Lady Arpington, reasoning with her on behalf of the husband who sought reconciliation, sneered at her brother's project, condemned it the more for his resolve to carry it out now that he had means. The front of a shower sprang to Carinthia's eyelids. Now that her brother had means, he from whom she might be divided was alert to keep his engagement and study war on the field, as his father had done in foreign service, offering England a trained soldier, should his country subsequently need him. The contrast of her heroic brother and a luxurious idle lord scattering blood of bird or stag, and despising the soldier's profession, had a singular bitter effect, consequent on her scorn of words to defend the man her heart idolized. This last of young women for weeping wept in the lady's presence.

The feminine trick was pardoned to her because her unaccustomed betrayal of that form of enervation was desired. It was read as woman's act of self-pity over her perplexity: which is a melting act with the woman when there is no man to be dissolved by it. So far Lady Arpington judged rightly; Carinthia's tears, shed at the thought of her brother under the world's false judgment of him, left her spiritless to resist her husband's advocates. Unusual as they were, almost unknown, they were thunder-drops and shook her.

All for the vivid surface, the Dame frets at stresses laid on undercurrents. There is no bridling her unless the tale be here told of how Lord Brailstone in frenzy of the disconcerted rival boasted over town counterstroke he had dealt Lord Fleetwood, by sending Mrs. Levellier a statement of the latter noblemen's base plot to thwart her husband's wager, with his foul agent, the repentant and well-paid ruffian in person, to verify every written word. The town's conception of the necessity for the reunion of the Earl and Countess was too intense to let exciting scandal prosper. Moreover, the town's bright anticipation of its concluding festivity on the domain of Calesford argued such tattle down to a baffled adorer's malice. The Countess of Cressett, having her cousin, the beautiful Mrs. Kirby-Levellier, in her house, has denied Lord Brailstone admission at her door, we can affirm. He has written to her vehemently, has called a

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second time, has vowed publicly that Mrs. Levellier shall have her warning against Lord Fleetwood. The madness of jealousy was exhibited. Lady Arpington pronounced him in his conduct unworthy the name of gentleman. And how foolish the scandal he circulates! Lord Fleetwood's one aim is to persuade his offended wife to take her place beside him. He expresses regret everywhere, that the death of her uncle Lord Levellier withholds her presence from Calesford during her term of mourning; and that he has given his word for the fête on a particular day, before London runs quite dry. His pledge of his word is notoriously inviolate. The Countess of Cressett—an extraordinary instance of a thrice-married woman corrected in her addiction to play by her alliance with a rakish juvenile—declares she performs the part of hostess at the request of the Countess of Fleetwood. Perfectly convincing. The more so (if you have the gossip's keen scent of a deduction) since Lord Fleetwood and young Lord Cressett and the Jesuit Lord Feltre have been seen confabulating with very sacerdotal countenances indeed. Three English noblemen! not counting eighty years for the whole three! And dear Lady Cressett fears she may be called on to rescue her boy-husband from a worse enemy than the green tables, if Lady Fleetwood should unhappily prove unyielding, as it shames the gentle sex to imagine she will be. In fact, we know through Mrs. Levellier, the meeting of reconciliation between the Earl and the Countess comes off at Lady Arpington's, by her express arrangement, to-morrow: "none too soon," the expectant world of London declared it.

The meeting came to pass three days before the great day at Calesford. Carinthia and her lord were alone together. This had been his burning wish at Croridge, where he could have poured his heart to her and might have moved the wife's. But she had formed her estimate of him there: she had, in the comparison or clash of forces with him, grown to contemplate the young man of wealth and rank, who had once been impatient of an allusion to her father, and sought now to part her from her brother—stop her breathing of fresh air. Sensationally, too, her ardor for the exercise of her inherited gifts attributed it to him that her father's daughter had lived the mean existence in England, pursuing a husband, hounded by a mother's terrors. The influences environing her and pressing her to submission sharpened her perusal of the small object largely endowed by circumstances to demand it. She stood calmly discoursing, with a tempered smile; no longer a novice in the social manner. An equal whom he had injured waited for his remarks, gave ready replies; and he, bowing to the visible equality, chafed at a sense of inferiority following his acknowledgment of it. He was alone with her, and next to dumb; she froze a full heart. As for his heart, it could not speak at all, it was a swinging lump. The rational view of the situation was exposed to her; and she listened to that favorably, or at least attentively; but with an edge to her civil smile when he hinted of entertainments, voyages, travels, an excursion to her native mountain land. Her brother would then be facing death. The rational view, she admitted, was one to be considered. Yes, they were married; they had a son; they were bound to sink misunderstandings, in the interests of their little son. He ventured to say that the child was a link uniting them; and she looked at him. He blinked rapidly, as she had seen him do of late, but kept his eyes on her through the nervous flutter of the lids; his pride making a determined stand for physical mastery, though her look was but a look. Had there been reproach in it, he would have found the voice to speak out. Her look was a gold sky above a hungering man. She froze his heart from the marble of her own.

And because she was for adventuring with her brother at bloody work of civil war in the pay of a foreign government! he found a short refuge in that mute sneer, and was hurled from it by an apparition of the Welsh scene of the bitten infant, and Carinthia volunteering to do the bloody work which would have saved it; which he had contested, ridiculed. Right then, her insanity now conjured the wretched figure of him opposing the martyr her splendid humaneness had

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offered her to be, and dominated his reason, subjected him to admire, on to worship of the woman, whatever she might do. Just such a feeling for a woman he had dreamed of in his younger time, doubting that he would ever meet the fleshly woman to impose it. His heart broke the frost she breathed. Yet, if he gave way to the run of speech, he knew himself unmanned, and the fatal habit of superiority stopped his tongue after he had uttered the name he loved to speak, as nearest to the embrace of her.

"Carinthia—so I think, as I said, we both see the common sense of the position. I regret over and over again—we'll discuss all that when we meet after this Calesford affair. I shall have things to say. You will overlook, I am sure—well, men are men!—or try to. Perhaps I'm not worse than—we'll say, some. You will, I know,—I have learnt it,—be of great service, help to me; double my value, I believe; more than double it. You will receive me—here? Or at Croridge or Esslemont; and alone together, as now, I beg."

That was what he said. Having said it, his escape from high tragics in the comfortable worldly tone rejoiced him; to some extent also the courteous audience she gave him. And her hand was not refused. Judging by her aspect, the plain common-sense ground of their situation was accepted for the best opening step to their union; though she must have had her feelings beneath it, and God knew that he had! Her hand was friendly. He could have thanked her for yielding her hand without a stage scene; she had fine breeding by nature. The gracefullest of trained ladies could not have passed through such an interview so perfectly in the right key; and this was the woman he had seen at the wrestle with hideous death to save a muddy street-child! She touched the gentleman in him. Hard as it was while he held the hand of the wife, his little son's mother, who might be called his bride, and drew him by the contact of their blood to a memory, seeming impossible, some other world's attested reality,—she the angel, he the demon of it,—unimaginable, yet present, palpable, a fact beyond his mind, he let her hand fall scarce pressed. Did she expect more than the common sense of it to be said? The "more" was due to her, and should partly be said at their next meeting for the no further separating; or else he would vow in his heart to spread it out over a whole life's course of wakeful devotion, with here and there a hint of his younger black nature. Better that—except for a desire seizing him to make sacrifice of the demon he had been, offer him up hideously naked to her mercy. But it was a thing to be done by hints, by fits, by small doses. She could only gradually be brought to the comprehension of how the man or demon found indemnification under his yoke of marriage in snatching her, to torment, perhaps betray; and solace for the hurt to his pride in spreading a snare for the beautiful Henrietta. A confession! It could be to none but the priest.

Knowledge of Carinthia would have urged him to the confession straightway. In spite of horror, the task of helping to wash a black soul white would have been her compensation for loss of companionship with her soldier-brother. She would have held hot iron to the rapid wound and come to a love of the rescued sufferer.

It seemed to please her when he spoke of Mr. Rose Mackrell's applications to get back his volume of her father's *Book of Maxims*.

"There is mine," she said.

For the sake of winning her quick gleam at any word of the bridal couple, he conjured a picture of her Madge and his Gower, saying: "That marriage—as you will learn—proves him honest from head to foot; as she is, in her way too."

"Oh, she is," was the answer.

"We shall be driving down to them very soon, Carinthia."

"It will delight them to see either of us, my lord."

"My lady, adieu until I am over with this Calesford," he gestured, as in fetters.

She spared him the my lording as she said adieu, sensitive as she was, and to his perception now.

Lady Arpington had a satisfactory two minutes with him before he left the house. London town, on the great day

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at Calesford, interchanged communications, to the comforting effect, that the Countess of Fleetwood would reign over the next entertainment.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE LAST: WITH A CONCLUDING WORD BY THE DAME

IT is of seemingly good augury for the cause of a suppliant man, however little for the man himself, when she who has much to pardon can depict him in a manner that almost smiles, not unlike a dandling nurse the miniature man-child sobbing off to sleep after a frenzy; an example of a genus framed for excuses, and he more than others. Chillon was amused up to inquisitive surprise by Carinthia's novel idea of her formerly dreaded riddle of a husband. As she sketched the very rational alliance proposed to her, and his kick at the fetters of Calesford, a shadowy dash for an image of the solicitous tyrant was added perforce to complete the scene; following which, her head moved sharply, the subject was flung over her shoulder.

He let it rest. She was developing; she might hold her ground with the husband, if the alliance should be resumed; and she would be a companion for Henrietta in England: she was now independent, as to money, and she could break an intolerable yoke without suffering privation. He kept his wrath under, determined not to use his influence either way, sure though he was of her old father's voting for her to quit the man and enter the field where qualities would be serviceable.

The business of the expedition absorbed her. She had an organizing head. On her way down from London she had drawn on instructions from a London physician of old Peninsula experience to pencil a list of the medical and surgical stores required by a campaigning army; she had gained information of the London shops where they were to be procured; she had learnt to read medical prescriptions for the composition of drugs. And she was at her Spanish still, not behind him in the ordinary dialogue, and able to correct him on points of Spanish history relating to fortresses, especially the Basque. A French bookseller had supplied her with the Vicomte d'Eschargue's recently published volume of "Travels in Catalonia." Chillon saw paragraphs marked, pages dog-eared, for reference. At the same time, the question of Henrietta touched her anxiously. Lady Arpington's hints had sunk into them both.

"I have thought of St. Jean de Luz, Chillon, if Riette would consent to settle there. French people are friendly. You expect most of your work in and round the Spanish Pyrenees."

"Riette alone there?" said he, and drew her by her love of him into his altered mind; for he did not object to his wife's loneliness at Cadiz when their plan was new.

London had taught her that a young woman in the giddy heyday of her beauty has to be guarded; her belonging to us is the proud burden involving sacrifices. But at St. Jean de Luz, if Riette would consent to reside there, Lord Fleetwood's absence and the neighborhood of the war were reckoned on to preserve his yoke-fellow from any fit of the abominated softness which she had felt in one premonitory tremor during their late interview, and deemed it vile compared with the life of action and service beside, almost beside, her brother, sharing his dangers at least. She would have had Chillon speak peremptorily to his wife regarding the residence on the Spanish borders, adding, in a despair: "And me with her to protect her!"

"Unfair to Riette if she can't decide voluntarily," he said.

All he refrained from was, the persuading her to stay in England and live reconciled with the gaoler of the dungeon, as her feelings pictured it.

Chillon and Carinthia journeyed to London for purchases and a visit to lawyer, banker, and tradesmen, on their way to meet his chief and Owain Wythan at Southampton. They lunched with Livia. The morrow was the great Calesford day; Henrietta carolled of it. Lady Arpington had been afflictingly demure on the theme of her presence at Calesford within her term of mourn-

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ing. "But I don't mourn, and I'm not related to the defunct, and I can't be denied the pleasure invented for my personal gratification," Henrietta's happy flippancy pouted at the prudish objections. Moreover, the adored Columelli was to be her slave of song. The termination of the London season had been postponed a whole week for Calesford: the utmost possible strain; and her presence was understood to represent the Countess of Fleetwood, temporarily in decorous retirement. Chillon was assured by her that the Earl had expressed himself satisfied with his wife's reasonableness. "The rest will follow." Pleading on the Earl's behalf was a vain effort, but she had her grounds for painting Lord Fleetwood's present mood to his Countess in warm colors. "Nothing short of devotion, Chillon!" London's extreme anxiety to see them united, and the cause of it, the immense good Janey could do to her country, should certainly be considered by her, Henrietta said. She spoke feverishly. A mention of St. Jean de Luz for a residence inflicted, it appeared, a more violent toothache than she had suffered from the proposal of quarters in Cadiz. And now her husband had money? . . . she suggested his reinstatement in the English army. Chillon hushed that: his chief had his word. Besides, he wanted schooling in war. Why had he married! His love for her was the answer; and her beauty argued for the love. But possessing her, he was bound to win her a name. So his reasoning ran to an accord with his military instincts and ambition. Nevertheless, the mournful strange fact she recalled, that they had never waltzed together since they were made one, troubled his countenance in the mirror of hers. Instead of the waltz, grief, low worries, dulness, an eclipse of her, had been the beautiful creature's portion. It established mighty claims to a young husband's indulgence. She hummed a few bars of his favorite old Viennese waltz, with "Chillon!" invitingly and reproachfully. His loathing of Lord Fleetwood had to withstand an envious jump at the legs in his vision of her partner on the morrow. He said: "You'll think of some one absent."

"You really do wish me to go, my darling? It is Chillon's wish?" She begged for the words; she had them, and then her feverishness abated to a simple sparkling composure.

Carinthia had observed her. She was heart-sick under pressure of thoughts the heavier for being formless. Driving down to Southampton by the night-coach, her tenderness toward Henrietta held other thoughts unshaped, except one, that moved in its twilight, murmuring of how the love of pleasure keeps us blind children. And how the innocents are pushed by it to snap at wicked bait, which the wealthy angle with, pointed a charitable index on some of our social story. The Countess Livia, not an innocent like Henrietta, had escaped the poisoned tongues by contracting a third marriage—"in time!" Lady Arpington said; and the knotty question was presented to a young mind: Why are the innocents tempted to their ruin, and the darker natures allowed an escape? She had not learnt that those innocents, pushed by an excessive love of pleasure, are for the term lower in the scale than their wary darker cousins, and must come to the diviner light of intelligence through suffering.

However, the result of her meditations was to show her she was directed to be Henrietta's guardian. After that, she had no thoughts; travelling beside Chillon, she was sheer sore feeling, as of a body aching for its heart plucked out. The bitterness of the separation to come between them prophesied a tragedy. She touched his hand. It was warm now.

During six days of travels from port to port along the southern and western coasts, she joined in the inspection of the English contingent about to be shipped. They and their chief and her brother were plain to sight, like sample print of a book's first page, blank sheets for the rest of the volume. If she might have been one among them, she would have dared the reckless forecast. Her sensations were those of a bird that has flown into a room, and beats wings against the ceiling and the window-panes. A close, hard sky, a transpar-

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ent prison wall, narrowed her powers, mocked her soul. She spoke little; what she said impressed Chillon's chief, Owain Wythan was glad to tell her. The good friend had gone counter to the tide of her breast by showing satisfaction with the prospect that she would take her rightful place in the world. Her concentrated mind regarded the good friend as a phantom of a man, the world's echo. His dead Rebecca would have understood her passion to be her brother's comrade, her abasement in the staying at home to guard his butterfly. Owain had never favored her project; he could not now perceive the special dangers Chillon would be exposed to in her separation from him. She had no means of explaining what she felt intensely, that dangers, death, were nothing to either of them, if they shared the fate together.

Her rejected petition to her husband for an allowance of money, on the day in Wales, became the vivid memory which brings out motives in its glow. Her husband hated her brother; and why? But the answer was lighted fierily down another avenue. A true husband, a lord of wealth, would have rejoiced to help the brother of his wife. He was the cause of Chillon's ruin and this adventure to restore his fortunes. Could she endure a close alliance with the man while her brother's life was imperilled? Carinthia rebuked her drowsy head for not having seen his reason for refusing at the time. "How long I am before I see anything that does not stare in my face!" She was a married woman, whose order of mind rendered her singularly subject to the holiness of the tie; and she was a weak woman, she feared. Already, at intervals, now that action on a foreign field of the thunders and lightnings was denied, imagination revealed her dissolving to the union with her husband, and cried her comment on herself as the world's basest of women for submitting to it while Chillon's life ran risks; until finally she said: "Not before I have my brother home safe!" an exclamation equal to a vow.

That being settled, some appearance of equanimity returned; she talked of the scarlet business as one she participated in as a distant spectator. Chillon's chief was hurrying the embarkation of his troops; within ten days the whole expedition would be afloat. She was to post to London for further purchases, he following to take leave of his wife and babe. Curiously, but hardly remarked on during the bustle of work, Livia had been the one to send her short account of the great day at Calesford; Henrietta, the born correspondent, pencilling a couple of lines; she was well, dreadfully fatigued, rather a fright from a trip of her foot and fall over a low wire fence. Her message of love thrice underlined the repeated word.

Henrietta was the last person Carinthia would have expected to meet midway on the London road. Her name was called from a carriage as she drove up to the door of the Winchester hostelry, and in the lady over whose right eye and cheek a covering fold of silk concealed a bandage, the voice was her sister Rietta's. With her were the two babes and their nursemaids.

"Chillon is down there—you have left him there?" Henrietta greeted her, saw the reply, and stepped out of her carriage. "You shall kiss the children afterwards; come into one of the rooms, Janey."

Alone together, before an embrace, she said, in the voice of tears hardening to the world's business, "Chillon must not enter London. You see the figure I am. My character's in a bad case up there—thanks to those men! My husband has lost his 'golden Riette.' When you see beneath the bandage! He will have the right to put me away. His 'beauty of beauties'! I'm fit only to dress as a page-boy and run at his heels. My hero! my poor dear! He thinking I cared for nothing but amusement, flattery. Was ever a punishment so cruel to the noblest of generous husbands! Because I know he will overlook it, make light of it, never reproach his Riette. And the rose he married comes to him a shrivelled leaf of a pot-pourri heap. You haven't seen me yet. I was their 'beautiful woman.' I feel for my husband most."

She took breath. Carinthia pressed her lips on the cheek sensible to a kiss, and Henrietta pursued, in words liker

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to sobs: "Anywhere, Cadiz, St. Jean de Luz, hospital work either, anywhere my husband likes, anything! I want to work, or I'll sit and rock the children. I'm awake at last. Janey, we're lambs to vultures with those men. I don't pretend I was the perfect fool. I thought myself so safe. I let one of them squeeze my hand one day, he swears. You know what a passion is; you have it for mountains and battles, I for music. I do remember, one morning before sunrise, driving back to town out of Windsor,—a dance, the officers of the Guards,—and my lord's trumpeter at the back of the coach blowing notes to melt a stone, I found a man's hand had mine. I remember Lord Fleetwood looking over his shoulder and smiling hard and lashing his horses. But listen — yes, at Calesford it happened. He—oh, hear the name, then; Chillon must never hear it;—Lord Brailstone was denied the right to step on Lord Fleetwood's grounds. The opera company had finished selections from my *Pirata*. I went out for cool air; little Meeson beside me. I had a folded gauze veil over my head, tied at the chin in a bow. Some one ran up to me—Lord Brailstone. He poured forth their poetry. They suppose it the wine for their 'beautiful woman.' I daresay I laughed and told him to go, and he began a tirade against Lord Fleetwood. There's no mighty difference between one beast of prey and another. Let me get away from them all! Though now!—they would not lift an eyelid. This is my husband's treasure returning to him. We have to be burnt to come to our senses. Janey—oh! you do well!—it was fiendish; old ballads, melodrama plays, I see they were built on men's deeds. Janey, I could not believe it, I have to believe, it is forced down my throat;—that man, your husband, because he could not forgive my choosing Chillon, schemed for Chillon's ruin. I could not believe it until I saw in the glass this disfigured wretch he has made of me. Livia serves him, she hates him for the tyrant he is; she has opened my eyes. And not for himself, no, for his revenge on me, for my name to be as my face is. He tossed me to his dogs; fair game for them! You do well, Janey; he is capable of any villany. And has been calling at Livia's door twice a day, inquiring anxiously; begs the first appointment possible. He has no shame; he is accustomed to buy men and women; he thinks his money will buy my pardon, give my face a new skin, perhaps. A woman swears to you, Janey, by all she holds holy on earth, it is not the loss of her beauty — there will be a wrinkled patch on the cheek for life, the surgeon says; I am to bear a brown spot, like a bruised peach they sell at the fruit-shops cheap. Chillon's Riette! I think of that, the miserable wife I am for him without the beauty he loved so! I think of myself, as guilty, a really guilty woman, when I compare my loss with my husband's."

"Your accident, dearest Riette—how it happened?" Carinthia said, enfolding her.

"Because, Janey, what have I ever been to Chillon but the good-looking thing he was proud of? It's gone. Oh, the accident. Brailstone had pushed little Corby away; he held my hand, kept imploring, he wanted the usual two minutes, and all to warn me against —I've told you; and he saw Lord Fleetwood coming. I got my hand free, and stepped back, my head spinning; and I fell. That I recollect, and a sight of flames, like the end of the world. I fell on one of the oil-lamps bordering the grass; my veil lighted; I had fainted; those two men saw nothing but one another; and little Sir Meeson was no help; young Lord Cressett dashed out the flames. They brought me to my senses for a second swoon. Livia says I woke moaning to be taken away from that hated Calesford. It was, oh! never to see that husband of yours again. Forgive him, if you can. Not I. I carry the mark of him to my grave. I have called myself 'Skin-deep' ever since, day and night — the name I deserve."

"We will return to Chillon together, my own," said Carinthia. "It may not be so bad." And in the hope that her lovely sister exaggerated a defacement leaving not much worse than a small scar, her heart threw off its load of the recent perplexities, daylight broke through her dark wood. Henrietta

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brought her liberty. How far guilty her husband might be, she was absolved from considering; sufficiently guilty to release her. Upon that conclusion, pity for the awakened Riette shed purer tear-drops through the gratitude she could not restrain, could hardly conceal, on her sister's behalf and her own. Henrietta's prompt despatch to Croridge to fetch the babes, her journey down out of a sick-room to stop Chillon's visit to London, proved her an awakened woman, well paid for the stain on her face, though the stain were lasting. Never had she loved Henrietta, never shown her so much love, as on the road to the deepening western hues. Her sisterly warmth surprised the woful spotted beauty with a reflection that this martial Janey was after all a woman of feeling, one whom her husband, if he came to know it and the depth of it, the rich sound of it, would mourn in sackcloth to have lost.

And he did, the Dame interposes for the final word, he mourned his loss of Carinthia Jane in sackcloth and ashes, notwithstanding that he had the world's affectionate condolences about him to comfort him, by reason of his ungovernable Countess's misbehavior once more, according to the report, in running away with a young officer to take part in a foreign insurrection; and when he was most the idol of his countrymen and countrywomen, which it was once his immoderate aim to be, he mourned her day and night, knowing her spotless, however wild a follower of her father's MAXIMS FOR MEN. He believed—some have said his belief was not in error—that the woman to aid and make him man and be the star in human form to him, was miraculously revealed on the day of his walk through the foreign pine-forest, and his proposal to her at the ducal ball was an inspiration of his Good genius, continuing to his marriage morn, and then running downward, like an overstrained reel, under the leadership of his Bad. From turning of that descent, he saw himself advised to retrieve the fatal steps, at each point attempting it just too late; until too late by an hour, he reached the seaport where his wife had embarked, and her brother, Chillon John, cruelly, it was the common opinion, refused him audience. No syllable of the place whither she fled abroad was vouchsafed to him; and his confessions of sins and repentance of them were breathed to empty air. The wealthiest nobleman of all England stood on the pier, watching the regiments of that doomed expedition mount ship, ready with the bribe of the greater part of his possessions for a single word to tell him of his wife's destination. Lord Feltre, his companion, has done us service to make his emotions known. He describes them, it is true, as the Papist who sees every incident contribute to precipitate sinners into the bosom of his church. But this, we have warrant for saying, did not occur before the Earl had visited and strolled in the woods with his former secretary, Mr. Gower Woodseer, of whom so much has been told, and he little better than an infidel, declaring his aim to be at contentedness in life; Lord Fleetwood might envy for awhile, he could not be satisfied with Nature.

Within six months of Carinthia Jane's disappearance, people had begun to talk of strange doings at Calesford; and some would have it, that it was the rehearsal of a play, in which friars were prominent characters, for there the frocked gentry were seen flitting across the ground. Then the world learnt too surely that the dreaded evil had happened, its wealthiest nobleman had gone over to the Church of Rome!—carrying all his personal and unentailed estate to squander it on images and a dogma. Calesford was attacked by the mob;—one of the notorious riots in our history was a result of the Amazing Marriage, and roused the talk of it again over Great Britain.

When Carinthia Jane, after two years of adventures and perils rarely encountered by women, returned to these shores, she was, they say, most anxious for news of her husband; and then, indeed, it had been conjectured, they might have been united to walk henceforward as one for life, but for the sad fact—Dr. Glossop has the dates—that the Earl of Fleetwood had two months and some days previously abjured his rank, his remaining property, his freedom and his title, to become the

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Brother Russett of the Mountain Monastery he visited in simple curiosity once with his betraying friend, Lord Feltre. For he was never the man to stop at anything half way.

Mr. Rose Mackrell, in his Memoirs, was the first who revealed to the world, that the Mademoisllle de Levellier of the French Count fighting with the Carlists—falsely claimed by him as a Frenchwoman—was, in very truth, Carinthia Jane, the Countess of Fleetwood, to whom Carlists and Legitimists alike were indebted for tender care of them on the field and in hospital; and who rode from one camp through the other up to the tent of the Pretender to the Throne of Spain, bearing her petition for her brother's release; which was granted, in acknowledgment of her "renowned humanity to both conflicting armies," as the words translated by Dr. Glossop run. Certain it is she brought her wounded brother safe home to England, and prisoners in that war usually had short shrift. For three years longer she was the Countess of Fleetwood, "widow of a living suicide," Mr. Rose Mackrell describes the state of the Marriage at that period. No whisper of divorce did she tolerate. Six months after it was proved that Brother Russett had perished of his austerities, we learn she said to the beseeching applicant for her hand, Mr. Owain Wythan, with the gist of it, in compassion: "Rebecca could foretell events." Carinthia Jane had ever been ashamed of second marriages, and the union with her friend Rebecca's faithful simpleton gave it, one supposes, a natural air, for he as little as she had previously known the wedded state. She married him, Henrietta has written, because of his wooing her with dog's eyes instead of words. The once famous beauty carried a small wrinkled spot on her cheek to her grave; a saving disfigurement, and the mark of changes in the story told you, enough to make us think it a providential intervention for such ends as were in view.

So much I can say: the facts related with some regretted omissions, by which my story has a skeleton look, are those that led to the lamentable conclusion. But the melancholy, the pathos of it, the heart of all England stirred by it, have been—and the panting excitement it was to every listener—sacrificed in the vain effort to render events as consequent to your understanding as a piece of logic, through an exposure of character. Character must ever be a mystery, only to be explained in some degree by conduct; and that is very dependent upon accident; and unless we have a perpetual whipping of the reader's mind, interest in invisible persons must needs flag. For it is an infant we address, and the story-teller whose art excites an infant to serious attention succeeds the best; with English people assuredly, I rejoice to think, though I pray their patience here while that Philosophy and exposure of character block the course along a road inviting to traffic of the most animated kind.

THE END.

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A WHITE BLOT

THE STORY OF A PICTURE

By Henry Van Dyke

I

THE real location of a city house depends upon the pictures which hang upon its walls. They are its neighborhood and its outlook. They confer upon it that touch of life and character, that power to beget love and bind friendship, which a country house receives from its surrounding landscape, the garden that embraces it, the stream that runs near it, and the shaded paths that lead to and from its door.

By this magic of pictures my narrow, upright slice of living-space in one of the brown-stone strata on the eastward slope of Manhattan Island is translated to an open and agreeable site. It has windows that look toward the woods and the sunset, water-gates by which a little boat is always waiting, and secret passageways leading into fair places that are frequented by persons of distinction and charm. No darkness of night obscures these outlets; no neighbor's house shuts off the view; no drifted snow of winter makes them impassable. They are always free, and through them I go out and in upon my adventures.

One of these has always appeared to me so singular that I would like, if it were possible, to put it into words.

It was Pierrepont who first introduced me to the picture—Pierrepont the good-natured—of whom one of his friends said that he was like Mahomet's Bridge of Paradise, because it was so difficult to cross him—to which another added that there was also a resemblance in the fact that he led to a region of beautiful illusions which he never entered. He is one of those enthusiastic souls who are always discovering a new writer, a new painter, a new view from some old wharf by the river. He swung out of his office, with his long-legged, easy stride, and nearly ran me down, as I was plodding up-town through the languor of a late spring afternoon, on one of those duty-walks which conscience offers as a sacrifice to digestion.

"Why, what is the matter with you?" he cried, as he linked his arm through mine, "you look outdone, tired all the way through to your backbone. Have you been reading the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' or something by one of the new British female novelists? You will have *la grippe* in your mind if you don't look out. But I know what you need. Come with me, and I will do you good."

So saying, he drew me out of clanging Broadway into one of the side-streets that run toward the placid region of Washington Square. "No, no," I answered, feeling, even in the act of resistance, the pleasure of his cheerful guidance, "you are altogether wrong. I don't need a dinner at your new-found Bulgarian *table-d'hôte* — seven courses for seventy-five cents, and the wine thrown out; nor some of those wonderful Mexican cheroots warranted to eradicate the tobacco-habit; nor a draught of your South American melon sherbet that cures all pains, except those which it causes. None of these things will help me. The doctor suggests that they do not suit my temperament. Let us go home together and have a shower-bath and a dinner of herbs, with just a reminiscence of the stalled ox—and a bout at backgammon to wind up the evening. That will be the most comfortable prescription."

"But you mistake me," said he, "I am not thinking of any creature comforts for you. I am prescribing for your mind. There is a picture that I want you to see; not a colored photo-

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graph, nor an exercise in difficult drawing, but a real picture that will rest the eyes of your heart. Come away with me to Morgenstern's gallery, and be healed."

As we turned into the lower end of Fifth Avenue, it seemed as if I were being gently floated along between the modest apartment-houses and old-fashioned dwellings, and prim, respectable churches, on the smooth current of Pierrepont's talk about his new-found picture. How often a man has cause to return thanks for the enthusiasms of his friends! They are the little fountains that run down from the hills to refresh the mental desert of the despondent.

"You remember Falconer," continued Pierrepont, "Temple Falconer, that modest, quiet, proud fellow who came out of the South a couple of years ago and carried off the landscape prize at the Artists' Academy last year, and then disappeared? He had no intimate friends here, and no one knew what had become of him. But now this picture appears, to show what he has been doing. It is an evening scene, a revelation of the beauty of sadness, an idea expressed in colors—or rather, a real impression of Nature that awakens an ideal feeling in the heart. It does not define everything and say nothing, like so many paintings. It tells no story, but I know it fits into one. There is not a figure in it, and yet it is alive with sentiment; it suggests thoughts which cannot be put into words. Don't you love the pictures that have that power of suggestion — quiet and strong, like Homer Martin's 'Light-house' up at the Century, with its sheltered bay heaving softly under the pallid greenish sky of evening, and the calm, steadfast glow of the lantern brightening into readiness for all the perils of night and coming storm? How much more powerful that is than all the conventional pictures of light-houses on inaccessible cliffs, with white foam streaming from them like the ends of a schoolboy's comforter in a gale of wind! I tell you the real painters are the fellows who love pure nature because it is so human. They don't need to exaggerate, and they don't dare to be affected. They are not afraid of the reality, and they are not ashamed of the sentiment. They don't paint everything that they see, but they see everything that they paint. And this picture makes me sure that Falconer is one of them."

By this time we had arrived at the door of the house where Morgenstern lives and moves and makes his profits, and were admitted to the shrine of the commercial Apollo and the Muses in trade.

It has often seemed to me as if that little house were a silent epitome of modern art criticism, an automatic indicator, or perhaps regulator, of the æsthetic taste of New York. On the first floor, surrounded by all the newest fashions in antiquities and *bric-à-brac*, you will see the art of to-day—the works of painters who are precisely in the focus of advertisement, and whose names call out an instant round of applause in the auction-room. On the floors above, in degrees of obscurity deepening toward the attic, you will find the art of yesterday — the pictures which have passed out of the glare of popularity without yet arriving at the mellow radiance of old masters. In the basement, concealed in huge packing-cases, and marked "*Paris — Fragile*," — you will find the art of to-morrow; the paintings of the men in regard to whose names, styles, and personal traits the foreign correspondents and prophetic critics in the newspapers are now diffusing in the public mind that twilight of familiarity and ignorance which precedes the sunrise of marketable fame.

The affable and sagacious dealer was already well acquainted with the waywardness of Pierrepont's admiration, and with my own persistent disregard of current quotations in the valuation of works of art. He regarded us, I suppose, very much as Robin Hood would have looked upon a pair of plain yeomen who had strayed into his lair. The knights of capital and coal barons and rich merchants were his natural prey, but toward this poor but honest couple it would be worthy only of a Gentile robber to show anything but courteous and fair dealing.

He expressed no surprise when he heard what we wanted to see, but smiled tolerantly and led the way, not into the

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well-defined realm of the past, the present, or the future, but into a region of uncertain fortunes, a limbo of acknowledged but unrewarded merits, a large back room devoted to the works of American painters. Here we found Falconer's picture; and the dealer, with that instinctive tact which is the best part of his business capital, left us alone to look at it.

It showed the mouth of a little river: a secluded lagoon, where the shallow tides rose and fell with vague lassitude, following the impulse of prevailing winds more than the strong attraction of the moon. But now the unsailed harbor was quite still in the pause of evening, and the smooth undulations were caressed by a hundred opalescent hues, growing deeper toward the west, where the river came in. Converging lines of trees stood dark against the sky; a cleft in the woods marked the course of the stream, above which the reluctant splendors of an autumnal day were dying in ashes of roses, while three tiny clouds, poised high in air, burned red with the last glimpse of the departed sun.

On the right was a reedy point running out into the bay, and behind it, on a slight rise of ground, an antique house with tall white pillars. It was but dimly outlined in the gathering shadows; yet one could see, or imagine, its stately, formal aspect, its precise garden with beds of old-fashioned flowers and straight paths bordered with box, and a little arbor overgrown with honeysuckle. I know not by what subtlety of delicate and indescribable touches—a slight inclination in one of the pillars, a broken line which might indicate an unhinged gate, an unrestrained disorder in the vines, a drooping resignation in the foliage of the yellowing trees, a tone of sadness in the blending of subdued colors—the painter had suggested that the place was deserted. But the truth was unmistakable. An air of loneliness and pensive sorrow breathed from the picture; a sigh of longing and regret. It was haunted by sad, sweet memories of some untold story of human life.

In the corner Falconer had put his signature, *G. F.*, "*Larmone,*" 189–, and on the border of the picture he had faintly traced some words, which we made out at last—

"*A spirit haunts the year's last hours.*"

Pierrepont took up the quotation and completed it—

A spirit haunts the year's last hours,
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:
To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh,
In the walks;
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers:
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

"That is very pretty poetry, gentlemen," said Morgenstern, who had come in behind us, "but is it not a little vague? You like it, but you cannot tell exactly what it means. I find the same fault in the picture from my point of view. There is nothing in it to make a paragraph about, no anecdote, no experiment in technique. It is impossible to persuade the public to admire a picture unless you can tell them precisely the points on which they must fix their admiration. And that is why, although the painting is a good one, I should be willing to sell it at a low price."

He named a sum of money in three figures, so small that Pierrepont, who often buys pictures by proxy, could not conceal his surprise.

"Certainly I should consider that a good bargain, simply for investment," said he. "Falconer's name alone ought to be worth more than that, ten years from now. He is a rising man."

"No, Mr. Pierrepont," replied the dealer, "the picture is worth what I ask for it, for I would not commit the impertinence of offering a present to you or your friend; but it is worth no more. Falconer's name will not increase in value. The catalogue of his works is too short for fame to take much notice of it; and this is the last. Did you not hear of his death last fall? I do not wonder, for it happened at some place down on Long Island—a name that I

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never saw before, and have forgotten now. There was not even an obituary in the newspapers."

"And besides," he continued, after a pause, "I must not conceal from you that the painting has a blemish. It is not always visible, since you have failed to detect it; but it is more noticeable in some lights than in others; and, do what I will, I cannot remove it. This alone would prevent the painting from being a good investment. Its market value will never rise."

He turned the canvas sideways to the light, and the defect became apparent.

It was a dim, oblong, white blot in the middle distance; a nebulous blur in the painting, as if there had been some chemical impurity in the pigment causing it to fade, or rather as if a long drop of some acid, or perhaps a splash of salt water, had fallen upon the canvas while it was wet, and bleached it. I knew little of the possible causes of such a blot, but enough to see that it could not be erased without painting over it, perhaps not even then. And yet it seemed rather to enhance than to weaken the attraction which the picture had for me.

"Your candor does you credit, Mr. Morgenstern," said I, "but you know me well enough to be sure that what you have said will hardly discourage me. For I have never been an admirer of 'cabinet finish' in works of art. Nor have I been in the habit of buying them, as a Circassian father trains his daughters, with an eye to the market. They come into my house for my own pleasure, and when the time arrives that I can see them no longer, it will not matter much to me what price they bring in the auction-room. This landscape pleases me so thoroughly that, if you will let us take it with us this evening, I will send you a check for the amount in the morning."

So we carried off the painting in a cab; and all the way home I was in the pleasant excitement of a man who is about to make an addition to his house; while Pierrepont was conscious of the glow of virtue which comes of having done a favor to a friend and justified your own critical judgment at one stroke.

After dinner we hung the painting over the chimney-piece in the room called the study (because it was consecrated to idleness), and sat there far into the night, talking of the few times we had met Falconer at the club, and of his reticent manner, which was broken by curious flashes of impersonal confidence when he spoke not of himself but of his art. From this we drifted into memories of good comrades who had walked beside us but a few days in the path of life, and then disappeared, yet left us feeling as if we cared more for them than for the men whom we see every day; and of young geniuses who had never reached the goal; and of many other glimpses of "the light that failed," until the lamp was low and it was time to say good-night.

II

For several months I continued to advance in intimacy with my picture. It grew more familiar, more suggestive; the truth and beauty of it came home to me constantly. Yet there was something in it not quite apprehended; a sense of strangeness; a reserve which I had not yet penetrated.

One night at the end of August I found myself practically alone, so far as human intercourse was concerned, in the populous, weary city. A couple of hours of writing had produced nothing that would bear the test of sunlight, so I anticipated judgment by tearing up the spoiled sheets of paper, and threw myself upon the couch before the empty fireplace. It was a dense, sultry night, with electricity thickening the air, and a trouble of distant thunder rolling far away on the rim of the cloudy sky—one of those nights of restless dulness, when you wait and long for something to happen, and yet feel despondently that nothing ever will happen again. I passed through a region of aimless thoughts into one of migratory and unfinished dreams, and dropped from that into an empty gulf of sleep.

When I awoke the student's lamp had burned out; the sky had cleared; and the light of the gibbous moon was

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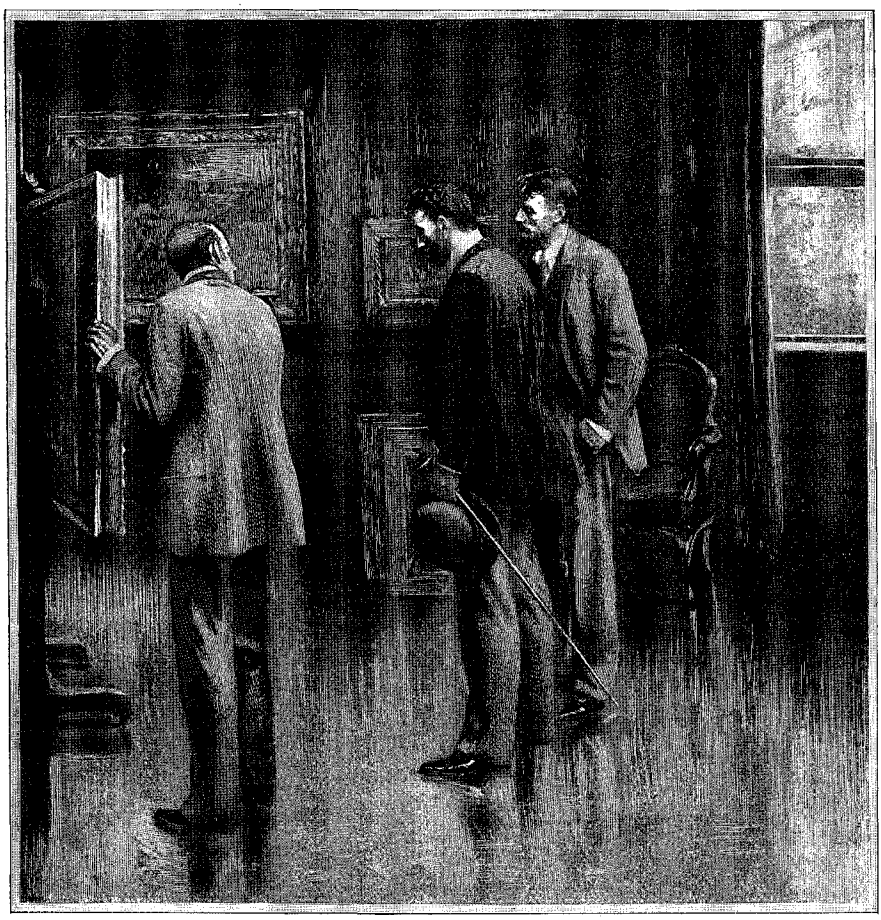

He turned the canvas sideways to the light.—Page 696.

beginning to strike through the open windows. As it slowly declined through the western arch the pale illumination crept up on the fireplace like a rising tide. Now it reached the mantel-shelf and overflowed the bronze heads of Homer and Plato and the Egyptian image of Isis with the infant Horus. Now it touched the frame of the picture and flooded the foreground and the point of reeds. Now it rose to the dim garden and the shadowy house, and I thought the white blot came out more clearly than ever before.

But what was this? It seemed now to have formed itself into a shape like that of a woman, youthful, slender, dressed in a robe of white. And the figure was moving, with a tremulous, uncertain, groping motion, between the porch and the arbor. To and fro it glided, like a tiny pillar of cloud, until the lower edge of the moon-flood rose above it, and the garden and the house were dark.

I sprang up, and, lighting every gas-burner in the room, examined the picture closely. It was unchanged. The white blot was where it had always been, nothing but a pale blur in the middle distance.

The next morning I went to consult an oculist. It was a relief to hear him say that there was no astigmatism, no eye-strain; for I must confess that it would disturb me far less to be certified of having seen an apparition than to be condemned to wear spectacles for the rest of my life. That night I watched the picture again, but there

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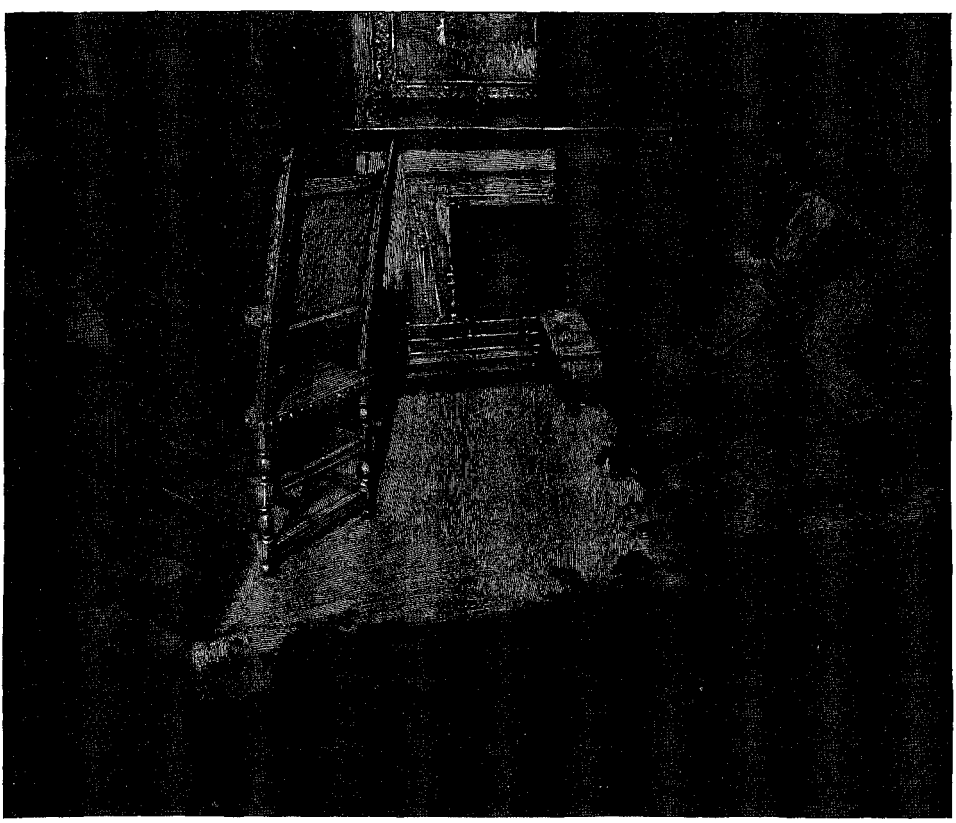
was no moonlight. The third night the moon was very old and faint; it illuminated the picture only for a moment; but there was the slender figure again, and I saw it moving as before, wavering to and fro between the porch and the arbor.

It was an unheard-of thing, bewildering and incredible. A haunted ruin, a haunted room, a haunted forest, a haunted ship — all these have been reported, and there are societies for investigating such things. But who ever heard or told of a haunted picture?

If I turned to my friends for help in solving the mystery, they would accuse me of carrying the pursuit of originality too far. They would say that I was trying to raise my beloved world of art to the level of the world of reality by claiming for it an equality even in the matter of apparitions. And yet is there really any wider gulf between a picture and the story of the vanished lives out of which it has grown, than between a house and the people who once lived in it? Daylight made me sure that there must be some explanation of the vision, and equally sure that it must be connected with the life of the artist and the painting into which it had breathed itself away.

But how to trace the connection? Everyone who had known Falconer, however slightly, was out of town. There was no clew to follow. Even the name "Larmone" gave me no help; for I could not find it on any map of Long Island. It was probably the fanciful title of some old country-place, familiar only to the people who had lived there.

But the very remoteness of the problem, its lack of contact with the practical world, fascinated me. It was like something that had drifted away in the fog, on a sea of unknown and fluctuating currents. The only possible way



I thought the white blot came out more clearly than ever before.—Page 697.

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to find it was to commit yourself to the same wandering tides and drift after it, trusting to a propitious fortune that you might be carried in the same direction; and after a long, blind, unhurrying chase, one day you might feel a faint touch, a jar, a thrill along the side of your boat, and, peering through the fog, lay your hand at last, without surprise, upon the very object of your quest.

III

As it happened, the means for such a quest were at my disposal. I was part owner of a boat which had been built for hunting and fishing cruises on the shallow waters of the Great South Bay. It was a deliberate, but not inconvenient, craft, well-named the Patience; and my turn for using it had come. Black Zekiel, the captain, crew, and cook, was the very man that I would have chosen for such an expedition. He combined the indolent good-humor of the negro with the taciturnity of the Indian, and knew every shoal and channel of the tortuous waters. He asked nothing better than to set out on a voyage without a port; sailing aimlessly eastward day after day, through the long chain of landlocked bays, with the sea plunging behind the sand-dunes on our right, and the shores of Long Island sleeping on our left; anchoring every evening in some little cove or estuary, where Zekiel could sit on the cabin roof, smoking his corn-cob pipe, and meditating on the vanity and comfort of life, while I pushed off through the mellow dusk to explore every creek and bend of the shore.

There was nothing to hasten our voyage. The three weeks' vacation was all but gone, when the Patience groped her way through a narrow, crooked channel in a wide salt-meadow, and entered the last of the series of bays. A few houses straggled down a point of land; the village of Quantock lay a little farther back. Beyond that was a belt of woods reaching to the water; and from these the south-country road emerged to cross the upper end of the bay on a low causeway with a narrow bridge of planks at the central point. Here was our Ultima Thule. Not even the Patience could thread the eye of this needle, or float through the shallow marsh-canal farther to the east.

We anchored just in front of the bridge, and as I pushed the canoe beneath it, after supper, I felt the indefinable sensation of having passed that way before. I knew beforehand what the little boat would drift into. The broad saffron light of evening fading over a still lagoon; two converging lines of pine-trees running back into the sunset; a grassy point upon the right; and behind that a neglected garden, a tangled bower of honeysuckle, a straight path bordered with box, leading to a deserted house with a high, white-pillared porch—yes, it was Larmone.

In the morning I went up to the village to see if I could find trace of my artist's visit to the place. There was no difficulty in the search, for he had been there often. The people had plenty of recollections of him, but no real memory, for it seemed as if none of them had really known him.

"Queer kinder fellow," said a wrinkled old bayman with whom I walked up the sandy road; "I seen him a good deal round here, but 'twan't like havin' any 'quaintance with him. He allus kep' his thoughts to himself, pooty much—that is ef he had any. Used ter stay round 'Squire Ladoo's place most o' the time—keepin' comp'ny with the gal I guess. Larmone? Yaas, that's what *they* called it, but we don't go much on fancy names down here. No, the painter didn' 'zactly live there, but it 'mounted to the same thing. Las' summer they was all away, house shet up, painter hangin' round all the time, 's if he looked fur 'em any minnit. Purfessed to be paintin', but I don' see's he did much. Lived up to Mort Halsey's; died there too; year ago this fall. Guess Mis' Halsey can tell ye most of any one 'bout him."

At the boarding-house (with wide, low verandas, now forsaken by the summer boarders), which did duty for a village inn, I found Mrs. Halsey; a notable housewife, with a strong taste for ancestry, and an uncultivated world of romance still brightening her soft brown

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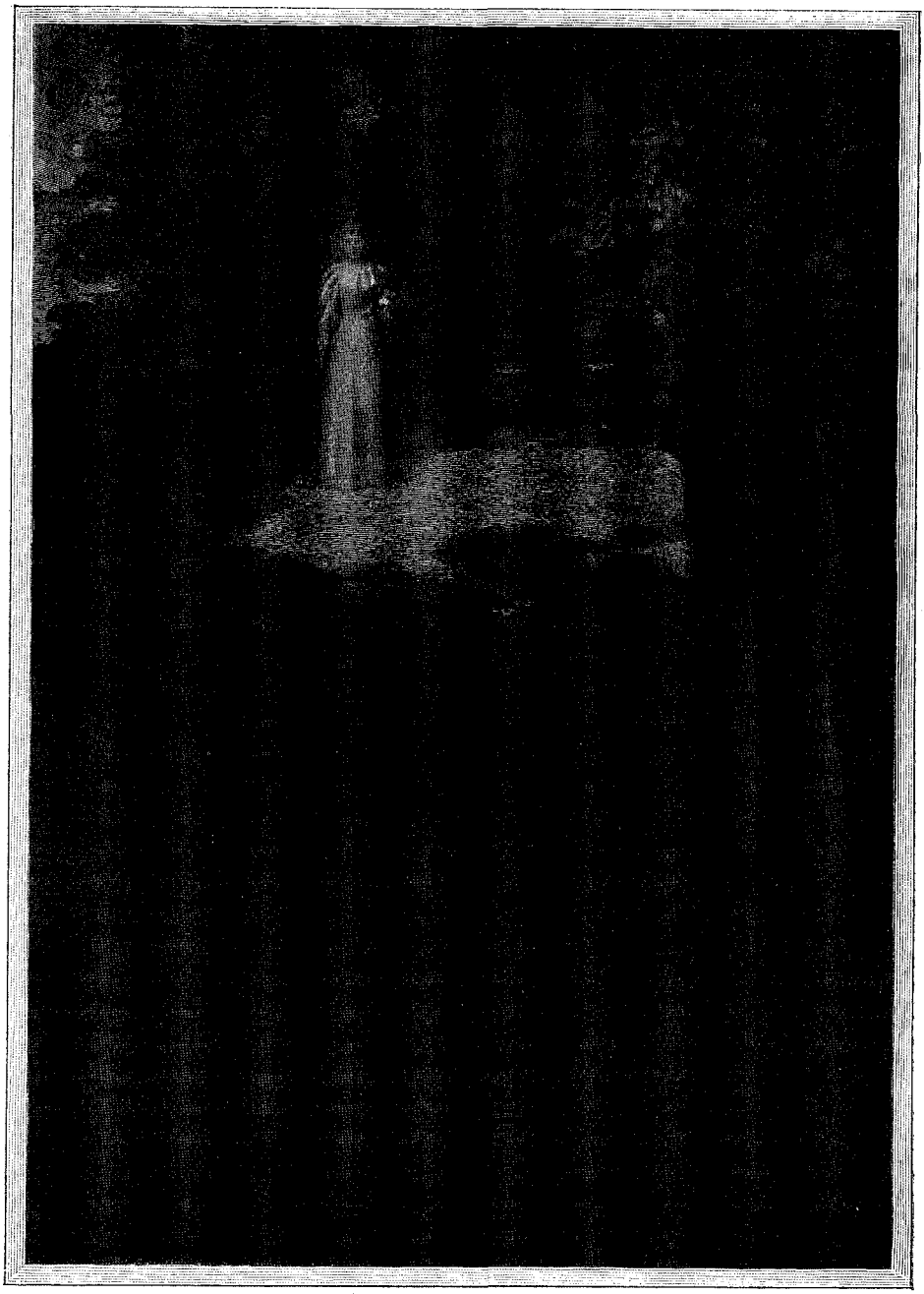

"Was it a beam of light that I saw in the pathway, touching the pallid bloom of the tall cosmos-flower?"—Page 703.

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e. She knew all the threads in the story that I was following; and the interest with which she spoke made it evident that she had often woven them together in the winter evenings on patterns of her own.

Judge Ledoux had come to Quantock from the South during the war, and built a house there like the one he used to live in. There were three things he hated: slavery and war and society. But he always loved the South more than the North, and lived like a foreigner, polite enough, but very retired; never voted, never went anywhere except to church. His wife died after a few years, and left him alone with a little girl. Claire grew up as pretty as a picture, but very shy and delicate. About two years ago Mr. Falconer had come down from the city; he stayed at Larmone first, and then he came to the boarding-house, but he was over at the Ledouxs almost all the time. He was a Southerner too, and a relative of the family; a real gentleman, and very proud though he was poor. It seemed strange that he should not live with them, but perhaps he felt more free over here. Everyone thought he must be engaged to Claire, but he was not the kind of a man that you could ask questions about himself. A year ago last winter he had gone up to the city and taken all his things with him. He had never stayed away so long before. In the spring the Ledouxs had gone to Europe; Claire seemed to be falling into a decline; her sight seemed to be failing, and her father said she must see a famous doctor and have a change of air.

"Mr. Falconer came back in May," continued the good lady, "as if he expected to find them. But the house was shut up and nobody knew just where they were. He seemed to be all taken aback; it was queer if he didn't know about it, intimate as he had been; but he never said anything, and made no inquiries; just seemed to be waiting, as if there was nothing else for him to do. We would have told him in a minute, if we had had anything to tell. But all we could do was to guess there must have been some kind of a quarrel between him and the Judge; and if there was, he must know best about it himself.

"All summer long he kept going over to Larmone and wandering around in the garden. In the fall he began to paint a picture, but it was very slow painting; he would go over in the afternoon and come back long after dark, damp with the dew and fog. He kept growing paler and weaker and more silent. Some days he did not speak more than a dozen words, but always kind and pleasant. He was just dwindling away; and when the picture was almost done a fever took hold of him. The doctor said it was malaria, but it seemed to me more like a trouble in the throat, a kind of dumb misery. And one night, in the third quarter of the moon, just after the tide turned to run out, he raised up in the bed and tried to speak, but he was gone.

"We tried to find out his relations, but there didn't seem to be any, except the Ledouxs, and they were out of reach. So we sent the picture up to our cousin's in Brooklyn, and it sold for about enough to pay Mr. Falconer's summer's board and the cost of his funeral. There was nothing else that he left of any value, except a few books; perhaps you would like to look at them, if you were his friend?

"I never saw anyone that I seemed to know so little and like so well. It was a disappointment in love, of course, and they all said that he died of a broken heart; but I think it was because his heart was too full, and wouldn't break. And oh!—I forgot to tell you; a week after he was gone there was a notice in the paper that Claire Ledoux had died suddenly, on the last of August, at some place in Switzerland. Her father is still away travelling. And so the whole story is broken off and will never be finished. Will you look at the books?"

Nothing is more pathetic, to my mind, than to take up the books of one who is dead. Here is his name, with perhaps a note of the place where the volume was bought or read, and the marks on the pages that he liked best. Here are the passages that gave him pleasure, and the thoughts that entered into his life and formed it; they became part of him, but where has he carried them now?

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Falconer's little library was an unstudied choice, yet it gave a hint of his character. There was a New Testament in French, with his name written in a slender, woman's hand; three or four volumes of stories, Cable's "Old Creole Days," Grace King's "Tales of a Time and Place," and the like; "Henry Esmond" and Amiel's "Journal" and Lamartine's "Raphael;" and a few volumes of poetry, among them one of Sydney Lanier's, and one of Tennyson's earlier poems. There was also a little morocco-bound book of manuscript notes. This I begged permission to carry away with me, hoping to find in it something which would throw light upon my picture, perhaps even some message to be carried, some hint or suggestion of something which the writer would fain have had done for him, and which I promised myself faithfully to perform, as a test of an imagined friendship—imagined not in the future, but in the impossible past.

I read the book in this spirit, searching its pages carefully, through the long afternoon, in the solitary cabin of my boat. There was nothing at first but an ordinary diary; a record of the work and self-denials of a poor student of art. Then came the date of his first visit to Larmone, and an expression of the pleasure of being with his own people again after a lonely life, and some chronicle of his occupations there, studies for pictures, and idle days that were summed up in a phrase: "On the bay," or "In the woods." After this the regular succession of dates was broken, and there followed a few scraps of verse, irregular and unfinished, bound together by the thread of a name—"Claire among her Roses;" "A Ride through the Pines with Claire;" "An Old Song of Claire's;" "The Blue Flower in Claire's Eyes;" "Claire, my Pilot through the Mist." It was not poetry, but such an unconscious tribute to the power and beauty of poetry as unfolds itself almost inevitably from youthful love, as naturally as the blossoms unfold from the apple-trees in May. If you pick them they are worthless. They charm only in their own time and place.

A date told of his change from Larmone to the village, and this was written below it: "Too heavy a sense of obligation destroys freedom, and only a free man can dare to love."

Then came a number of fragments indicating trouble of mind and hesitation; the sensitiveness of the artist, the delicate, self-tormenting scruples of the lonely idealist, the morbid pride of the young poor man, contending with an impetuous passion and forcing it to surrender, or at least to compromise.

"What right has a man to demand everything and offer nothing in return except an ambition and a hope? Love must come as a giver, not as a beggar."

"A knight should not ask to wear his lady's colors until he has won his spurs."

"King Cophetua and the beggar-maid—very fine, but the other way—humiliating."

"A woman may take everything from a man, wealth and fame and position. But there is only one thing that a man may take from a woman—something that she alone can give—happiness."

"Self-respect is less than love, but it is the trellis that holds love up from the ground; break it down, and all the flowers are in the dust, the fruit is spoiled."

"And yet"—so the man's thought shone through everywhere—"I think she must know that I love her, and why I cannot speak."

One entry was written in a clearer, stronger hand: "An end of hesitation. The longest way is the shortest. I am going to the city to work for the Academy prize, to think of nothing else until I win it, and then come back with it to Claire, to tell her that I have a future, and that it is hers. If I spoke of it now it would be like claiming the reward before I had done the work. I told her only that I was going to prove myself an artist, *and to live for what I loved best.* She understood, I am sure, for she would not lift her blue eyes to me, but her hand trembled as she gave me the blue flower from her belt."

The date of his return to Larmone was marked, but the page was blank, as the day had been. Some pages of dull self-reproach and questioning and bewildered regret followed.

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"It was a mistake; she did not understand, nor care."

"It was my fault; I might at least have told her that I loved her, though she could not have answered me."

"It is too late now. To-night, while I was finishing the picture, I saw her in the garden. Her spirit, all in white, with a blue flower in her belt. I knew she was dead across the sea. I tried to call to her, but my voice made no sound. She seemed not to see me. She moved like one in a dream, straight on, and vanished. Oh! is there no one who can tell her? Must she never know that I loved her?"

The last thing in the book was a printed scrap of paper that lay between the leaves:

Irrevocable.

Would the gods might give
Another field for human strife;
Man must live one life
Ere he learns to live.
Ah, friend, in thy deep grave,
What now can change; what now can save?

So there was a message after all, but it could never be carried; a task for a friend, but it was impossible. What better thing could I do with the poor little book than bury it in the garden in the shadow of Larmone? The story of a silent fault, hidden in silence. How many of life's deepest tragedies are only that: no great transgression, no shock of conflict, no sudden catastrophe with its answering thrill of courage and resistance: only a mistake made in the darkness, and under the guidance of what seemed a true and noble motive; a failure to see the right path at the right moment, and a long wandering beyond it; a word left unspoken until the ears that should have heard it are sealed, and the tongue that should have spoken it is dumb. For surely love's first duty is to be true to itself in word and deed. Then, and only then, it can be true to honor.

The soft sea-fog clothed the night with clinging darkness; the faded leaves hung slack and motionless from the trees, waiting for their fall; the tense notes of the surf beyond the sand-dunes vibrated through the damp air like chords from some mighty *violono;* large, warm drops wept from the arbor of honeysuckle upon my hands, while I made a shallow grave for the record of love that had found no earthly close.

As I looked up for a moment from my task the moonlight was falling stronger through the fog, penetrating its folds with gushes of radiance. Was it a beam of light that I saw in the pathway, touching the pallid bloom of the tall cosmos-flower? Or was it the slender figure of Claire moving toward me? Her robe seemed like the waving of the mist; her face was fair, and very fair, for all its sorrow; a blue flower, fainter than a shadow on the snow, trembled at her waist; her wide eyes were clear and still and sightless; she groped gently with her hands before her as she paced to and fro like an innocent, blinded spirit.

How long it was before I spoke to her I do not know, nor whether it was my voice or only the thought of my heart that said: "Lady, if you are Claire Ledoux, and if you are in trouble, I have a message for you, for I am a friend of Temple Falconer, and know his story."

The figure paused, and faded, as if about to vanish. Then it seemed to grow more distinct again, and came nearer to me, listening while I took up the little book for the last time, and half-read and half-recalled some of the words that were written there. The story that Temple Falconer had been too proud to tell, and that Claire Ledoux had been too proud to understand without the telling—the story of two hearts that had missed each other, because one would not speak and the other would not see—was repeated again in the shadowy silence of the old garden.

Perhaps even yet it might not be a hopeless message. Perhaps even this lingering and belated confession might make an atonement for a love that had been dumb, and bring a consolation to a love that had been blind. Perhaps—ah, who can tell that it is not so—for those who truly love, with all their errors, there is no "irrevocable"—there is another field.

The slender figure beneath the arbor appeared to grow more luminous and buoyant; a deeper blue came into the pallid flower on her breast, and a celes-

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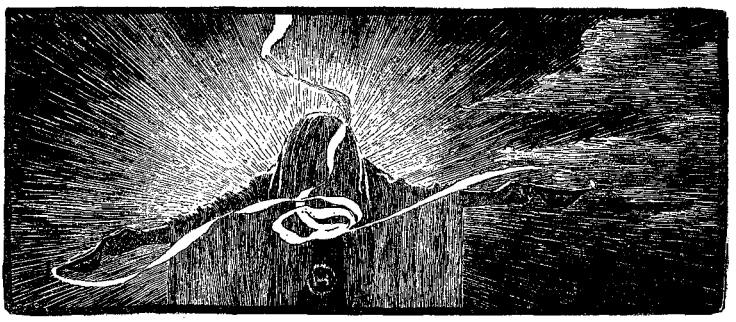
tial azure of clearing vision dawned in her eyes. She thanked me with a happy look, and moving like a moon-ray through the bower, vanished in the broader light beyond it.

The tense note of the surf vibrated through the night. The pattering drops of dew rustled on the leaves of the honeysuckle. But underneath these sounds it seemed as if I heard a man's deep voice saying, "Claire!" and a woman's softly whispering, "Temple!"



THE JOY OF THE HILLS

By Charles Edwin Markham

I RIDE on the mountain-tops, I ride;
I have found my life and am satisfied.
Onward I ride in the blowing oats,
Checking the field-lark's rippling notes—
Lightly I sweep
From steep to steep:
Over my head through the branches high
Come glimpses of a rushing sky;
The tall oats brush my horse's flanks;
A bee booms out of the scented grass;
Wild poppies crowd on the sunny banks—
(Did they come out to see me pass?)

I ride on the hills, I forgive, I forget
Life's hoard of regret—
All the terror and pain
Of the chafing chain.
Grind on, O cities, grind:
I leave you a blur behind.
I am lifted elate—the skies expand:
Here the world's heaped gold is a drift of sand.
Let them weary and work in their narrow walls:
I ride with the voices of waterfalls!

I swing on as one in a dream—I swing
Down the hollows, I shout, I sing!
The world is gone like an empty word:
My body's a bough in the wind, my heart a bird!

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WILD BEASTS AS THEY LIVE

WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF THE ETCHINGS OF EVERT VAN MUYDEN *

By Captain C. J. Melliss
Ninth Regiment, Bombay Infantry

OUT in the fierce yellow glare of the great wastes of Africa, or amidst its high plateau lands of dense bush and forest, there, in his grand domain, one must have sought out the lion; one must have seen the tawny gold of a tiger, or the glossy splendor of a panther's skin glance through the bamboo-choked ravines, or along the scorched hillside of an Indian jungle, to really know these grand brutes in all their magnificence of form and color. Once thus seen in their wild haunts, the unfortunate caged specimens of their race present but a pitiful sight in their stiffened, weedy limbs, degenerated muscles, and lack-lustre coats, causing one to hope that that barbarism, a "Zoo," may not flourish long.

To the hunter, matter of fact but highly critical of eye, the stereotyped representations of these beasts are often a source of wonder as well as gratification, in the pleasing opportunity they afford him for a display of his greater knowledge. But Mr. Van Muyden's etchings can well endure that severe ordeal. His animals are real—intensely real—notably so in their expression, in the hard, full, yet fleshless look of their great muscles (one can imagine these brutes doing their twenty to forty miles of nightly rounds seeking their food) down to the curl at the end of their most expressive tails.

* The remarkable etched studies of wild animals by Evert Van Muyden, born in Italy of Swiss parents and now living in Paris, which though extending over nearly ten years past are still too little known to the general public, first suggested this article. Captain Melliss, a high authority on lion and tiger hunting, and the author of "Lion-hunting in Somaliland," having been asked by the Editor for his opinion of their accuracy from a hunter's point of view, at the Editor's further request consented to accompany their reproduction by a paper which is not only an interesting supplement to the artistic verdict on Van Muyden's work, but a record of stirring hunting experience.

I have seen that evil-looking panther many a time. The living, alert face of that tiger, who has come with his mate to drink at the water's edge, looked down upon me one day as I crouched in the swaying bare branches of a slim bastard-teak tree half-way up a hillside, while a Central-Indian sun at its hottest slowly broiled me. I was watching over the remains of a dead cow for the tigress who had killed it. She came, but not, as I had expected, from below; for suddenly her large yellow head, barred with black and white chest, appeared on the crest of the hill some fifty yards above me. On either side of her were the heads of two large cubs, whose tails, curled high over their backs, clearly expressed keen pleasure in the near prospect of dinner. All the intense alertness which Mr. Van Muyden has portrayed so happily in his tiger was in her face as she surveyed the ground beneath her. Completely outmanœuvred, for I was greatly exposed to view from where she stood, I tried to shrink into myself, hesitating to fire; for so keen and watchful was her look that I felt paralyzed with the fear that the slightest movement would cause her to vanish. But she soon relieved my hesitating mind, for with one quick glance she seemed to take in the whole jungle, and my tree in particular. I saw three tails whisked in the air, and tigress and cubs flashed into the bushes and were gone. To refer critically to Mr. Van Muyden's picture of the "Attack" is unnecessary—its forcible realism speaks for itself. I can only gaze fascinated at the intense devilism displayed in the forms of those two tigers.

Here it seems must be the very story of the fight.

"About the end of February (1893), along the Pench River, on the borders of Seoni and Chindwara (Central India), there was a fight between two

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huge tigers. One killed the other, and after having half-eaten him, went off lame and bleeding, evidently badly wounded, as was shown by his track on the sand. The tiger killed and partly eaten was discovered by some fire-guards, who had no doubt as to the fight from the condition of the ground where the battle took place. The victorious tiger succumbed a few days afterward, but the skin was nearly rotten when discovered. It is curious to know that tigers will eat each other in a full-grown state, although it is well known that they greedily devour young cubs when they can get the chance in the mother's absence."

The above extract is taken from a letter to the "Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society," by an officer of the Indian Forest Department. With the help of Mr. Van Muyden's powerful drawing even the feeblest imagination may picture something of that terrific combat amid Seoni's jungles.

Lions, tigers, and panthers kill in the same manner, usually by seizing the throat, and so dragging the beast to the ground. Sometimes I have found claw-marks on the withers when the kill has been a big animal such as water-buffaloes, showing that the beast has sprung on its back first and then buried its teeth in the throat. Death is caused sometimes by a broken neck, but more often, I am inclined to think, by suffocation. I have been within a few feet of a lion as he killed a donkey. The weight of the lion's body of course dashed the donkey to the ground, but from the gasping sound I heard—it was too dark to see—I think the donkey was choked to death.

Once I saw, in broad daylight, a panther kill a goat. It was the work of an instant. The panther rushed in, made a complete somersault with the goat in his jaws, then sprang up, dropping the goat, which lay still with a broken neck. But then again I heard a panther kill a goat at night, when the poor animal's cries told of prolonged agony, as if it was being eaten alive.

The habit of commencing from the buttocks to devour their prey appears identical to all three, also their fastidiousness in rejecting the entrails as food. At least with tiger and panther I have always found them carefully placed on one side, never eaten. I have known a lion with which I had most unsatisfactory dealings conceal the entrails of a donkey under a bush, covering them with leaves and sticks, while he carried off the carcass to a considerable distance. A dog-in-the-manger sort of spite toward the vultures must have been his sole motive for doing so. This formidable trio appear to have no nice scruples as to what animals should form their lawful prey. All is fish that comes to their net. Peacocks and monkeys are regarded by tiger and panther as the staple titbits of their jungles: snake has been found inside a tiger, and panther has been seen catching frogs from a pool. Lion also condescend in this respect. Following on the spoor of a lion one day, in Somaliland, I came to where he had stalked a dik-dik, which is the smallest antelope in the world, I believe, being scarcely the size of a hare, and therefore but a mouthful for a lion. The whole story was written clearly on the ground; here the great paws had rested when the king of beasts had first viewed his diminutive prey, there he had made his rush, and beyond ran the continuous track of tiny hoof-marks showing the dik-dik's timely flight.

Even the "fretful" porcupine, with some of his quills included, has found its way inside a lioness's stomach. The wily panther has one habit peculiar to himself I think. Profiting by his ability to climb trees, he is often known to hide the remains of a kill up a tree, doubtless to the grievous disappointment of many a hungry hyena and jackal, whose noses had guided them to the spot. I have heard a tiger's charge described as a series of bounds, but as I have never had the distinction of being charged by one I can give no opinion. From lions I have received the attention several times. On such occasions when a yellow body, all muscle and bone, and weighing some four hundred pounds, is rushing into you with tremendous force, the mind is naturally so intensely concentrated on one's aim

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that it is not likely to take in details, and I should be sorry to assert positively that a lion does not come at one by leaps. But the impression I gathered from those exhilarating moments was that the lion ran in at me with a pounding action of his paws and at a great pace. First impressions are said to be most vivid, and I certainly have a most lively recollection of the following encounter with a lion.

I take the extract from a recently written * narrative of my lion-hunting experiences in Somaliland. It was my first encounter with lion.

I was two hundred miles in the interior of Somaliland, hunting during the rainy season in the waterless plateau called the Haud, an immense stretch of level country alternating in vast grassy plains and broad belts of mimosa jungle. News had come in of two lions lying by a bush out on a plain. I had ridden to the spot and found there two fine black-maned lions, had dismounted and bagged one easily enough by a shot in the shoulder, which had prevented his attempted charge. I did not stop then to look at my grand prize, but rushed off toward my pony, mounted and galloped off in the direction the second lion had gone. Crossing over a slight rise I came upon the two horsemen motionless on the plain, and a couple of hundred yards from them I saw a yellow object lying on the ground—the lion, of course. I rode toward him, followed by Jama. When I had gone within one hundred yards of him the lion, who had been facing the horsemen, without moving his body, now turned his head toward me and received my approach with a show of teeth and much snarling. I pulled up and dismounted, though I was half inclined to fire at him from the saddle, as Jama urged me to do, for the lion looked in an exceedingly nasty temper.

Giving over my pony to one of the Somalis I walked slowly toward the lion, bidding Jama to remain in the saddle if he wished, but to keep as near as possible with the second gun. Very cautious and slow was my approach, for I did not want to bring on a charge before I had got in a shot, and it looked as if a too rapid advance would do so, for the lion, without stirring an inch kept up a series of snarls and growls, giving me an excellent view of his teeth, accompanied all the while by short, sharp flicks of his tail on the ground. I walked up to within fifty yards of him, hoping to shoot him dead at that distance and so avoid a charge. I then sat down and fired at him between the eyes, jumping to my feet instinctively to be ready if he charged. I was not a bit too soon. At the shot the lion sprang up with a furious roar. I had a lightning glimpse of him rearing up on his hind legs pawing the air, then he came for me. It was a fierce rush across the ground, no springing that I could see. How close he got before I fired I cannot say, but it was very close. I let him come on, aiming the muzzles of the rifle at his chest. Jama says he was about to spring as I pulled the trigger and ran back a pace or two to one side; but as I did so, I saw through the smoke that the lion was stopped within a few paces of me. The second gun and Jama were not as near as they might have been. The lion struggled up on to his hind quarters uttering roars.

I rammed two fresh cartridges into my rifle in an instant and fired my right into him. The grand brute fell over dying. The Somalis set up a wild yell, and I am not sure I did not join in.

A friend of mine was charged by a wounded lioness, who got home, the two shots which he fired at her merely striking her in the forelegs. He was hurled to the ground senseless, and rather severely mauled. Fortunately for him his brother was there to shoot the lioness. It was found that one of her canine teeth had been snapped off by her jaws coming into collision with the muzzles of the rifle. This will convey some idea of the tremendous force with which a lion rushes on to the attack. I have seen it questioned, "Does a lion ever charge home when faced?" He most certainly does, and is very prompt at doing so. I could give many authentic instances in addition to the above and apart from

* Lion-hunting in Somaliland (Chapman & Hall).

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what I have myself seen of their determination to get home. I met two officers of the Royal Engineers in Somaliland. They told me of a wounded lion they had followed up to a dense patch of reeds, who, upon the reeds being set alight, charged out like a flash of yellow, and although the contents of an 8-bore elephant gun and a 577 express were emptied into him, he got in, felling one of his foes and dying on the top of him. Nine times out of ten I believe a wounded lion will charge if not rendered *hors de combat* by a smashed shoulder, or otherwise mortally hurt by the first shot—at least that was my experience.

The lion does not appear to possess the wariness of a tiger. He will dash into a tied-up bait in the most headstrong manner, heedless of the hunter seated behind a screen of bushes, whose presence, with his keen powers of smell, he cannot fail to detect. From what I have heard and seen of his habits, I should say he was a bolder animal than the tiger, but by that I do not mean a more dangerous one. In one respect, perhaps, he is less dangerous than either tiger or panther; for I am inclined to think that it is not so much his habit to feed on putrid flesh as either of the two latter, and consequently does not kill by blood-poisoning after mauling his foe so often as the other two do. Of late years, since Africa has become more accessible to sportsmen, one hears frequently of lions getting the best of it and leaving their adversary fairly well mangled; but in nearly all the cases I have heard of, the mauled man recovers, whereas in India, as surely as the hot season and its accompaniment, tiger-shooting, come round, tiger and panther score several deaths, usually by blood-poisoning consequent to a mauling received from one of the two.

Here is an amusing instance of a lion's great audacity. An English officer was shooting recently in Somaliland. One night, when he was in bed inside his tent, a lion sprang over the rough thorn fence, which it is usual to throw up round one's encampment at night. Instead of picking up one of the men or animals that must have been lying about asleep inside the fence, he would have none but the sportsman himself, made a dash into his tent, and seized him—fortunately only by the hand. Then, by some wonderful piece of luck, as the lion changed his grip for the shoulder, he grabbed the pillow instead, and so vanished with his prize. The pillow was found next morning several hundred yards distant in the jungle, and outside were also the spoor of a lioness, who had evidently been awaiting the return of her lord with something eatable.

The reason of these animals taking to man-eating is, as most people know, ascribed to age or disablement from wounds. It is probably the explanation for most cases of man-eating tigers and panthers, yet man-eaters have been shot, it is said, who were neither old nor crippled. As regards the lion, from what I have gathered from the natives of Somaliland, where man-eating lions are by no means uncommon, opportunity rather than any direct cause appears to breed man-eaters. Should a solitary native travelling at night encounter a hungry lion, the temptation would probably prove too much for the lion. I know an authentic case of a native having been carried off by a lioness in broad daylight as he rode along on a mule. I found the Somalis most reluctant to come outside their zarebas at night, if a lion was known to have been prowling near the preceding nights.

Lionesses are to be met with in greater numbers than lions. I once saw five full-grown lionesses in company out on a grassy plain. They came trotting toward the spot where the remains of an antelope lay, guided thither by the circling vultures overhead. Before this I had heard from Somalis that vultures gathering in the sky often draw lion or leopard to a carcass.

On two occasions I captured the family of lionesses which I had shot. They both consisted of a male and female. The two families were together in my camp for some time, and I often watched with much pleasurable interest the ways and expression of the little

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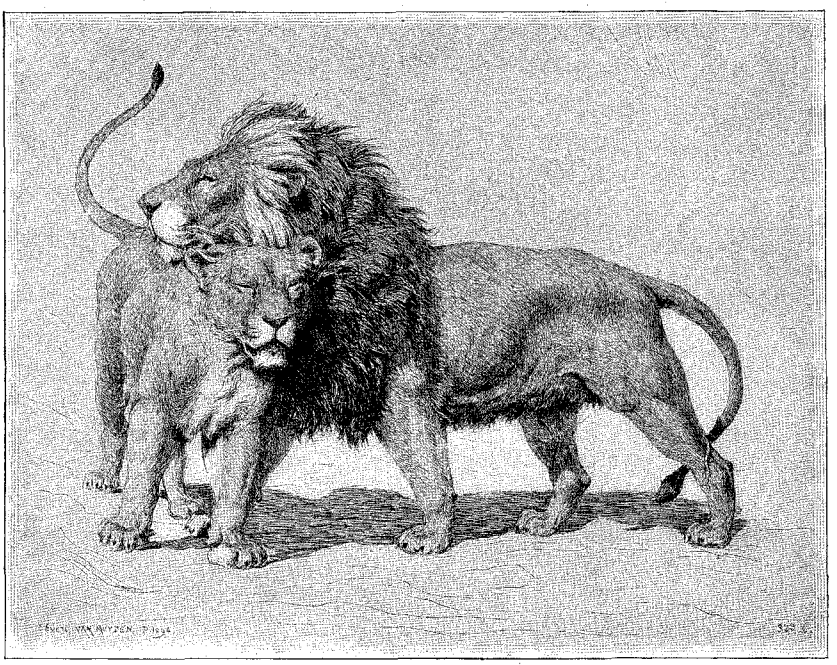

lions, and therefore I think I may consider myself a good judge as to the truthfulness of Mr. Van Muyden's charming representation of young lions. Many and many a time have I seen them "snoozing" inside my tent, resting one against the other, with just the same sleepy yet half-awake expression on their leonine little countenances.

Both my lion cubs died in camp, while the females survived to reach civilization. Perhaps this points to a greater delicacy in the male young as in the human race; and if so would probably be the principal reason why lionesses are so much more plentiful than lions.

Most delightfully characteristic of the beast is M. Van Muyden's evil-looking panther, or leopard, as the naturalists will have it, though I prefer the former term for the big species of the race, which have been known in the Terai jungles to run to nearly the size of a small tigress. This one is decidedly a big fellow, and Mr. Van Muyden has brought out very happily the noticeable points of a panther as well as his wicked expression, and those are his rounded muscular jaws, sturdy neck, and the large muscles on the shoulder and forearms. He is considered by many shikaris in India to be a fiercer and more dangerous animal to meddle with than the tiger. He has the reputation of being ready to charge on the slightest provocation, and as he presents a much smaller mark to aim at, his chances of getting home are greater. With his courage he combines the greatest wariness, far beyond that of a tiger. The latter, if a beat is properly worked, can be usually depended upon to walk forward toward where the guns are placed, though some are known to have become so wary as to invariably, when being driven forward in a beat, race across the open spaces in the jungle, where of course the hunter is hoping to get a shot at them. But no reliance can be placed upon a panther to do anything save that which you don't expect him to do. He can hide behind nothing at all, and many a beat has passed over a panther crouching unseen by a small bush, after which, as the fresh prints of his retreating footsteps often inform the exasperated hunter, he has calmly retired in the opposite direction. Following him up when wounded is "ticklish" work, for, as I have said, he can hide behind nothing

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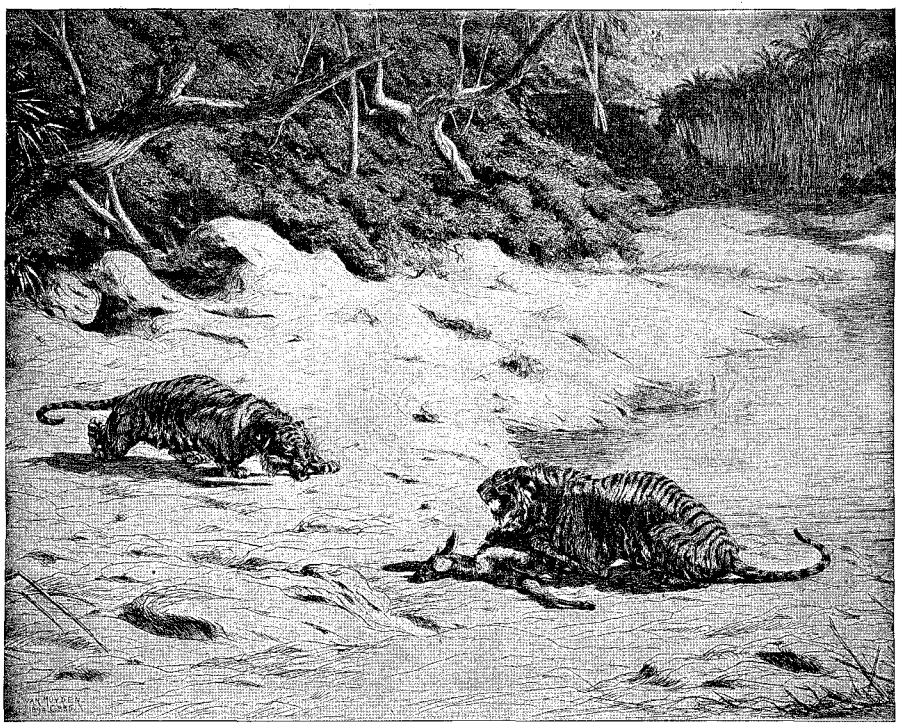

practically, and thus can unpleasantly surprise one following on his tracks. And as to his powers of killing—when once taken to man-eating he is almost more to be dreaded than the tiger, since his cunning is greater. Two or three years ago, in southern India, a man-eating panther was killed who was credited with over one hundred victims. He also keeps up quite as good a yearly record of "kills" by blood-poisoning after mauling you as his greater neighbor. I once fairly outwitted a panther, and if my reader cares to hear a hunter's story, I will tell him how I did it.

The scene is a small, saddle-backed hill, thickly covered with jungle, standing somewhat isolated from a neighboring range of densely wooded big hills. Some two miles distant lies a small Indian village of mud huts at the side of a glaring, white, dusty road, one of the great routes that wind their hundreds of weary miles through the hot plains of central India. The cultivated lands of the village, originally wrested from the surrounding jungle, are now brilliant with the beautiful colors of its poppy-fields. In the above little hill there was a panther, so the natives of the village told me, for they had heard him "speak" from out its jungles at night. I had hunted him for several months in many a beat under a hot noonday sun, and many a weary all-night watching by moonlight, but in vain—I had not even seen him. But he was there, for my murdered goats, which were placed out in the jungle to attract him, and which always bore the panther's fang-marks in the throat proved that; but the beast himself remained invisible. Only when I did not watch over the goat would he kill, never when I did, although I took, I thought, every precaution to escape detection by the wily brute. I was in despair of ever getting him. At length one day I remembered a plan I had heard of as sometimes adopted by na-

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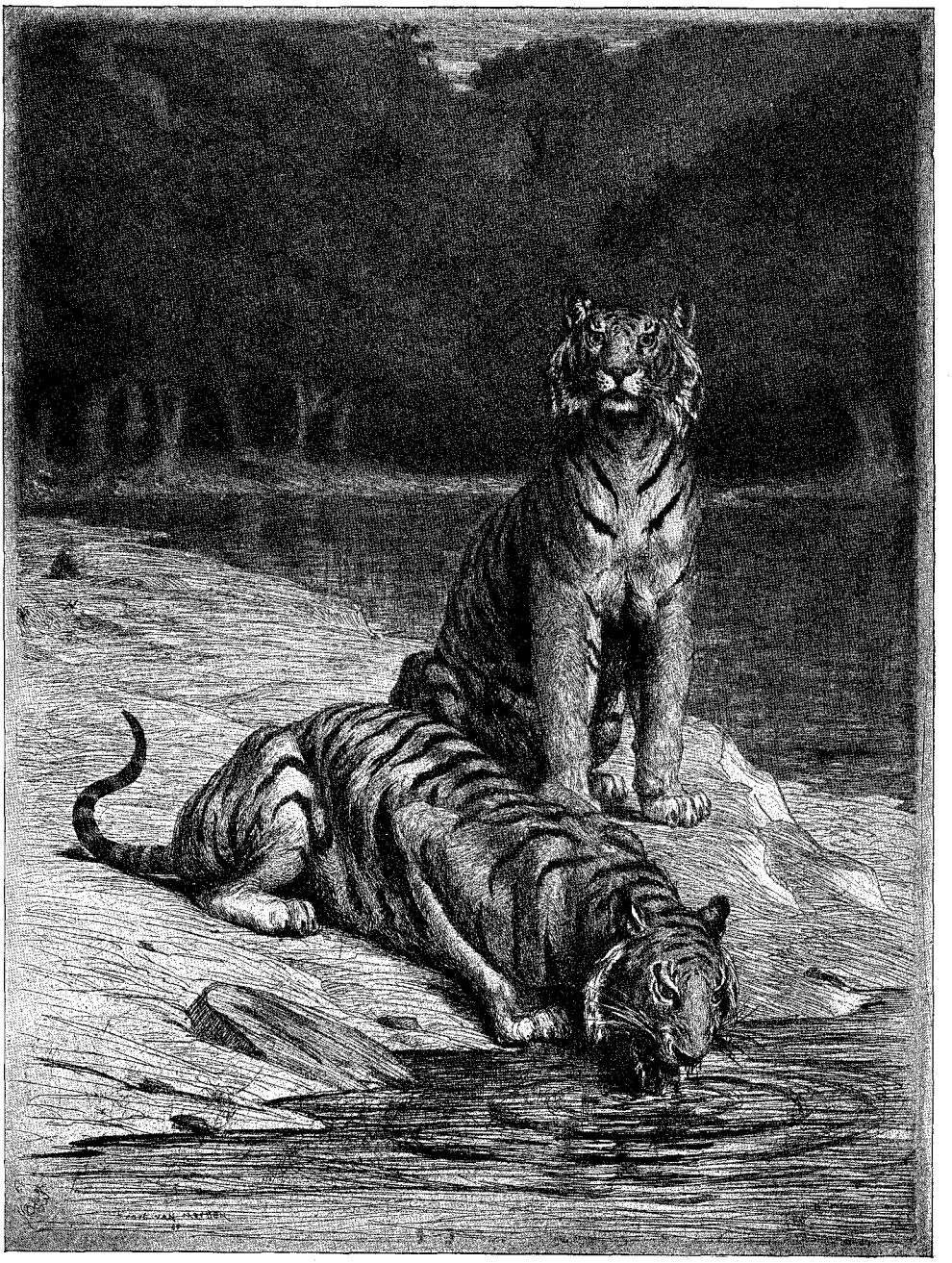
tive hunters in southern India. I would try it. My native shikari was told to have a grave dug inside the jungle at the foot of the hill on the spot which witnessed the murders of so many of my goats. It was to be about seven feet long and about four feet deep, to allow of my sitting up in it; it was to be covered with small logs of wood, then earth and dried leaves, and made to resemble the surrounding ground as closely as possible; an entrance hole sufficiently large to allow me to crawl in was of course to be left.



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The next day, an hour or two before sunset, I arrived on the scene, and found all ready for me. My shikari was evidently an artist; the whole thing had a most realistic appearance, and the entrance might have been the mouth of a jackal's burrow. I crawled inside; the goat was secured a few feet from the entrance, and my shikari and his men withdrew to their village, saying they would return at night and lie out in the fields, awaiting the report of my rifle to join me. Thus left to my reflections I stretched myself out as far from the entrance hole as possible, having my feet toward it, and very soon began to feel as if I had been condemned to pass a night in my grave, and a night, too, that was going to be endless, for the weary hours ahead weighed upon my soul. However, regrets were useless. I would see it out this time, and I vowed it would be my last night-shooting. To console myself I sucked quietly at a bottle of Bass and munched sandwiches, lengthening out my meal as long as possible; but this distraction soon came to an end, and I wondered at myself for not having brought more. My view was limited; there were the logs above my head, through which the earth trickled pleasantly into my eyes and ears, the earthen sides of my grave, and enframed in the entrance-hole was a portion of the goat, and beyond a bit of the crest-line of the hill and some swaying tree-tops against a blue patch of sky. Slowly and very slowly the day faded out—sky, hill-top, and trees grew from gray to black. Now was a likely time for the panther's arrival, and I sat up, rifle across my knees, all ready for him—but he did not come.

As the time passed the outlines of hill and tree-tops again stood out clear against a luminous sky, for it was a full moon that night, and I could see the moonlight play on the broad leaves of the bastard-teak trees as the night breeze rustled by. The jungle seemed absolutely silent, the only noise that reached me came from the goat as he nibbled the grass, and occasionally stamped the ground. Wearily the hours dragged on — fully an eternity it seemed to me, I had lain there and must have been on the point of falling asleep when, all suddenly, there came a dull, heavy thud outside and a stifled bleat that sent the blood racing through me and my heart thumping against my ribs. I became intensely wide awake

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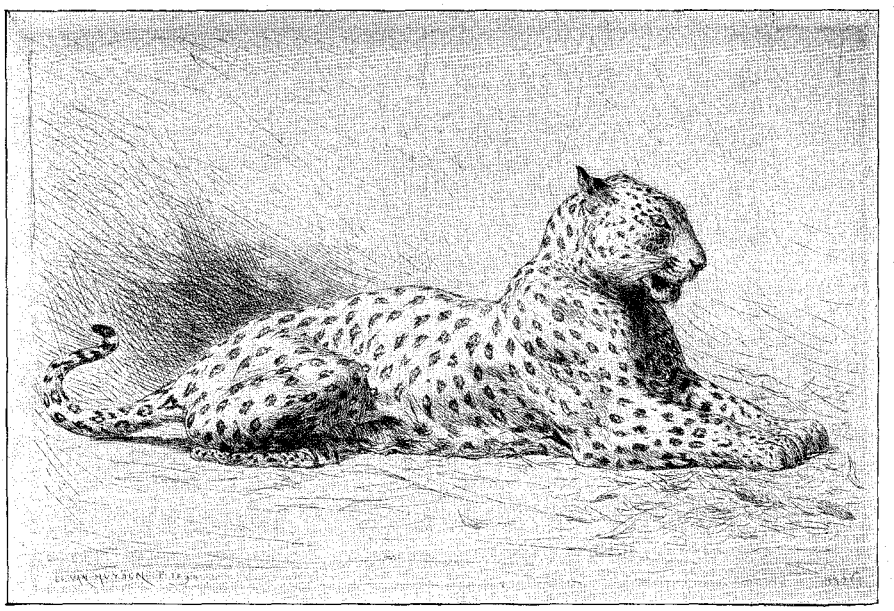
on the instant. The goat's down! My heavens, it is the panther at last! The goat's body was now no longer visible in the outlook, and I could see nothing of the panther either, but there was a slight gasping sound outside once or twice that told of his bloodthirsty presence. Very softly I drew myself up into a sitting position, brought my rifle across my knees, and with my heart in my mouth cocked my right trigger. I dared not risk cocking the left, the faint click seeming so terribly loud in the utter stillness. Then, while the goat still gave a choking gasp or two (it all happened in a tenth of the time it takes to tell of it) I worked myself forward with the utmost silence until my face was within two feet of the hole. Now I could see the body of the goat, lying down, with its head held up in a rather peculiar manner, it seemed to me; but where was the panther? Just by the goat's neck there was a palish yellow something, indistinct in the silvery shimmer outside. What was it? I rubbed my eyes and stared hard. I saw the whole body of the goat move—yet not of itself, it appeared to me, and then I made out that pale yellow something to be the top of the panther's head with its ears lying back. I understood the position now. The panther lay close behind the goat's body with his jaws buried in its throat, and aided by the indistinct moonlight was invisible but for the top of his head. In anxious hesitation I wondered whether I should fire at it, for in the vague light I feared a miss even at that distance, when suddenly the panther dropped the goat's throat, and there, not six feet from me, was his round, yellow head and blazing eyes, staring in seeming astonishment down into mine. Quick as thought my rifle was up and flashed out into him. Then everything was lost in smoke—my grave was thick with it, for my muzzles had been inside when I fired. I cocked my left and wondered. "What has happened?" I preferred not to put my head out to see, lest perchance furious paws might close upon it. If wounded will he come in? I hoped not. No sound from outside came to tell me whether I had hit or missed. At last the smoke thinned and I cautiously put my head outside. There he lay, on his side, where he had crouched behind the goat's body. A faint gasping snarl told that he was mortally hit, but I took the precaution to retire into my hole for another cartridge for my right barrel and then crawled out. Full in the moonlight lay the panther, dying, his glossy yellow coat in strong contrast



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to the black, shaggy hair of his victim, whose relaxing limbs still gave a kick or two, when the panther lay still. My bullet had pierced his chest and heart. It was half-past one by my watch. After I had sat awhile with my mind divided in admiration between the splendor of the panther's skin and the witching beauty of the night, I made my way out of the jungle into the fields to seek my men, where I found them stretched out asleep in the moonlight, their heads carefully wrapped in clothes, presumably to assist them in hearing my shot. Stout poles were cut down, upon which the panther was slung, belly uppermost, and hoisted on the shoulders of four men, and thus we emerged from the jungle out into the open moonlit fields, and along the beaten tracks into the sleeping village. And so on to the roadside, where my horse was picketed, and where I stretched myself out on a blanket, and stared up at the glorious starry canopy above me until sleep came. But the dawn soon reddened the sky, and the creak and rumble of the bullock-carts slowly toiling along the road told of another long Indian day begun, and warned me it was time to start back for camp.

I

THE shabby street-cars jingling go
Where modish coach-wheels rolled and ran,
And back here from that roaring Row
It leads from Beekman Street to Ann.

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II

EN route to sup at Philip Hone's,
And quiz our New World belles and beaux,
Her feet tripped o'er these very stones
Fair Kemble—and thy magic toes,

Thou fairer Fanny, Ellsler named,
Twinkled adown that pavement drear,
While (for thy lissome sake defamed)
Followed—with wraps—thy Chevalier.

A gown of white, a girlish form,
Footsteps unused that trembling pause!
'Tis Garcia, frighted by the storm
Of this, her début night's, applause.

Again, oh crinoline and mitts!
Oh blue and brass with ruffles dight!
A decorous mob of worthy cits—
The ball to "Boz" is at its height.

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III

'TIS Theatre Alley, yet its name
They've spared. A squalid place by day
Where wrangling boys for coppers game,
Where sottish vagrants snooze or stray.

But when the sun shines slant and low
O'er Trinity's subduing vane,
Vanish these sordid shapes, and lo!
The Alley grows itself again.

And when the dusk in deeper gloom
Is whelmed, and o'er the flag-stones damp,
As if the old stage door to 'lume,
Glimmers that lonely, midway lamp,

These dear, dead ladies, they that thrilled
The gay world of the "old Park's" time,
Are with me, and—a vow fulfilled—
To their sweet manes, this light rhyme.

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WOOD-ENGRAVERS — A. LEPÈRE *

HERE is no more assertive and virile personality among contemporary wood-engravers than that of the subject of this sketch. With clear-cut ideas Lepère has struck out boldly for himself and in every medium—for he draws, etches, and paints besides engraving on wood—he has pursued an ideal thoroughly his own. All these means of graphic expression have served but to emphasize his point of view: a radical one, which is so far the most authoritative protest yet entered against the prevailing taste—against a "decadence," Lepère says. Feeling as strongly as he does, and having besides the public the largest number of his professional brethren against him, it is not unnatural that he should force his voice to be heard. Reactions are apt to be violent and brutal.

Lepère's attitude can be summed up in the fact that he considers illustrations, first of all, in their relation to the printed page, and wants them to harmonize with the text that the two may form a unified ensemble. "Now," he says, "consider engravings obtained by mechanical processes, so much used nowadays, by the side of the clear-cut, black type. They are uniformly grayish and dull, having none of the velvety blacks, the brilliant whites, the definite sharp contrasts, which would make them chime in with the type. And whereas, through the type being read clearly—the sense and beauty of the words seem to come easily to one—these very finely treated cuts, full of details, do not impose their meaning, which remains intricate, obscure, until one examines them closely. That the original drawing may have been a work of high value does not change the result. A drawing and its reproduction in view of the book require the same adaptation to the special conditions of the book as a decorative painting requires for the special conditions of the place it is to occupy. An admirable easel picture can no more serve as decoration than a good drawing and a good reproduction be used for a book, unless they have been conceived and executed with that end in view.

"And the vogue of mechanical processes has had such a nefarious influence upon wood-engravers that they have, in so far as they could, tried to imitate the characteristics of mechanical cuts—their grayness and their extreme finish—so much so, that it often requires more than casual attention to distinguish between the two. And yet there is hardly anything in com-

Lepère.

* The illustrations are reproduced from etchings and engravings by Lepère from his own drawings.

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mon between the two processes, the bases of which are so different — the basis of one being photography, which gives certain exact facts, and that of the other being artistic interpretation. The danger of the one lies in the fact that it does not choose but copies slavishly, while the danger of the other is in its extreme freedom, which, however, is an advantage for the artist.

"Hence," Lepère holds, "the wood-engravers have gone the wrong way in giving up interpretation full of feeling and spirit for copy full of details. They must abandon the impossible and unworthy attempt at rivalling the mechanical processes, and go back to their legitimate field of free and purely artistic interpretation.

"They must extract from the wood what neither the half-tone plate, the lithographic stone, the etching plate, nor any other medium can give—what the wood alone can give. Each medium has its limitations and cannot produce the same results as another medium. The mechanical processes give dull results, lithography is flat, etching thin, the lines made by the graver on a steel-plate are thin and hard. The wood treated logically alone gives a fat, supple line, a richness of effect, and a vibration of blacks and whites which prints marvellously. All other engravings depend on the printing, which alters, improves, or ruins them; but wood-engraving, as practised by the old masters, can be printed on any paper with any kind of ink and press. Is it not, therefore, the reproductive art nearest to the art of drawing, which to find expression needs only a flat surface and any kind of an object capable of leaving a mark?"

It is curious, in view of these ideas, to think that Lepère should have been in the early stages of his career intensely modern, and the most dashing and clever of the new men. Since then he has been steadily going away from that virtuosity—"despicable virtuosity," he calls it—from the smartness and the complicated resources of the modern, toward the simple methods of the old masters of engraving. It is needless to say that while his technique is logically and vigorously simplified, he is

"The Month of the Vintage."

neither a copyist nor a thresher of old straw. It is as thoroughly his own now, as it was when he stood the unrivalled virtuoso of his day.

An indefatigable worker, he has preached by deeds, and his work represents the two extremes of the intensely modern, and the reaction against it, in all their varieties. The French weekly publications of from 1870 to 1880, show all manner of dazzling examples of his first period. His

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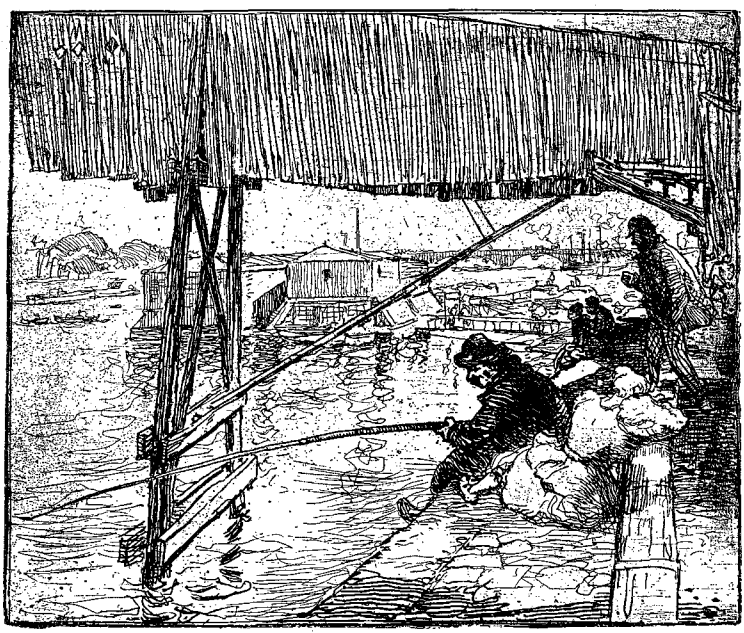
evolution, which became apparent soon after that, culminated in two books (unfortunately printed in limited editions), which embody his ideas of books adorned with images, as intrinsic parts of the text, equally direct, brilliant, firm, and clear. These books were all subscribed for before they were published, and to-day, less than two years after its appearance, the price of *Paysages Parisiens*, the first one, has more than doubled.

For ten years Lepère has engraved only his own drawings. The frontispiece of this number was drawn and engraved on the wood from nature. While it is not as radical an example of his latest manner as the two wood-cuts in this article, it shows him at his best as a creator, and as the masterly exponent of a style of drawing as well as of engraving, bold yet delicate, which has a suppleness, a virility, an originality unsurpassed by any one.

Two of the five illustrations to this article are peculiarly interesting for having been engraved after the manner of the earliest wood-engravers, with a penknife in place of a graver, a block of soft pear-wood instead of the very hard box, exclusively employed nowadays, and cutting with the grain instead of across it. (That is to say, the image was formerly cut on a longitudinal face of the block whereas today it is invariably put on a cross-section.)

Such engravings have a wonderful freedom and care of line and extraordinary printing qualities.



The Seine at Bercy.

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STARLIGHT

By George De Clyver Curtis

ALONE and lonely on the dew-moist sands
I sit beside the sea, and hear the tide
Ebb softly from gray shoals and long wet slopes
That glimmer 'neath the stars. Another day
Has dragged its flaring hours across the heaven,
And now again night's cooling hand is pressed
On earth's heat-wearied brows. Those shadowy spirits
That may not bear the light; I think they fled
To the moon that rode all day so pale behind
The horses of the sun—now are they stirring;
Their wings caress the air, and when the billow
Sinks white along the shore, there do they flit.
Beside the dune's edge, little elvish shapes,
Black on the sand, are crouching all a-row
Unmoving while I watch: sly, stealthy things,
That when the dawn breaks change themselves again
To stranded weed and drift-wood. O'er the downs
That lie so darkly ridged against the sky,
A mightier spirit walks; I hear the grass
Bend whispering where he treads, and feel the wind
Blown from his floating robes. The eldest son
Of night is he, that brings the cool land-breeze
Over the fields from hollow-valleyed hills.
See how the Scorpion, lord of the southern sky,
Trails slowly his huge length, scale after scale,
Wet from the ocean's bounds; his fiery heart
Glows hot with evil thoughts, his arms outstretch
To where the virgin moon sinks languidly
Upon her western couch of fleecy cloud.
Small thought has she for that grim amorous beast—
Dreaming perhaps of her Endymion.

AH, dreams! those happier days still throng the mind
When dreams and thoughts rose ever, a still flame,
Before one image; when the sea's long runes
Wrote only one sweet word upon the sands;
When, in the organ roll of cataracts,
The sunlight on the hills, the hearts of flowers,
One presence still was found; when all things pure
Seemed to be part of her, and lived, only
Through joy of being so. And if I watched
The stars, there were her eyes, till all her shape
Grew misty fair between the earth and sky.
What thoughts are with me now? None but my own
Vain empty fancies and more vain regrets,
And haunting glamours, mockeries of the night;
While with low lisp and plash the happier sea
Kisses his bride, the moon-veiled sands, to sleep.

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THE COLONEL'S "NIGGER DOG"

By Joel Chandler Harris

ONE morning Colonel Rivers, of Jasper, standing on his back porch, called to a negro man who was passing through the yard.

"Ben!"

"Yasser!"

"How's everything at the home-place?"

"Tollerble, suh—des tollerble."

"Tell Shade I want to see him this morning."

"Unk Shade done gone, suh. He sho is. He done gone!"

"Gone where?"

"He done tuck ter de woods, suh. Yasser! he done gone!"

A frown clouded the Colonel's otherwise pleasant brow.

"What is the matter with the old simpleton?"

"Some kinder gurnes on 'twix him an' Marse Preston, suh. I dunno de rights on it. But Unk Shade done gone, suh!"

"When did he go?"

"Yistiddy, suh."

The Colonel turned and went into the house, and the negro passed on, shaking his head and talking to himself. The Colonel walked up and down the wide hall a little while, and then went into his library and flung himself into an easy-chair. As it happened, the chair sat facing his writing-desk, and over the desk hung a large portrait of his mother. It was what people call "a speaking likeness," and the Colonel felt this as he looked at it. The face was full of character. Firmness shone in the eyes and played about the lips. The Colonel regarded the portrait with an interest that was almost new. Old Shade in the woods—old Shade a runaway! What would his mother say if she were alive? The Colonel felt, too—he could not help but feel—that he was largely responsible for the fact that old Shade was a fugitive.

When Mary Rivers married Jack Preston, the Colonel, Mary's father, insisted that the couple should live at the old Home Place. The desire was natural. Mary was the apple of his eye, and he wanted to see her rule in the home over which his mother had reigned. The Colonel himself had been born there, and his mother had lived there for more than forty years. His father had died in 1830, but his mother lived until the day after the fiftieth anniversary of her wedding.

For near a quarter of a century this excellent lady had been the manager of her own estate, and she had succeeded, by dint of hard and pinching economy and untiring energy, in retrieving the fortune which her husband had left in a precarious condition. It was said of the Colonel's father, William Rivers,

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that he was a man perverse in his ways and with a head full of queer notions, and it seems to be certain that he frittered away large opportunities in pursuit of small ones.

When William Rivers died he left his widow as a legacy four small boys —the Colonel, the oldest, was in his teens — a past-due mortgage on the plantation, and a whole raft (as you may say) of small debts. She had one consolation that she breathed often to her little boys—their father had lived temperately and died a Christian. Besides that consolation, she had an abundance of hope and energy. She could have sold a negro or two, but there were only a dozen of them, big and little, and they all members of one family. The older ones had grown up with their mistress, and the younger ones she had nursed and attended through many an hour's sickness. She would have parted with her right hand sooner than sell one of them. She took her little boys from school—the youngest was ten and the oldest fourteen—and put them to work in the fields with the negroes for one year. At the end of that period she began to see daylight, as it were, and then the boys went back to school, but their vacations for several years afterward were spent behind the plough. She was as uncompromising in her business as in her religion. In one she stickled for the last thrip that was her due; in the other she believed in the final perseverance of the saints.

It is enough to say that she succeeded. She transacted her own business. She did it well at the very beginning, and thereafter with an aptitude that was constantly growing. She paid the estate out of debt, and added to it, and when her oldest son graduated at Princeton, she had the finest and most profitable plantation in Jasper County. All the old people said that if her father, Judge Walthall, could have returned to life, he would have been proud of the success of his daughter, which was in that day and still remains the most remarkable event in the annals of Jasper County.

The main dependence of Mrs. Rivers, even after her boys grew up, was a negro man named Shadrack. He grew old with his mistress and imbibed many of her matter-of-fact ways and methods. At first he was known as Uncle Shed, but the negro pronunciation lengthened this to Shade, and he was known by everybody in the counties round as Uncle Shade.

Uncle Shade knew how important his services were to his mistress and what store she set by his energy and faithfulness, and the knowledge made him more independent in his attitude and temper than the average negro. The truth is, he was not an average negro, and he knew it. He knew it by the fact that the rest of the negroes obeyed his most exacting orders with as much alacrity as they obeyed those of white men, and were quite as anxious to please him. He knew it, too, by the fact that his mistress had selected him in preference to his own father to take charge of the active management of the plantation business.

The selection was certainly a good one. Whatever effect it may have had on Uncle Shade, it was the salvation of the plans of his mistress. The negro seemed to have a keen appreciation of the necessities of the situation. He worked the hands harder than any white man could have worked them, and kept them in a good-humor by doing as much as any two of them. The Saturday half-holiday was abolished for a time, and the ploughs and the hoes were kept going just as long as the negroes could see how to run a furrow.

A theory of the neighborhood was that Uncle Shade was afraid of going to the sheriff's block, and if this theory was wrong it was at least plausible. The majority of those who worked under Uncle Shade were his own flesh and blood, but his mistress had made bold to hire four extra negroes in order to carry out the plans she had in view, and these four worked as hard and as cheerfully as any of the rest.

Such was the energy with which Uncle Shade managed the rougher details of the plantation work, that at the end of the first year his mistress saw her way clear to enlarging her plans. She found that within five years she would be able to pay off all the old debts and make large profits to boot.

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So she sent her boys back to school, bought two of the four hired hands, and hired four more. These new ones, under Uncle Shade's management, worked as willingly as the others. In this way the estate was cleared of debt, and gradually enlarged, and Mrs. Rivers had been able, in the midst of it all, to send her boys to Princeton, where they took high rank in their studies.

The youngest drifted to California in the fifties, and disappeared; the second went into business in Charleston as a cotton factor and commission merchant. The oldest, after taking a law course, settled down at home, practised law a little and farmed a great deal. He finally fell in love with a schoolma'am from Connecticut. His mother, who had been through the mill, as the saying is, and knew all about the dignity and lack of dignity there is in labor, rather approved the match, although some of the neighbors, whose pretensions were far beyond their possessions, shook their heads and said that the young man might have done better.

Nevertheless, the son did very well indeed. He did a great deal better than some of those who criticised his choice, for he got a wife who knew how to put her shoulders to the wheel when there was any necessity for it, and how to economize when her husband's purse was pinched. The son, having married the woman of his choice, built him a home within a stone's throw of his mother's, and, during her life, not a day passed but he spent a part of it in her company. He had always been fond of his mother, and as he grew older, his filial devotion was fortified and strengthened by the profound impression which her character made on him. It was a character that had been moulded on heroic lines. As a child, she had imbibed the spirit of the revolution, and everything she said and did was flavored with the energy and independence that gave our Colonial society its special and most beautiful significance—the significance of candor and simplicity.

Something of his mistress's energy and independence was reflected in the character of Uncle Shade, and the result of it was that he was not very popular with those that did not know him well. The young master came back from college with a highly improved idea of his own importance. His mother, although she was secretly proud of his airs, told him with trenchant bluntness that his vanity stuck out like a pot-leg and must be lopped off. This was bad enough, but when Uncle Shade let it be understood that he wasn't going to run hither and yon at the beck and call of a boy, nothing prevented a collision but the firm will that controlled everything on the plantation. After that, both the young master and the negro were more considerate of each other, but neither forgot the little episode.

When the young man married, he and Uncle Shade saw less of each other, and there was no more friction between them for four or five years. But in 1850 the negro's mistress died, and he and the rest of the negroes, together with the old Home Place, became the property of the son, who was now a prosperous planter, looked up to by his neighbors, and given the title of Colonel by those who knew no other way of showing their respect and esteem. But in her will the Colonel's mother made ample provision, as she thought, for the protection of Uncle Shade. He was to retain, under all circumstances, his house on the Home Place; he was never to be sold, and he was to be treated with the consideration due to a servant who had cheerfully given more than the best part of his life to the service of the family.

The terms of the will were strictly complied with. The Colonel had loved his mother tenderly, and he respected her memory. He made it a point to treat Uncle Shade with consideration. He appealed to his judgment whenever opportunity offered, and frequently found it profitable to do so. But the old negro still held himself aloof. Whether from grief at the death of his mistress, or for other reasons, he lost interest in the affairs of the plantation. The other negroes said he was "lonesome," and this description of his condition, vague as it was, was perhaps the best that could be given. Except in the matter of temper, Uncle Shade was not the negro he was before his old mistress died.

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This was the state of affairs when the Colonel's daughter, Mary, married Jack Preston in 1861. When this event occurred, the Colonel insisted that the young couple should take up their abode at the old Home Place. He had various sentimental reasons for this. For one thing, Mary was very much like her grandmother, in spite of her youth and beauty. Those who had known the old lady remarked the "favor"—as they called it—as soon as they saw the granddaughter. For another, the old Home Place was close at hand, almost next door, and the house and grounds had been kept in apple-pie order by Uncle Shade. The flower-garden was the finest to be seen in all that region, and the house itself and every room of it was as carefully kept as if the dead mistress had simply gone on a visit and was likely to return at any moment.

Naturally, the young couple found it hard to resist the entreaties of the Colonel, particularly as Mary objected very seriously to living in town. So they went to the old Home Place, and were affably received by Uncle Shade. They found everything arranged to their hands.

Their first meal at the old Home Place was dinner. The Colonel had told Uncle Shade that he would have company at noon, and they found the dinner smoking on the table when they arrived. A young negro man was set to wait on the table. He made some blunder, and instantly a young negro girl came in smiling to take his place. Uncle Shade, who was standing in the door of the dining-room, dressed in his Sunday best, took the offender by the arm as he passed out, and in a little while those who were at table heard the swish of a buggy whip as it fell on the negro's shoulders. The unusual noise set the chickens to cackling, the turkeys to gobbling, and the dogs to barking.

"Old man," said Preston, when Uncle Shade had gravely resumed his place near the dining-room door, "take 'em farther away from the house the next time you kill 'em."

"I'll do so, suh," replied Uncle Shade dryly, and with a little frown.

Matters went along smoothly enough for all concerned, but somehow Preston failed to appreciate the family standing and importance of Uncle Shade. The young man was as genial and as clever as the day is long, but he knew nothing of the sensitiveness of an old family servant. On the other hand, Uncle Shade had a dim idea of Preston's ignorance and resented it. He regarded the young man as an interloper in the family, and made little effort to conceal his feelings.

One thing led to another until finally there was an explosion. Preston would have taken harsh measures, but Uncle Shade gathered up a bundle of "duds," and took to the woods.

Nominally he was a runaway, but he came and went pretty much as suited his pleasure, always taking care to keep out of the way of Preston.

At last the Colonel, who had made the way clear for Uncle Shade to come back and make an apology, grew tired of waiting for that event; the longer he waited, the longer the old negro stayed away.

The Colonel made one or two serious efforts to see Uncle Shade, but the old darky, misunderstanding his intentions, made it a point to elude him. Finding his efforts in this direction unavailing, the Colonel grew angry. He had something of his mother's disposition—a little of her temper if not much of her energy—and he decided to take a more serious view of Uncle Shade's capers. It was a shame and a disgrace, anyhow, that one of the Rivers negroes should be hiding in the woods without any excuse, and the Colonel determined to put an end to it once for all. He would do more—he would teach Uncle Shade once for all that there was a limit to the forbearance with which he had been treated.

Therefore, after trying many times to capture Uncle Shade and always without success, the Colonel announced to his wife that he had formed a plan calculated to bring the old negro to terms.

"What is it?" his wife asked.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the Colonel, hesitating a little. "I'm going to get me a nigger dog and run old Shade

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down and catch him if it takes me a year to do it."

The wife regarded the husband with amazement.

"Why, Mr. Rivers, what are you thinking of?" she exclaimed. "You don't mean to tell me that you are going to put yourself on a level with Bill Favers and go trolloping around the country, hunting negroes with hound-dogs? I never heard you say that any of your family ever stooped to such as that."

"They never did," the Colonel rejoined, testily. "But they never had such a rantankerous nigger to deal with."

"Just as he is, just so he was made," was Mrs. Rivers's matter-of-fact comment.

"I know that mighty well," said the Colonel. "But the time has come when he ought to be taken in hand. I could get Bill Favers's dogs and run him down in an hour, but I'm going to catch my own nigger with my own nigger dog."

"Why, Mr. Rivers, you haven't a dog on the place that will run a pig out of the garden, much less catch a negro. There are ten or fifteen hound-dogs around the yard, and they are actually of no account to scratch the fleas off."

"Well," replied the Colonel, wincing a little, "Matt Kilpatrick has promised to give me one of his beagles, and I'm going to take him and train him to track niggers."

"Another dog on the place!" exclaimed Mrs. Rivers. "Well, you'll have to sell some negroes. We can't afford to feed a lot of no-account negroes and no-account dogs without selling something. You can't even give the dogs away—and I wouldn't let you impose on anybody that way, if you could; so you'll have to sell three or four of the negroes. They are lazy and no-account enough, goodness knows, but they can manage to walk around and pick up chips and get a thimbleful of milk from twenty cows, and sweep off the porch when there's anybody to keep them awake."

Nevertheless, the Colonel got his beagle, and he soon came to take more interest in it than in all his other dogs. He named it Jeff, after Matt Kilpatrick's old beagle, and Jeff turned out to be the cutest little dog ever seen in that section. The Colonel trained him assiduously. Twice a day he'd hold Jeff and make one of the little negroes run down by the spring-house and across the cow-lot. When the little negro was well out of sight the Colonel would unleash Jeff, and away the miniature hunt would go across the fields, the Colonel cheering it on in regulation style.

The Colonel's "nigger dog" was eight months old when he was taken in hand, and by the time he was a year old he had developed amazingly. The claim was gravely made that he had a colder nose than Bill Favers's dog Sound, who could follow a scent thirty-six hours old. It is not to be supposed that the training of Jeff went no farther than tracking the little negroes within sight of the house. The time speedily came when he was put on the trails of negroes who had hours the start—negroes who crept along on fences and waded wide streams in their efforts to baffle the dog.

But Jeff was not easily baffled. He developed such intelligence and such powers of discriminating scent as would have put to shame the lubberly and inefficient dogs known as bloodhounds. Bloodhounds have figured very largely in fiction and in the newspapers as the incarnation of ferocity and intelligence. As a matter of fact, Jeff, the little beagle, could have whipped a shuck-pen full of them without ever showing his teeth, and he could run half a mile while a bloodhound was holding his senseless head in the air to give tongue.

Naturally the Colonel was very proud of Jeff. He had the dog always at his heels, whether going to town or about the plantation, and he waited for the opportunity to come when he might run Uncle Shade to his hiding-place in the swamps of Murder Creek and capture him. The opportunity was not long in coming, though it seemed long to the Colonel's impatience.

There was this much to be said about Uncle Shade. He had grown somewhat wary, and he had warned all the negroes on both plantations that if

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they made any reports of his movements, the day of wrath would soon come for them. And they believed him fully, so that, for some months, he might have been whirled away on a cloud or swallowed by the earth for all the Colonel could hear or discover.

But one day, while he was dozing in his library, he heard a dialogue between the housemaid and the cook. The housemaid was sweeping in the rear hall, and the cook was fixing things in the dining-room. They judged by the stillness of the house that there was no one to overhear them.

"Mighty quare 'bout Unk Shade," said the house-girl.

"Huh! dat ole nigger-man de devil, nun!" replied the cook, rattling the dishes.

"I boun' ef twuz any er we—all gwine on dat away runnin' off an' cumin' back when we git good an' ready, an' eatin' right dar in de house in broad daylight, an' maister gwine right by de do'—I boun' you we'd be kotch an' fotch back," remarked the girl, in an injured tone.

"La! I ain't studyin' 'bout ole Shade kingin' it 'roun' here," exclaimed the cook. "He been gwine on dat away so long dat 'taint nothin' new." Here she paused and laughed heartily.

"What you laughin' at?" inquired the girl, pausing in her work.

"At de way dat ole nigger man been gwine on," responded the cook. "I hear tell dat maister got dat ar little houn'-dog trainin' now fer ter track Ole Shade down. Dar de dog an' dar old Shade, but dey ain't been no trackin' dunn yit. Dat dog bleedzter be no 'count, kaze all he got ter do is to go down dar by the house where ole Shade live at 'twix' daybreak an' sun-up, an' dar he'll fin' de track en dat ole nigger man hot an' fresh."

"I don't keer ef dey does ketch 'im," said the house-girl, by way of comment. "De wuss frailin' I ever got he gi' me. He skeer'd me den, an' I been skeer'd un 'im fum dat day."

"De white folks kin git 'im any time dey want 'im," said the cook. "But you hear me!—dey don't want 'im."

"Honey, I b'lieve you," exclaimed the girl.

At this junction the Colonel raised his head and uttered an exclamation of anger. Instantly there was the most profound silence in the dining-room and in the hall. The house-girl slipped up the stairway as noiselessly as a ghost, and the cook disappeared as if by magic.

The Colonel called both negroes, but they seemed to be out of hearing. Finally the cook answered. Her voice came from the spring lot, and it was the voice of conscious innocence. It had its effect, too, for the Colonel's heavy frown cleared away, and he indulged in a hearty laugh. When the cook came up, he told her to have breakfast the next morning by sunrise.

The woman knew what this meant, and she made up her mind accordingly. In spite of the fact that she pretended to despise Uncle Shade, she had a secret respect for his independence of character, and she resolved to repair, as far as she knew how, the damage her unbridled tongue had wrought.

Thus it was that when Uncle Shade made his appearance that night he found the cook nodding by the chimney corner, while his wife was mending some old clothes. A covered skillet sat near the fire, and a little mound of ashes in one corner showed where the ash-cake was baking or the sweet potatoes roasting. Uncle Shade said nothing. He came in silently, placed his tin bucket in the hearth, and seated himself on a wooden stool. There was no greeting on the part of his wife. She laid aside her mending, and fixed his supper on a rude table close at hand.

"I speck you mus' be tired," she said when everything was ready—"tired and hongry too."

Uncle Shade made no response. He sat gazing steadily into the pine-knot flame in the fireplace that gave the only light in the room.

"De Lord knows I'd quit hidin' out in de woods ef I wuz you," said his wife. "I wouldn't be gwine 'roun' like some wil' varmint—dat I wouldn't!—I'd let um come get me an' do what dey gwine ter do. Dey can't kill you."

"Dat's so," exclaimed the cook, by way of making herself agreeable.

Uncle Shade raised his eyebrows and

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looked at the woman until she moved about in her chair uneasily.

"How come you aint up yonder whar you b'long?" he asked. He was not angry; the tone of his voice was not even unkind; but the cook was so embarrassed that she could hardly find her tongue.

"I'm here kaze maister tol' me ter get brekkus by sun-up, an' I know by the way he done dat he gwine ter come and put dat ar nigger dog on yo' track."

"What good dat gwine ter do?" Uncle Shade asked.

"Now, ez ter dat," replied the cook, "I can't tell you. It may do harm, an' it may not, but what good it gwine ter do, I'm never is ter tell you."

"What de dog gwine ter do?" inquired Uncle Shade.

The cook looked at the other woman and laughed, and then rose from her seat, adjusting her head handkerchief as she did so.

"You mos' too much fer me," she remarked as she went toward the door. "Mos' a long ways too much. Ef you kin git off de groun' an' walk in de elements, de dog aint gwine do nothin'. Maybe you kin do dat; I dunno. But ef you can't dat ar dog 'll track you down sho ez you er settin' dar." Then she went out.

Uncle Shade ate his supper and then sat before the fire smoking his pipe. After a while he got a piece of candle out of an old cigar-box, lit it, and proceeded to ransack a wooden chest which seemed to be filled with all sorts of odds and ends—gimlets, hinges, horn-buttons, tangled twine, quilt pieces, and broken crockery. At the bottom he found what he was looking for—a letter that had been rolled in cylindrical shape. Around it had been wrapped a long strip of cloth. He unrolled the package, took the letter out and looked at it, rolled it up again, and then placed it carefully in his hat.

"Well, den," said his wife, "what are you gwine to do?"

"I'll tell you," he said. He leaned over and placed one hand on her knee. "Ef he don't ketch me, I ain't comin' back. Ef he ketch me, I'll show 'im dat" —indicating the letter—"an' ef dat aint do no good, I'm gwine ter jump off Injun bluff in de river."

"Sho nuff?" his wife asked, in a low voice.

"Sho nuff!" he answered, in a voice as low.

The woman sighed as she rose from her chair to clear away the little table. In a little while she began to sing a hymn, and by that time Uncle Shade, lying across the foot of the bed, was fast asleep.

The cook, out of abundant caution, gave her master his breakfast before sunrise. The Colonel called Jeff into the dining-room and gave him some substantial scraps of warm victuals—an unheard-of proceeding in that house.

After breakfast the Colonel mounted his horse, which was standing saddled at the gate, and rode over to the old Home-Place. He rode straight to Uncle Shade's house, called a negro to hold his horse, and went in, followed by Jeff.

"Where did Shade sleep last night?" he asked of Shade's wife.

"Well, suh, what little sleepin' he done, he done right dar, suh—right dar in de baid, suh."

The Colonel pulled off one of the blankets, made Jeff smell of it, and then went out and mounted his horse. Once in the saddle, he spoke an encouraging word to the dog. The task set for Jeff was much more difficult than the Colonel thought it to be. The dog circled around the house, once, twice, thrice, his nose to the ground. Then he ran back to the door, and tried to unravel the riddle again. He went off a little way, flung back, and entered the house, nosed the bed carefully, and then came out, giving tongue for the first time.

Near by was a low wooden bench. Jeff leaped upon it and gave tongue again. A piece of bacon-rind lay on the bench. The dog nosed around it very carefully. The Colonel clenched his teeth together. "If he eats that meat-skin," he thought, "I'll go get my gun and kill him." But Jeff did no such thing. He had solved a problem that had puzzled his intelligent nose, and he sprang away from the bench with a ringing challenge.

Some of the negroes who had been watching the dog looked at each other and shook their heads. As a matter of

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fact, Uncle Shade had sat on that bench and greased the soles of his shoes with the bacon-rind. He had a theory of his own that the dog would be unable to follow him after his shoes were greased.

It is certain that Jeff had considerable difficulty in getting away from the negro quarters, for Uncle Shade, true to his habits, had gone to several of the cabins and issued his orders, laying off a week's work for the plough-hands, and telling them what to do in the event that rains suspended their operations. Patiently Jeff threaded the maze of the old negro's comings and goings, and at last he found the final clew at the stile that led from the negro quarters into the avenue.

The Colonel rode around by the big gate, and when he passed through Jeff was going down the big avenue at a pretty lively clip, but he was not running as freely as his custom was. Where a bush or a weed touched the footpath, he would examine it with his nose, but he kept the Colonel's horse in a canter. When he left the avenue for the public road he ran in a more assured manner, and the Colonel was compelled to force the canter into a gallop.

This was nothing like a fox-hunt, of course. The excitement of companionship and rivalry, and the thrill of the restless and eager-moving pack were lacking, but the enthusiasm of the Colonel was mingled with pride as he rode after the dog that was guiding him so swiftly and unerringly. The enthusiasm was as persistent as the pride. But Jeff had no room for such emotions. The path of duty, straight or crooked, lay before him, and he followed it up as nimbly as he could.

The Colonel was puzzled by the route they were taking. He had heard a good deal of runaway negroes, and had seen some after they were caught, but he had always imagined that they went into the deep woods or into the dim swamps for shelter and safety. But here was Old Shade going poling down the public road where every passer-by could see him. Or was the dog at fault? Was it some visiting negro who had called in to see the negroes at the Home Place, and had then gone home by the road?

While the Colonel was nursing these suspicions, Jeff paused and ran back toward him. At a low place in the fence, the dog paused and then flung himself over, striking into a footpath. This began to look like business. The path led to a ravine, and the ravine must naturally lead to a swamp. But the path really led to a spring, and before the Colonel could throw a few rails from the fence and remount his horse, Jeff had reached the spring and was clicking up the hill beyond in the path that led back to the road.

It appeared that Uncle Shade had rested at the spring a while, for the dog went forward more rapidly. The spring was six miles from the Colonel's house, and he began to have grave doubts as to the sagacity of Jeff. What could have possessed Old Shade to run away by this public route? But if the Colonel had doubts, Jeff had none. He pressed forward vigorously, splashing through the streams that crossed the road and going as rapidly up hill as he went down.

The Colonel's horse was a good one, but the Colonel himself was a heavy weight, and the pace began to tell on the animal. Nevertheless, the Colonel kept him steadily at his work. Four or five miles farther they went, and then Jeff, after casting about for a while, struck off through an old sedge field.

Here, at last, there was no room for doubt, for Jeff no longer had to put his nose to the ground. The tall sedge held the scent, and the dog plunged through it almost as rapidly as if he had been chasing a rabbit. The Colonel, in his excitement, cheered the dog on lustily, and the chase from that moment went at top speed.

Uncle Shade, moving along on a bluff overlooking Little River, nearly a mile away, heard it and paused to listen. He thought he knew the voices of man and dog, but he was not sure, so he lifted a hand to his ear and frowned as he listened. There could be no doubt about it. He was caught. He looked all around the horizon and up at the glittering sky. There was no way of escape. So he took his bundle from the

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end of his cane, dropped it at the foot of a huge hickory-tree, and sat down.

Presently Jeff came in sight, running like a quarter-horse. Uncle Shade thought if he could manage to kill the dog, there would still be a chance for him. His master was not in sight, and it would be an easy matter to slip down the bluff and so escape. But, no; the dog was not to be trapped. His training and instinct kept him out of the old negro's reach. Jeff made a wide circle around Uncle Shade and finally stopped and bayed him, standing far out of harm's way.

The old negro took off his hat, folded it once and placed it between his head and the tree as a sort of cushion. And then the Colonel came galloping up, his horse in a lather of sweat. He drew rein and confronted Uncle Shade. For a moment he knew not what to say. It seemed that his anger choked him; and yet it was not so. He was nonplussed. Here before him was the object of his pursuit, the irritating cause of his heated and hurried journey. There was in the spectacle that which drove the anger out of his heart, and the color out of his face. Here was the very essence and incarnation of helplessness—an old man grown gray and well-nigh decrepit in the service of the family, who had witnessed the very beginning and birth, as it were, of the family fortune.

What was to be done with him? Here in the forest that was almost a wilderness, the spirit of justice threatened to step forth from some convenient covert and take possession of the case. But the master had inherited obstinacy and pride had added to the store. Anger returned to her throne.

"What do you mean by defying me in this way?" the Colonel asked, hotly. "What do you mean by running away, and hiding in the bushes? Do you suppose I am going to put up with it?"

The Colonel worked himself up to a terrible pitch, but the old negro looked at his master with a level and a disconcerting eye.

"Well, suh," replied Uncle Shade, fumbling with a pebble in his hand, "ef my mistress wuz 'bove groun' dis day I'd be right whar she wuz at—right dar doin' my work, des like I usen ter. Dat what I mean, suh."

"Do you mean to tell me, you impudent rascal, that because your mistress is dead you have the privilege of running off and hiding in the woods every time anybody snaps a finger at you? Why, if your mistress was alive to-day she'd have your hide taken off."

"She never is done it yet, suh, an' I been live wid 'er in about fifty year."

"Well, I'm going to do it," cried the Colonel, excitedly. He rode under a swinging limb and tied his horse. A leather strap fixed to a wooden handle hung from the horn of his saddle. "Take off that coat," he exclaimed curtly.

Uncle Shade rose and began to search in his pockets. "Well, suh," he said, "'fo' I does dat I got sump'n here I want you to look at."

"I want to see nothing," cried the Colonel. "I've put up with your rascality until I'm tired. Off with that coat!"

"But I got a letter fer you, suh, an' dey tol' me to put it in yo' han' de fus time you flew'd up an' got mad wid me."

It is a short jump from the extreme of one emotion to the extreme of another. The simplicity and earnestness of the old negro suddenly appealed to the Colonel's sense of the ridiculous, and once more his anger took wings. Uncle Shade searched in his pockets until he suddenly remembered that he had placed it in the lining of his hat. As he drew it forth with a hand that shook a little from excitement, it seemed to be a bundle of rags. "It's his conjure-bag," the Colonel said to himself, and at the thought of it he could hardly keep his face straight.

Carefully unrolling the long strip of cloth, which the Colonel immediately recognized as part of a dress his mother used to wear, Uncle Shade presently came to a yellow letter. This he handed to the Colonel, who examined it curiously. Though the paper was yellow with age and creased, the ink had not faded.

"What is this?" the Colonel asked, mechanically, although he had no difficulty in recognizing the writing as that of his mother—the stiff, uncompromis-

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ing perpendicular strokes of the pen could not be mistaken. "What is this?" he repeated.

"Letter fer you, suh," said Uncle Shade.

"Where did you get it?" the Colonel inquired.

"I tuck it right out 'n Mistiss' han', suh," Uncle Shade replied.

The Colonel put on his spectacles and spread the letter out carefully. This is what he read:

"My Dear Son: I write this letter to commend the negro Shade to your special care and protection. He will need your protection most when it comes into your hand. I have told him that in the hour when you read these lines he may surely depend on you. He has been a faithful servant to me—and to you. No human being could be more devoted to my interests and yours than he has been. Whatever may have been his duty, he has gone far beyond it. But for him, the estate and even the homestead would have gone to the sheriff's block long ago. The fact that the mortgages have been paid is due to his devotion and his judgment. I am grateful to him, and I want my gratitude to protect him as long as he shall live. I have tried to make this plain in my will, but there may come a time when he will especially need your protection, as he has frequently needed mine. When that time comes I want you to do as I would do. I want you to stand by him as he has stood by us. To this hour he has never failed to do more than his duty where your interests and mine were concerned. It will never be necessary for him to give you this letter while I am alive; it will come to you as a message from the grave. God bless you and keep you is the wish of your

"Mother."

The Colonel's hands trembled a little as he folded the letter, and he cleared his throat in a somewhat boisterous way. Uncle Shade held out his hand for the letter.

"No, no!" the Colonel cried. "It is for me. I need it a great deal worse than you do."

Thereupon he put the document in his pocket. Then he walked off a little way and leaned against a tree. A piece of crystal quartz at his feet attracted his attention. A mussel shell was lying near. He stooped and picked them both up, and turned them over in his hand.

"What place is this?" he asked.

"Injun Bluff, suh."

"Didn't we come out here fishing once, when I was a little boy?"

"Yasser," replied Uncle Shade, with some animation. "You want so mighty little nudder. You wuz a right smart chunk of a chap, suh. We tuck'n come'd out here, an' fished, an' I got you a hankcher full er deze here quare rocks, an' you played like dey wuz diamon's, an' you up'd an' said that you liked me better'n you liked anybody 'ceppin' yo' own blood kin. But times done change, suh. I'm de same nigger, but yuther folks ain't de same."

The Colonel cleared his throat again and pulled off his spectacles, on which a mist had gathered.

"Whose land is this?" he asked presently.

"Stith Ingram's, suh."

"How far is his house?"

"Des cross dat fiel', suh."

"Well, take my hankcher and get me some more of the rocks. We'll take 'em home."

Uncle Shade gathered the specimens of quartz with alacrity. Then the two, Uncle Shade leading the horse, went across the field to Stith Ingram's, and, as they went, Jeff, the Colonel's "nigger dog," fawned first on one and then on the other with the utmost impartiality, although he was too weak to cut up many capers.

Mr. Ingram himself, fat and saucy, was sitting on his piazza when the small procession came in sight. He stared at it until he saw who composed it, and then he began to laugh.

"Well—I declare!" he exclaimed. "Well, the great Tecumseh! Why, Colonel! Why, what in the world! I'm powerful glad to see you! Is that you, Shade? Well, take your master's horse right round to the lot and brush him up a little. Colonel, come in! It's been a mighty long time since you've darkened this door. Where've you been?"

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"I've just been out training my nigger dog," the Colonel replied. "Old Shade started out before day, and just kept moving. He was in one of his tantrums, I reckon. But I'm glad of it. It gives me a chance to take dinner with you."

"Glad!" exclaimed Mr. Ingram. "Well, you ain't half as glad as I am. That Old Shade's a caution. Maybe he was trying to get away, sure enough."

"Oh, no," replied the Colonel. "Shade knows well enough he could get away from Jeff."

That afternoon, Mr. Ingram carried the Colonel and Jeff home in his buggy and Uncle Shade rode the Colonel's horse.

BLANDINA

By Edward S. Martin

BLANDINA's nice; Blandina's fat;
Joyous, and sane and sound and sweet,
And handsome too, and all else that
In persons of her years is meet.
Behold Blandina!
She's alive, and testifies
With all the emphasis that lies
In busy hands and dancing eyes
That life's a prize—
That all the mischief that provokes
Doubt in the matter lies in folks,
And that, provided folks are fit,
Life's not a failure; not a bit.

Blandina loves a picture-book,
Blandina dearly loves a boy;
She loves her dinner, loves the cook,
Her nurse, her doll, her brother's toy;
And best of all she loves a joke,
And laughs at it.
And laughing at it testifies
With all the emphasis that lies
In joyous tones and beaming eyes,
That life's a prize—
That all the mischief that provokes
Doubt in the matter lies in folks,
And that, provided folks are fit,
Life's not a failure; not a bit.

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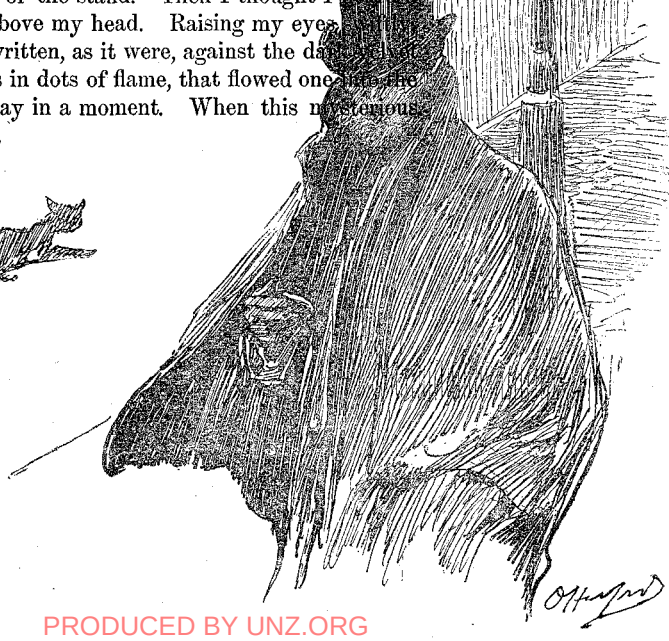
THE KINETOSCOPE OF TIME

By Brander Matthews

As the twelfth stroke of the bell in the tower at the corner tolled forth slowly, the midnight wind blew chill down the deserted avenue. Then it was that I found myself just inside a large circular hall. Letting the hangings fall behind me, I took three or four irresolute paces which brought me almost to the centre of the room. I saw that the walls were continuously draped with the heavy folds of soft velvet, so that I could not even guess where it was I had entered. The rotunda was bare of all furniture; there was no table in it, no chair, no sofa; nor was anything hanging from the ceiling or against the curtained walls. All that the room contained was a set of four curiously shaped narrow stands, placed over against one another at the corners of what might be a square drawn within the circle of the hall. These narrow stands were close to the curtains; they were perhaps a foot wide, each of them, or it might be a little more; they were twice or three times as long as they were wide, and they reached a height of possibly three or four feet.

Going toward one of these stands to examine it more curiously, I discovered that there were two projections from the top, resembling eye-pieces, as though inviting the beholder to gaze into the inside of the stand. Then I thought I heard a faint metallic click above my head. Raising my eyes, [illegible] I read a few words written, as it were, against the dark [illegible] of the heavy curtains in dots of flame, that flowed one into the other and melted away in a moment. When this mysterious



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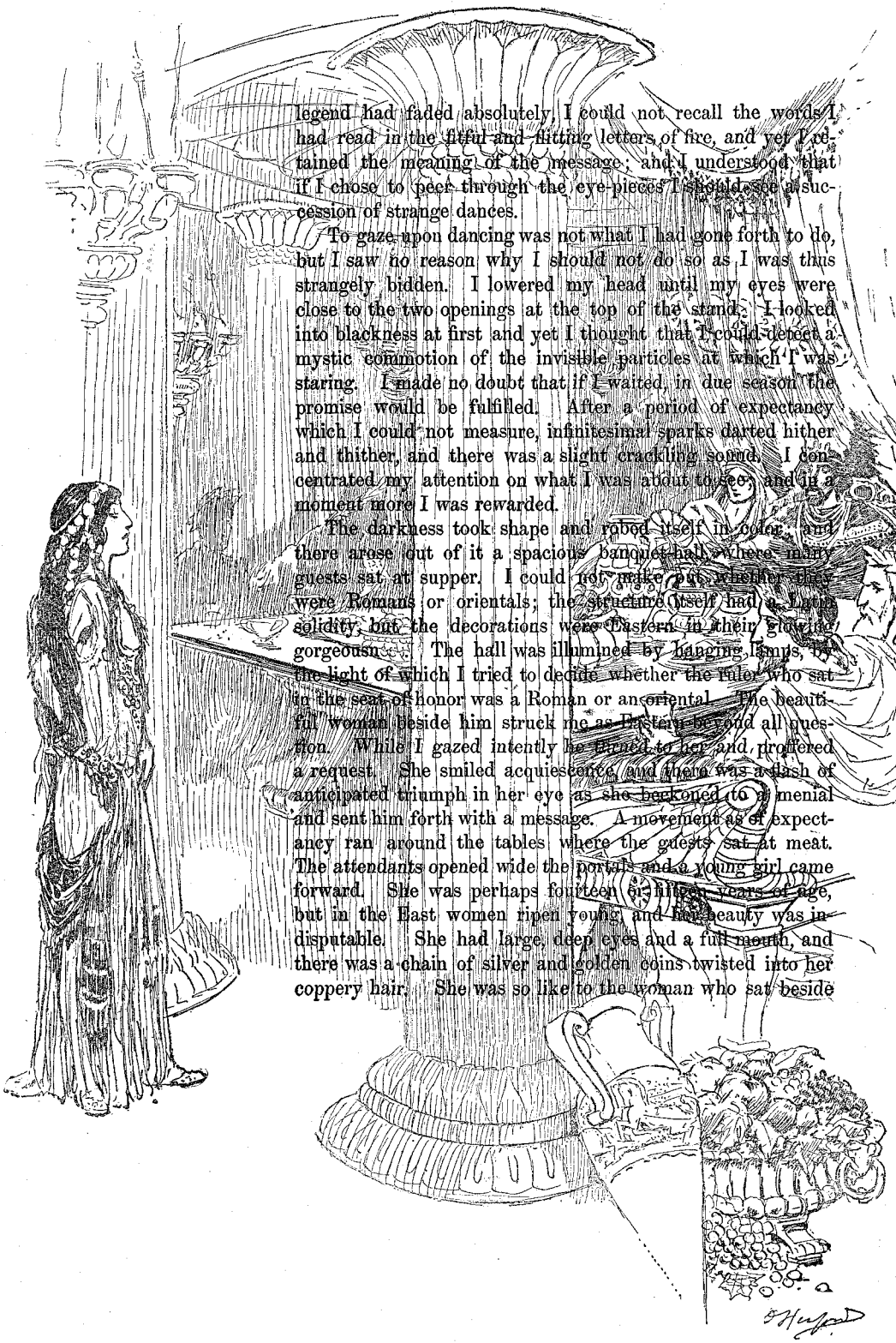

legend had faded absolutely, I could not recall the words I had read in the fitful and flitting letters of fire, and yet I retained the meaning of the message; and I understood that if I chose to peer through the eye-pieces I should see a succession of strange dances.

To gaze upon dancing was not what I had gone forth to do, but I saw no reason why I should not do so as I was thus strangely bidden. I lowered my head until my eyes were close to the two openings at the top of the stand. I looked into blackness at first and yet I thought that I could detect a mystic commotion of the invisible particles at which I was staring. I made no doubt that if I waited, in due season the promise would be fulfilled. After a period of expectancy which I could not measure, infinitesimal sparks darted hither and thither, and there was a slight crackling sound. I concentrated my attention on what I was about to see, and in a moment more I was rewarded.

The darkness took shape and robed itself in color, and there arose out of it a spacious banquet-hall where many guests sat at supper. I could not make out whether they were Romans or orientals; the structure itself had a Latin solidity, but the decorations were Eastern in their glowing gorgeousness. The hall was illumined by hanging lamps, by the light of which I tried to decide whether the ruler who sat in the seat of honor was a Roman or an oriental. The beautiful woman beside him struck me as Eastern beyond all question. While I gazed intently he turned to her and proffered a request. She smiled acquiescence, and there was a flash of anticipated triumph in her eye as she beckoned to a menial and sent him forth with a message. A movement as of expectancy ran around the tables where the guests sat at meat. The attendants opened wide the portals and a young girl came forward. She was perhaps fourteen or fifteen years of age, but in the East women ripen young, and her beauty was indisputable. She had large, deep eyes and a full mouth, and there was a chain of silver and golden coins twisted into her coppery hair. She was so like to the woman who sat beside

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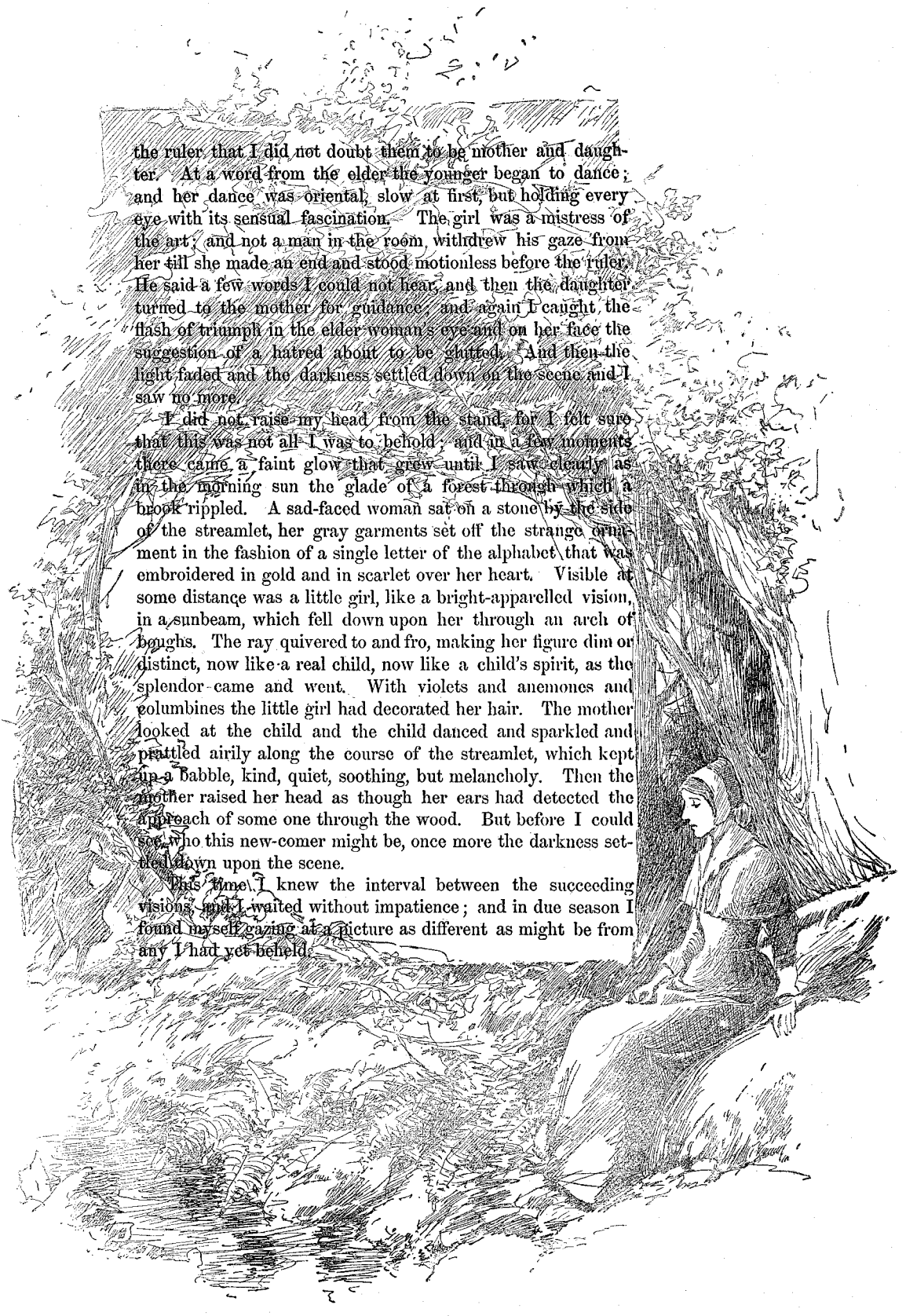

the ruler that I did not doubt them to be mother and daughter. At a word from the elder the younger began to dance; and her dance was oriental, slow at first, but holding every eye with its sensual fascination. The girl was a mistress of the art; and not a man in the room withdrew his gaze from her till she made an end and stood motionless before the ruler. He said a few words I could not hear, and then the daughter turned to the mother for guidance; and again I caught the flash of triumph in the elder woman's eye and on her face the suggestion of a hatred about to be glutted. And then the light faded and the darkness settled down on the scene and I saw no more.

I did not raise my head from the stand, for I felt sure that this was not all I was to behold; and in a few moments there came a faint glow that grew until I saw clearly as in the morning sun the glade of a forest through which a brook rippled. A sad-faced woman sat on a stone by the side of the streamlet, her gray garments set off the strange ornament in the fashion of a single letter of the alphabet that was embroidered in gold and in scarlet over her heart. Visible at some distance was a little girl, like a bright-apparelled vision, in a sunbeam, which fell down upon her through an arch of boughs. The ray quivered to and fro, making her figure dim or distinct, now like a real child, now like a child's spirit, as the splendor came and went. With violets and anemones and columbines the little girl had decorated her hair. The mother looked at the child and the child danced and sparkled and prattled airily along the course of the streamlet, which kept up a babble, kind, quiet, soothing, but melancholy. Then the mother raised her head as though her ears had detected the approach of some one through the wood. But before I could see who this new-comer might be, once more the darkness settled down upon the scene.

This time I knew the interval between the succeeding visions, and I waited without impatience; and in due season I found myself gazing at a picture as different as might be from any I had yet beheld.

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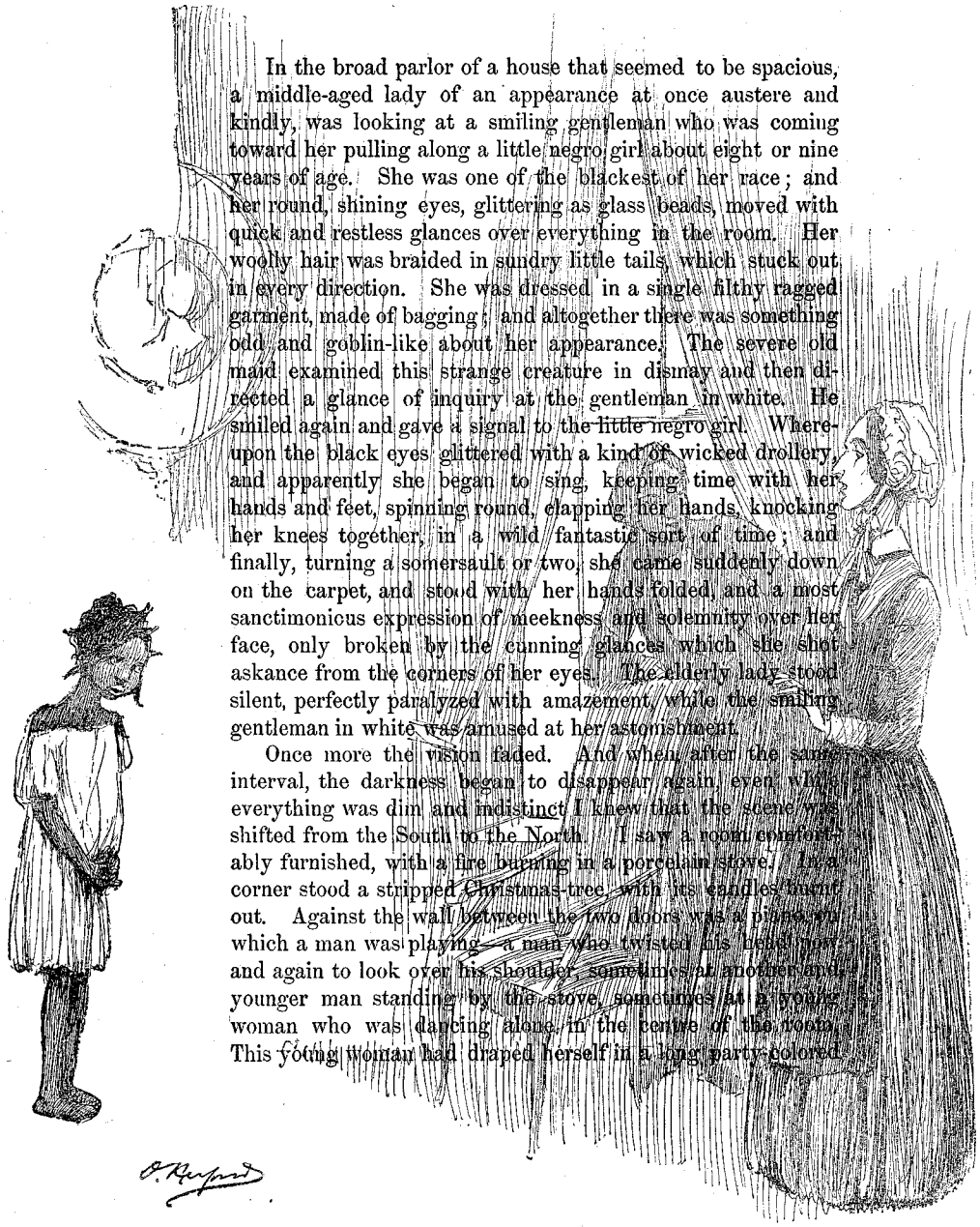

In the broad parlor of a house that seemed to be spacious, a middle-aged lady of an appearance at once austere and kindly, was looking at a smiling gentleman who was coming toward her pulling along a little negro girl about eight or nine years of age. She was one of the blackest of her race; and her round, shining eyes, glittering as glass beads, moved with quick and restless glances over everything in the room. Her woolly hair was braided in sundry little tails, which stuck out in every direction. She was dressed in a single filthy ragged garment, made of bagging; and altogether there was something odd and goblin-like about her appearance. The severe old maid examined this strange creature in dismay and then directed a glance of inquiry at the gentleman in white. He smiled again and gave a signal to the little negro girl. Whereupon the black eyes glittered with a kind of wicked drollery, and apparently she began to sing, keeping time with her hands and feet, spinning round, clapping her hands, knocking her knees together, in a wild fantastic sort of time; and finally, turning a somersault or two, she came suddenly down on the carpet, and stood with her hands folded, and a most sanctimonious expression of meekness and solemnity over her face, only broken by the cunning glances which she shot askance from the corners of her eyes. The elderly lady stood silent, perfectly paralyzed with amazement, while the smiling gentleman in white was amused at her astonishment.

Once more the vision faded. And when after the same interval, the darkness began to disappear again, even while everything was dim and indistinct I knew that the scene was shifted from the South to the North. I saw a room comfortably furnished, with a fire burning in a porcelain stove. In a corner stood a stripped Christmas-tree, with its candles burnt out. Against the wall between the two doors was a piano, on which a man was playing—a man who twisted his head now and again to look over his shoulder, sometimes at another and younger man standing by the stove, sometimes at a young woman who was dancing alone in the centre of the room. This young woman had draped herself in a long party-colored

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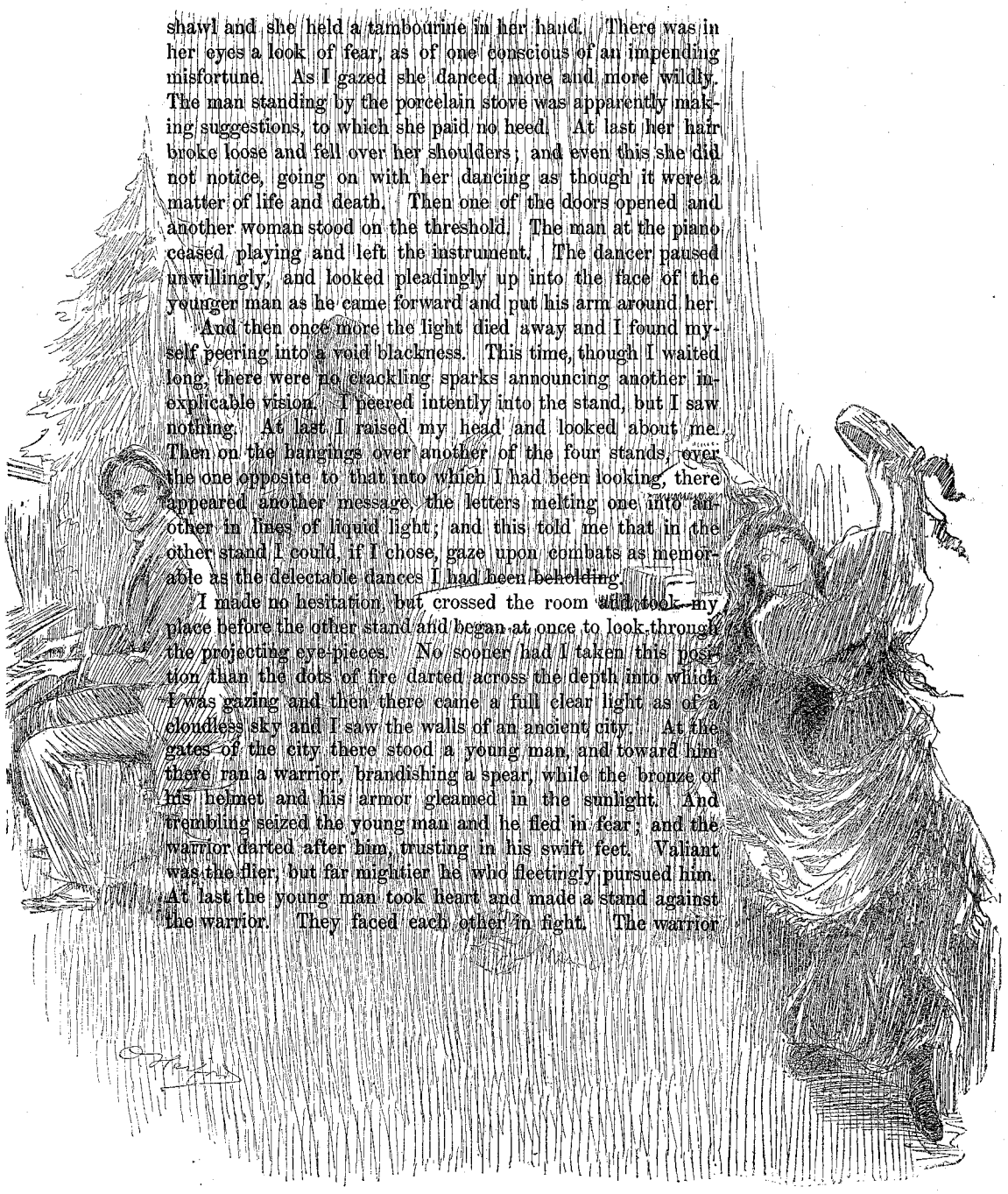

shawl and she held a tambourine in her hand. There was in her eyes a look of fear, as of one conscious of an impending misfortune. As I gazed she danced more and more wildly. The man standing by the porcelain stove was apparently making suggestions, to which she paid no heed. At last her hair broke loose and fell over her shoulders; and even this she did not notice, going on with her dancing as though it were a matter of life and death. Then one of the doors opened and another woman stood on the threshold. The man at the piano ceased playing and left the instrument. The dancer paused unwillingly, and looked pleadingly up into the face of the younger man as he came forward and put his arm around her.

And then once more the light died away and I found myself peering into a void blackness. This time, though I waited long, there were no crackling sparks announcing another inexplicable vision. I peered intently into the stand, but I saw nothing. At last I raised my head and looked about me. Then on the hangings over another of the four stands, over the one opposite to that into which I had been looking, there appeared another message, the letters melting one into another in lines of liquid light; and this told me that in the other stand I could, if I chose, gaze upon combats as memorable as the delectable dances I had been beholding.

I made no hesitation, but crossed the room and took my place before the other stand and began at once to look through the projecting eye-pieces. No sooner had I taken this position than the dots of fire darted across the depth into which I was gazing and then there came a full clear light as of a cloudless sky and I saw the walls of an ancient city. At the gates of the city there stood a young man, and toward him there ran a warrior, brandishing a spear, while the bronze of his helmet and his armor gleamed in the sunlight. And trembling seized the young man and he fled in fear; and the warrior darted after him, trusting in his swift feet. Valiant was the flier, but far mightier he who fleetingly pursued him. At last the young man took heart and made a stand against the warrior. They faced each other in fight. The warrior

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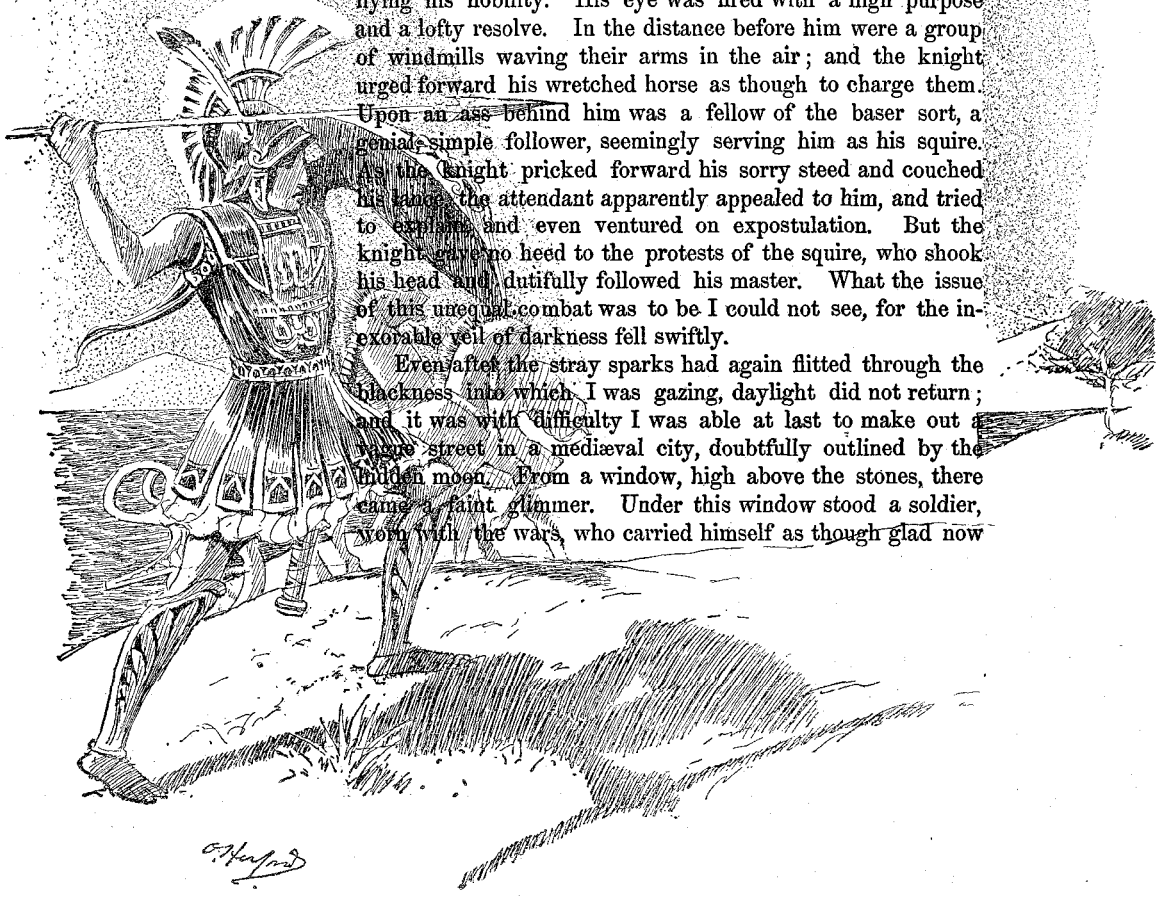
hurled his spear and it went over the young man's head. And the young man then hurled his spear in turn and it struck fair upon the centre of the warrior's shield. Then the young man drew his sharp sword that by his flank hung great and strong. But by some magic the warrior had recovered his spear; and as the young man came forward, he hurled it again and it drove through the neck of the young man, at the joint of his armor, and he fell in the dust. After that the sun was darkened; and in a moment more I was looking into an empty blackness.

When the next scene grew slowly into view the country I beheld was soaking in the hot sunlight of the South, and I saw a mounted knight in armor. He was old and thin and worn; and his armor was broken and pieced; and his helmet was but a barber's basin; and his steed was a pitiful skeleton. His countenance was sorrowful indeed; but there was that in his manner which would stop any man from denying his nobility. His eye was fired with a high purpose and a lofty resolve. In the distance before him were a group of windmills waving their arms in the air; and the knight urged forward his wretched horse as though to charge them. Upon an ass behind him was a fellow of the baser sort, a genial simple follower, seemingly serving him as his squire. As the knight pricked forward his sorry steed and couched his lance, the attendant apparently appealed to him, and tried to explain, and even ventured on expostulation. But the knight gave no heed to the protests of the squire, who shook his head and dutifully followed his master. What the issue of this unequal combat was to be I could not see, for the inexorable veil of darkness fell swiftly.



Even after the stray sparks had again flitted through the blackness into which I was gazing, daylight did not return; and it was with difficulty I was able at last to make out a ragged street in a mediæval city, doubtfully outlined by the hidden moon. From a window, high above the stones, there came a faint glimmer. Under this window stood a soldier, worn with the wars, who carried himself as though glad now

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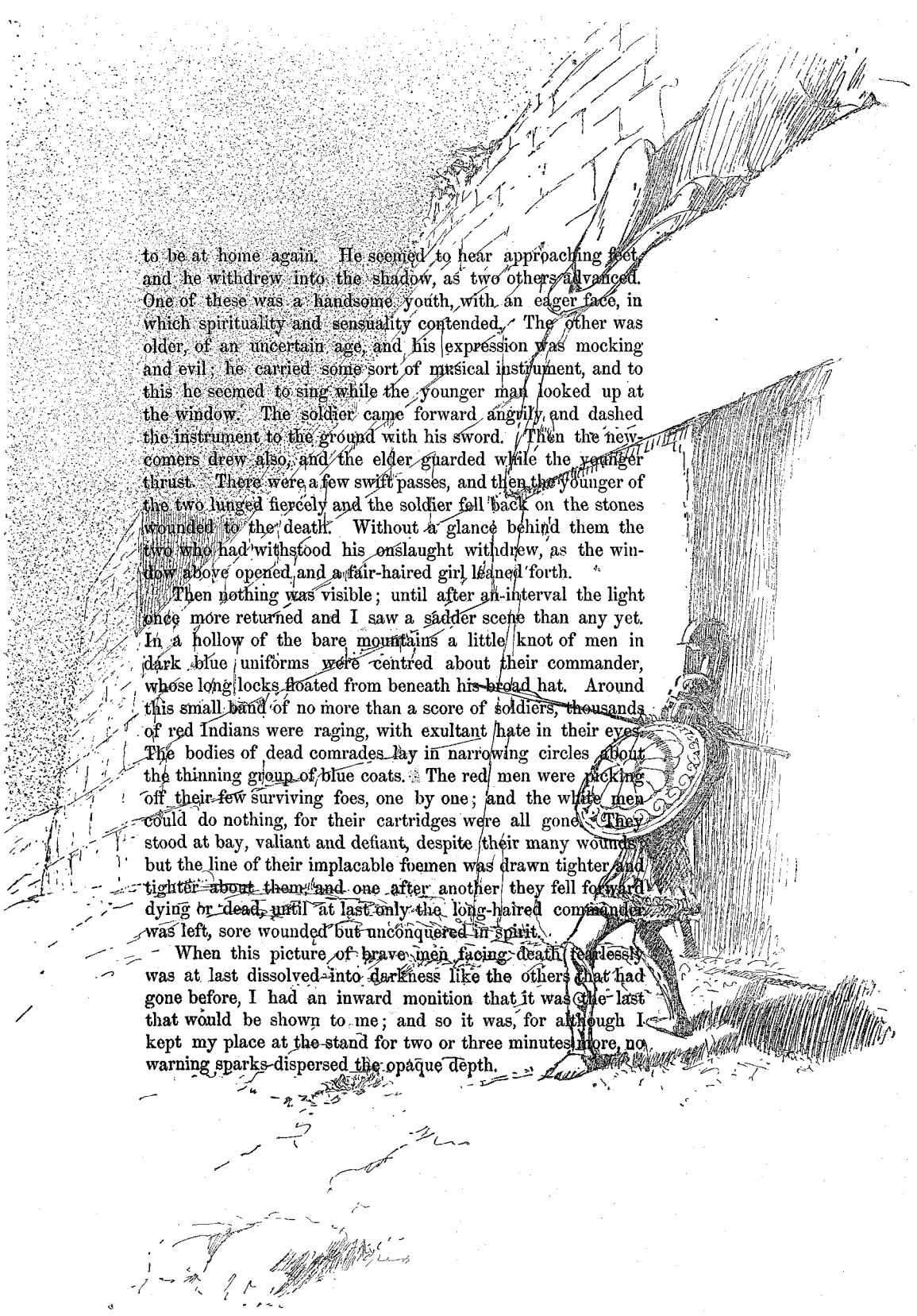

to be at home again. He seemed to hear approaching feet, and he withdrew into the shadow, as two others advanced. One of these was a handsome youth, with an eager face, in which spirituality and sensuality contended. The other was older, of an uncertain age, and his expression was mocking and evil; he carried some sort of musical instrument, and to this he seemed to sing while the younger man looked up at the window. The soldier came forward angrily, and dashed the instrument to the ground with his sword. Then the newcomers drew also, and the elder guarded while the younger thrust. There were a few swift passes, and then the younger of the two lunged fiercely and the soldier fell back on the stones wounded to the death. Without a glance behind them the two who had withstood his onslaught withdrew, as the window above opened and a fair-haired girl leaned forth.

Then nothing was visible; until after an interval the light once more returned and I saw a sadder scene than any yet. In a hollow of the bare mountains a little knot of men in dark blue uniforms were centred about their commander, whose long locks floated from beneath his broad hat. Around this small band of no more than a score of soldiers, thousands of red Indians were raging, with exultant hate in their eyes. The bodies of dead comrades lay in narrowing circles about the thinning group of blue coats. The red men were picking off their few surviving foes, one by one; and the white men could do nothing, for their cartridges were all gone. They stood at bay, valiant and defiant, despite their many wounds, but the line of their implacable foemen was drawn tighter and tighter about them, and one after another they fell forward, dying or dead, until at last only the long-haired commander was left, sore wounded but unconquered in spirit.

When this picture of brave men facing death fearlessly was at last dissolved into darkness like the others that had gone before, I had an inward monition that it was the last that would be shown to me; and so it was, for although I kept my place at the stand for two or three minutes more, no warning sparks dispersed the opaque depth.

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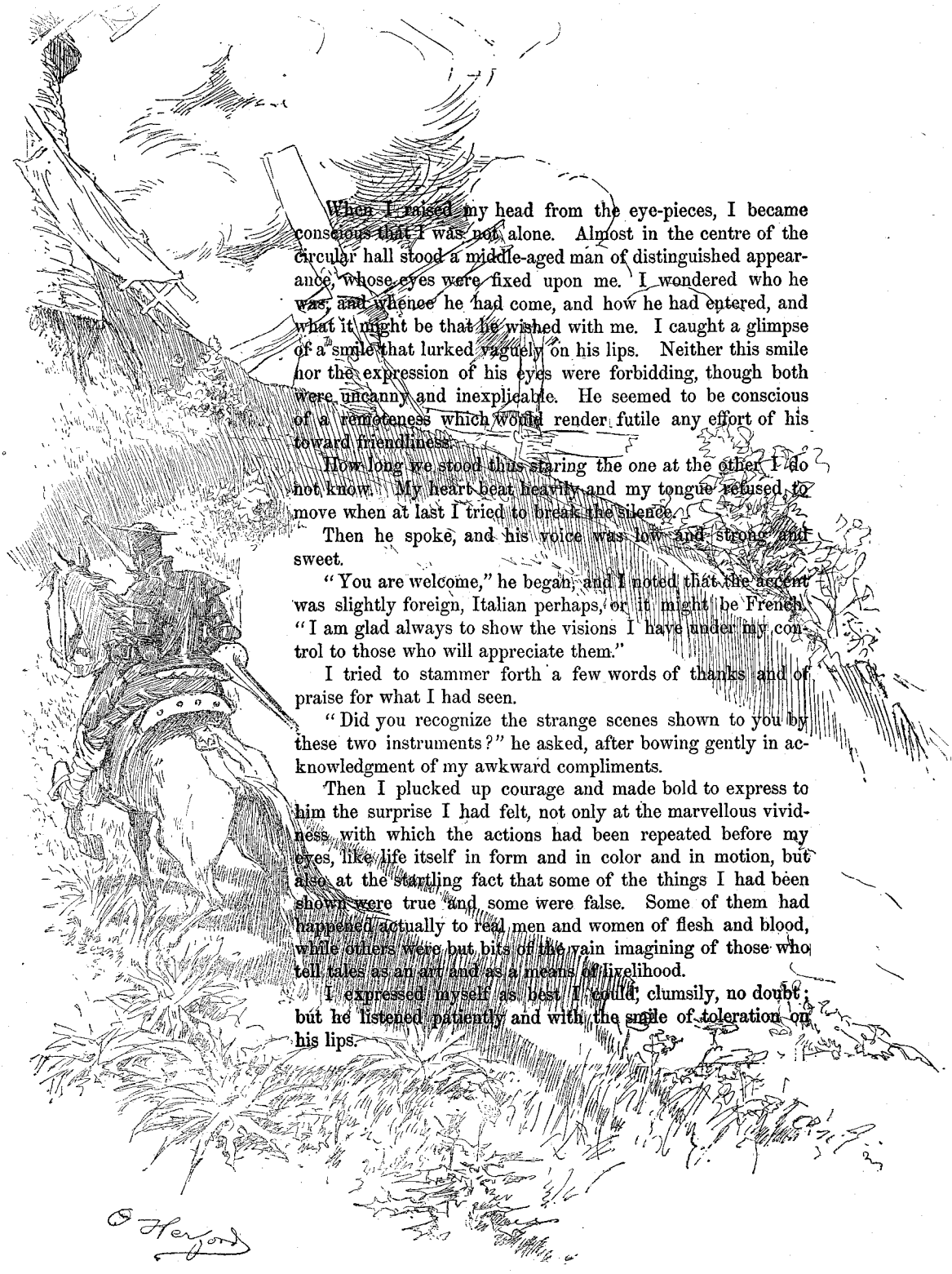

When I raised my head from the eye-pieces, I became conscious that I was not alone. Almost in the centre of the circular hall stood a middle-aged man of distinguished appearance, whose eyes were fixed upon me. I wondered who he was, and whence he had come, and how he had entered, and what it might be that he wished with me. I caught a glimpse of a smile that lurked vaguely on his lips. Neither this smile nor the expression of his eyes were forbidding, though both were uncanny and inexplicable. He seemed to be conscious of a remoteness which would render futile any effort of his toward friendliness.

How long we stood thus staring the one at the other I do not know. My heart beat heavily and my tongue refused to move when at last I tried to break the silence.

Then he spoke, and his voice was low and strong and sweet.

"You are welcome," he began, and I noted that the accent was slightly foreign, Italian perhaps, or it might be French. "I am glad always to show the visions I have under my control to those who will appreciate them."

I tried to stammer forth a few words of thanks and of praise for what I had seen.

"Did you recognize the strange scenes shown to you by these two instruments?" he asked, after bowing gently in acknowledgment of my awkward compliments.

Then I plucked up courage and made bold to express to him the surprise I had felt, not only at the marvellous vividness with which the actions had been repeated before my eyes, like life itself in form and in color and in motion, but also at the startling fact that some of the things I had been shown were true and some were false. Some of them had happened actually to real men and women of flesh and blood, while others were but bits of the vain imagining of those who tell tales as an art and as a means of livelihood.

I expressed myself as best I could, clumsily, no doubt; but he listened patiently and with the smile of toleration on his lips.

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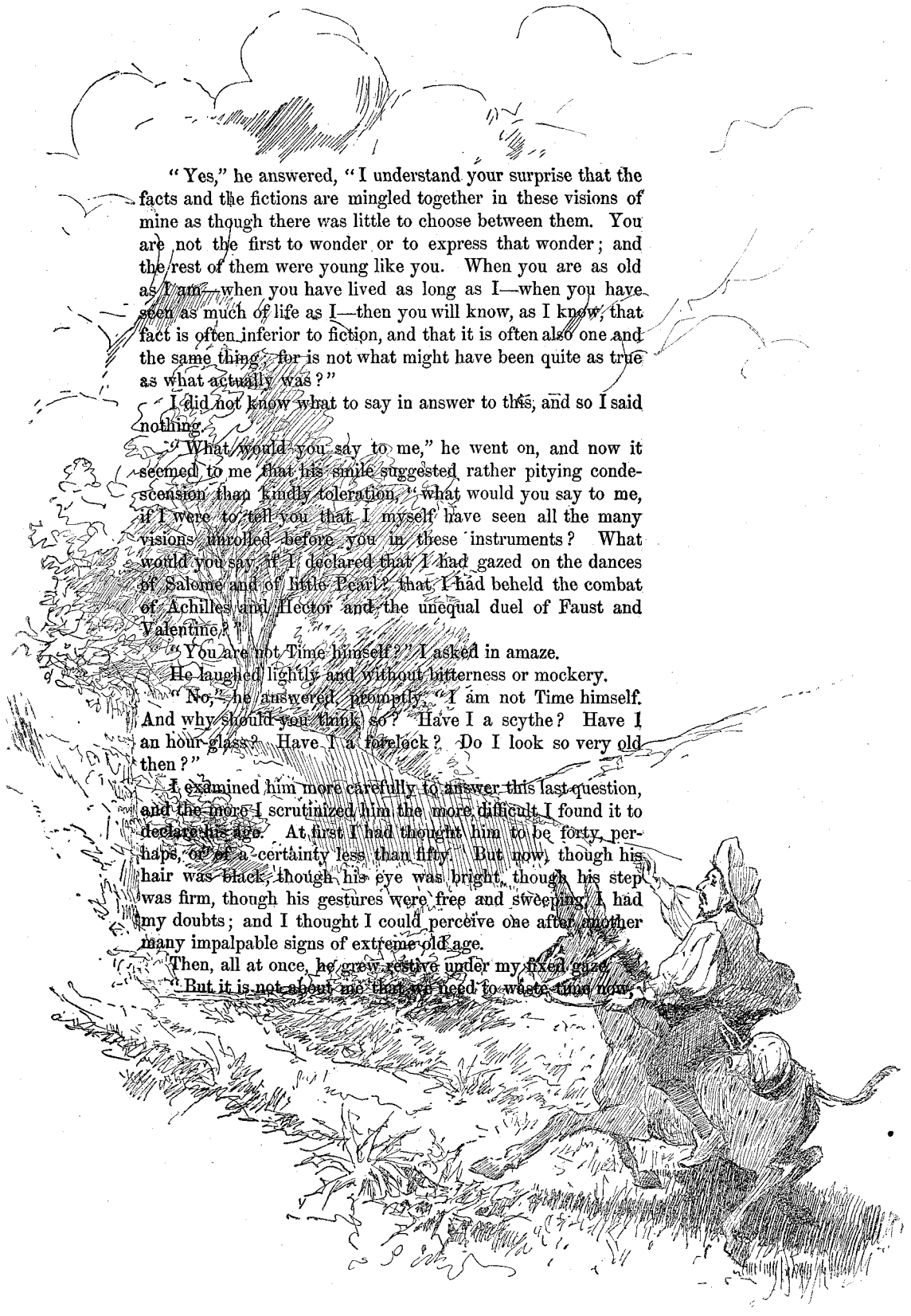

"Yes," he answered, "I understand your surprise that the facts and the fictions are mingled together in these visions of mine as though there was little to choose between them. You are not the first to wonder or to express that wonder; and the rest of them were young like you. When you are as old as I am—when you have lived as long as I—when you have seen as much of life as I—then you will know, as I know, that fact is often inferior to fiction, and that it is often also one and the same thing, for is not what might have been quite as true as what actually was?"

I did not know what to say in answer to this, and so I said nothing.

"What would you say to me," he went on, and now it seemed to me that his smile suggested rather pitying condescension than kindly toleration, "what would you say to me, if I were to tell you that I myself have seen all the many visions unrolled before you in these instruments? What would you say, if I declared that I had gazed on the dances of Salome and of little Pearl? that I had beheld the combat of Achilles and Hector and the unequal duel of Faust and Valentine?"

"You are not Time himself?" I asked in amaze.

He laughed lightly and without bitterness or mockery.

"No," he answered, promptly, "I am not Time himself. And why should you think so? Have I a scythe? Have I an hour-glass? Have I a forelock? Do I look so very old then?"

I examined him more carefully to answer this last question, and the more I scrutinized him the more difficult I found it to declare his age. At first I had thought him to be forty, perhaps, or at a certainty less than fifty. But now, though his hair was black, though his eye was bright, though his step was firm, though his gestures were free and sweeping, I had my doubts; and I thought I could perceive one after another many impalpable signs of extreme old age.

Then, all at once, he grew restive under my fixed gaze.

"But it is not about me that we need to waste time now,

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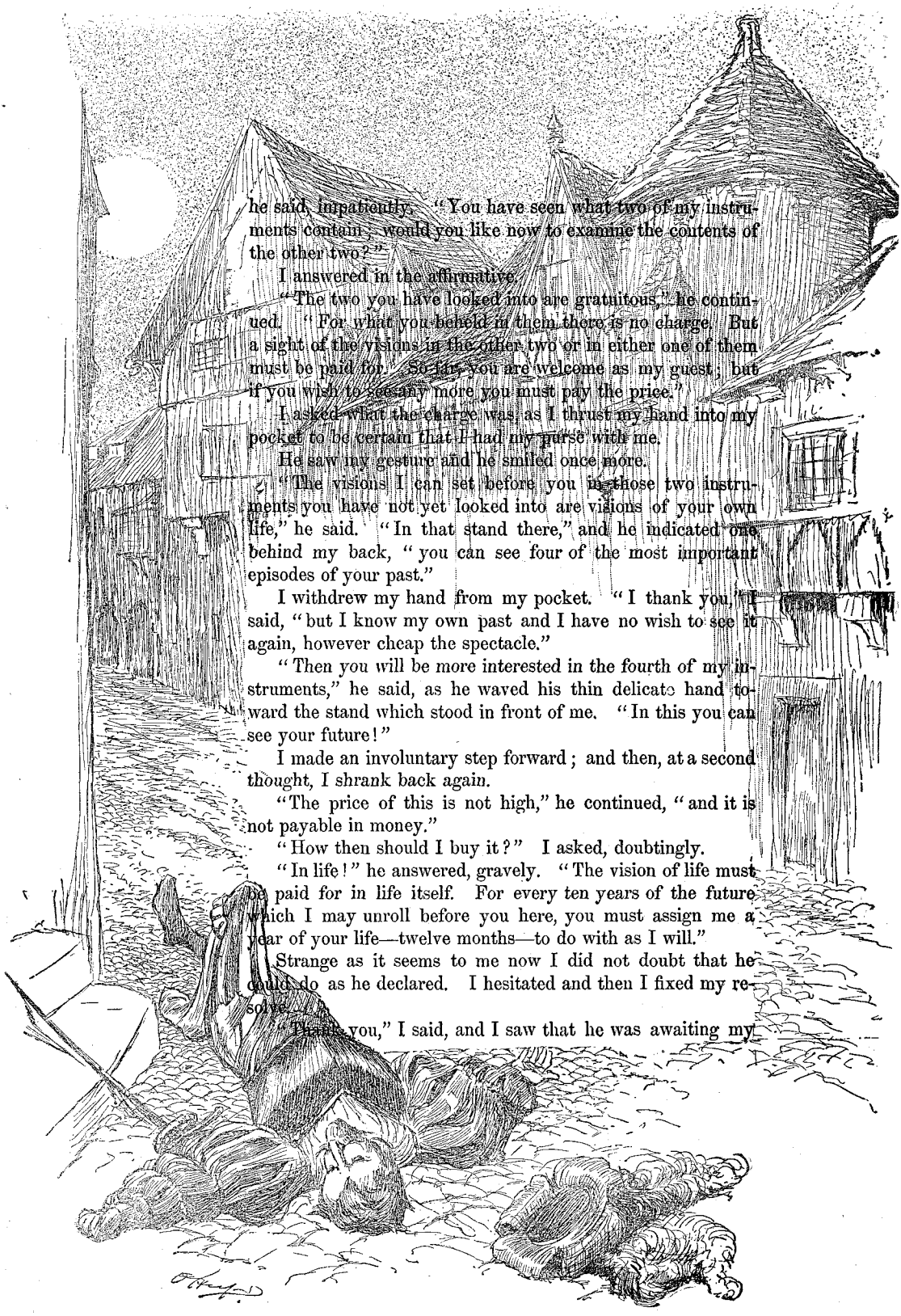

he said, impatiently. "You have seen what two of my instruments contain; would you like now to examine the contents of the other two?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"The two you have looked into are gratuitous," he continued. "For what you beheld in them there is no charge. But a sight of the visions in the other two or in either one of them must be paid for. So far, you are welcome as my guest; but if you wish to see any more you must pay the price."

I asked what the charge was, as I thrust my hand into my pocket to be certain that I had my purse with me.

He saw my gesture and he smiled once more.

"The visions I can set before you in those two instruments you have not yet looked into are visions of your own life," he said. "In that stand there," and he indicated one behind my back, "you can see four of the most important episodes of your past."

I withdrew my hand from my pocket. "I thank you," I said, "but I know my own past and I have no wish to see it again, however cheap the spectacle."

"Then you will be more interested in the fourth of my instruments," he said, as he waved his thin delicate hand toward the stand which stood in front of me. "In this you can see your future!"

I made an involuntary step forward; and then, at a second thought, I shrank back again.

"The price of this is not high," he continued, "and it is not payable in money."

"How then should I buy it?" I asked, doubtingly.

"In life!" he answered, gravely. "The vision of life must be paid for in life itself. For every ten years of the future which I may unroll before you here, you must assign me a year of your life—twelve months—to do with as I will."

Strange as it seems to me now I did not doubt that he could do as he declared. I hesitated and then I fixed my resolve.

"Thank you," I said, and I saw that he was awaiting my

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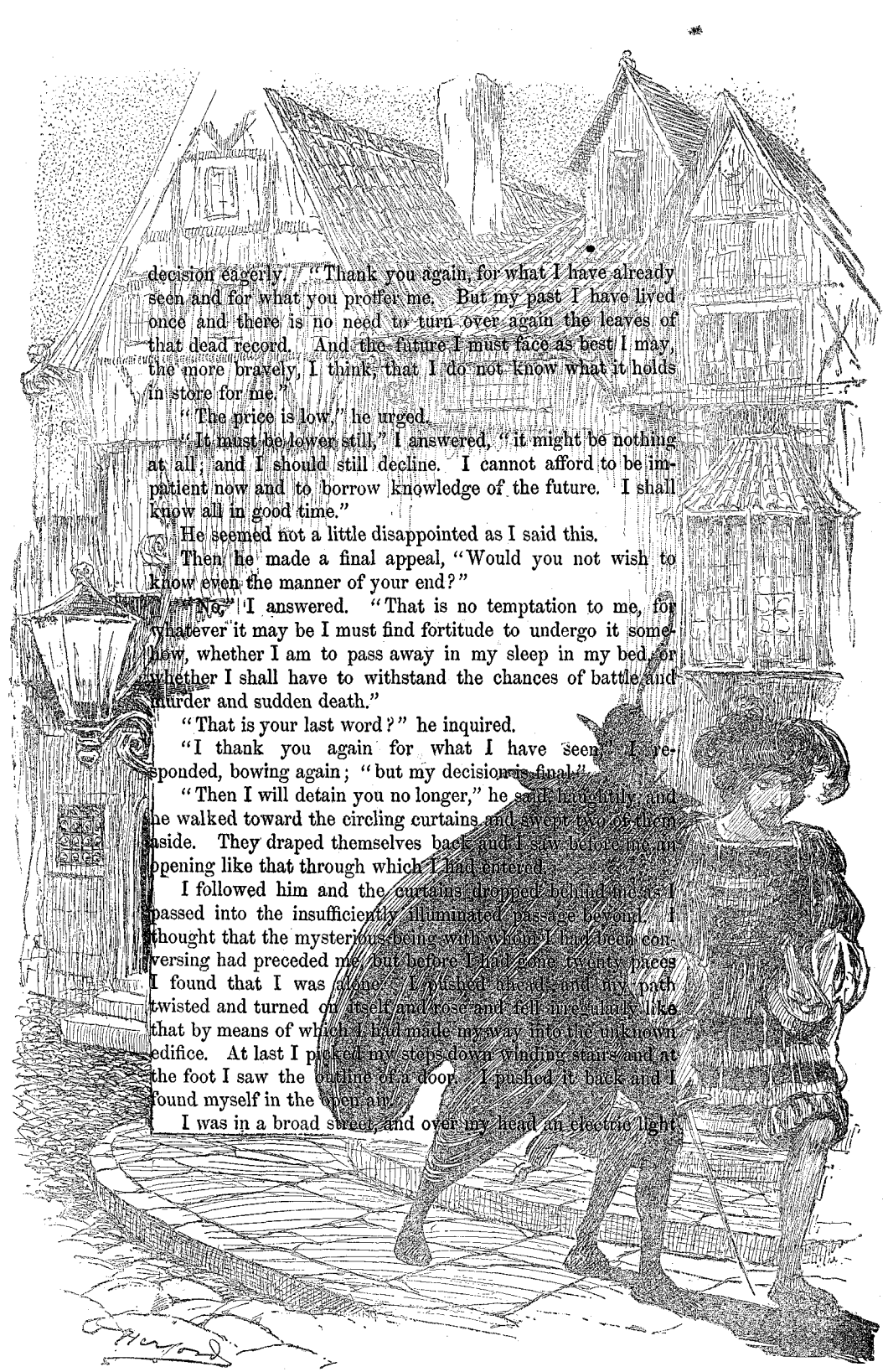

decision eagerly. "Thank you again, for what I have already seen and for what you proffer me. But my past I have lived once and there is no need to turn over again the leaves of that dead record. And the future I must face as best I may, the more bravely, I think, that I do not know what it holds in store for me."

"The price is low," he urged.

"It must be lower still," I answered, "it might be nothing at all, and I should still decline. I cannot afford to be impatient now and to borrow knowledge of the future. I shall know all in good time."

He seemed not a little disappointed as I said this.

Then he made a final appeal, "Would you not wish to know even the manner of your end?"

"No," I answered. "That is no temptation to me, for whatever it may be I must find fortitude to undergo it somehow, whether I am to pass away in my sleep in my bed or whether I shall have to withstand the chances of battle and murder and sudden death."

"That is your last word?" he inquired.

"I thank you again for what I have seen," I responded, bowing again; "but my decision is final."

"Then I will detain you no longer," he said haughtily, and he walked toward the circling curtains and swept two of them aside. They draped themselves back and I saw before me an opening like that through which I had entered.

I followed him and the curtains dropped behind me as I passed into the insufficiently illuminated passage beyond. I thought that the mysterious being with whom I had been conversing had preceded me, but before I had gone twenty paces I found that I was alone. I pushed ahead, and my path twisted and turned on itself and rose and fell irregularly like that by means of which I had made my way into the unknown edifice. At last I picked my steps down winding stairs and at the foot I saw the outline of a door. I pushed it back and I found myself in the open air.

I was in a broad street, and over my head an electric light

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suddenly flared out and whitewashed the pavement at my feet. At the corner a train of the elevated railroad rushed by with a clattering roar and a trailing plume of white steam. Then a cable-car clanged past with incessant bangs upon its gong. Thus it was that I came back to the world of actuality.

I turned to get my bearings that I might find my way home again. I was standing almost in front of a shop the windows of which were filled with framed engravings.

One of these caught my eye, and I confess that I was surprised. It was a portrait of a man—it was the portrait of a man with whom I had been talking.

I went close to the window that I might see it better. The electric light emphasized the lines of the high-bred face, with its sombre searching eyes and the air of old-world breeding. There could be no doubt whatever, that the original of this portrait was the man from whom I had just parted. By the costume I knew that the original had lived in the last century; and the legend beneath the head, engraved in a flowing script, asserted this to be a likeness of

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THE STAYING POWER OF SIR ROHAN

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

DURING the winter in which I reached my twenty-fifth year, I lived with my mother's brother, Dr. Alfred Morris, in Warburton, a small country town, and I was there beginning the practice of medicine. I had been graduated in the spring, and my uncle earnestly advised me to come to him and act as his assistant, which advice, considering the fact that he was an elderly man, and that I might hope to succeed him in his excellent practice, was considered good advice by myself and my family.

At this time I practised very little, but learned a great deal, for as I often accompanied my uncle on his professional visits, I could not have taken a better post-graduate course. I had an invitation to spend the Christmas of that year with the Collingwoods, who had opened their country house, about twelve miles from Warburton, for the entertainment of a holiday house-party.

I had gladly accepted the invitation, and on the day before Christmas I went to the livery stable in the village to hire a horse and sleigh for the trip. At the stable I met "Uncle Beamish," who had also come to hire a conveyance.

Uncle Beamish, as he was generally called in the village, although I am sure he had no nephews or nieces in the place, was an elderly man who had retired from some business, I know not what, and was apparently quite able to live upon whatever income he had. He was a good man, rather illiterate, but very shrewd. Generous in good works, I do not think he was fond of giving away money, but his services were at the call of all who needed them.

I liked Uncle Beamish very much, for he was not only a good story-teller, but he was willing to listen to my stories, and when I found he wanted to hire a horse and sleigh to go to the house of his married sister, with whom he intended to spend Christmas, and that his sister lived on Upper Hill turnpike, on which road the Collingwood house was situated, I proposed that we should hire a sleigh together.

"That will suit me," said Uncle Beamish. "There couldn't have been a better fit if I had been measured for it. Less

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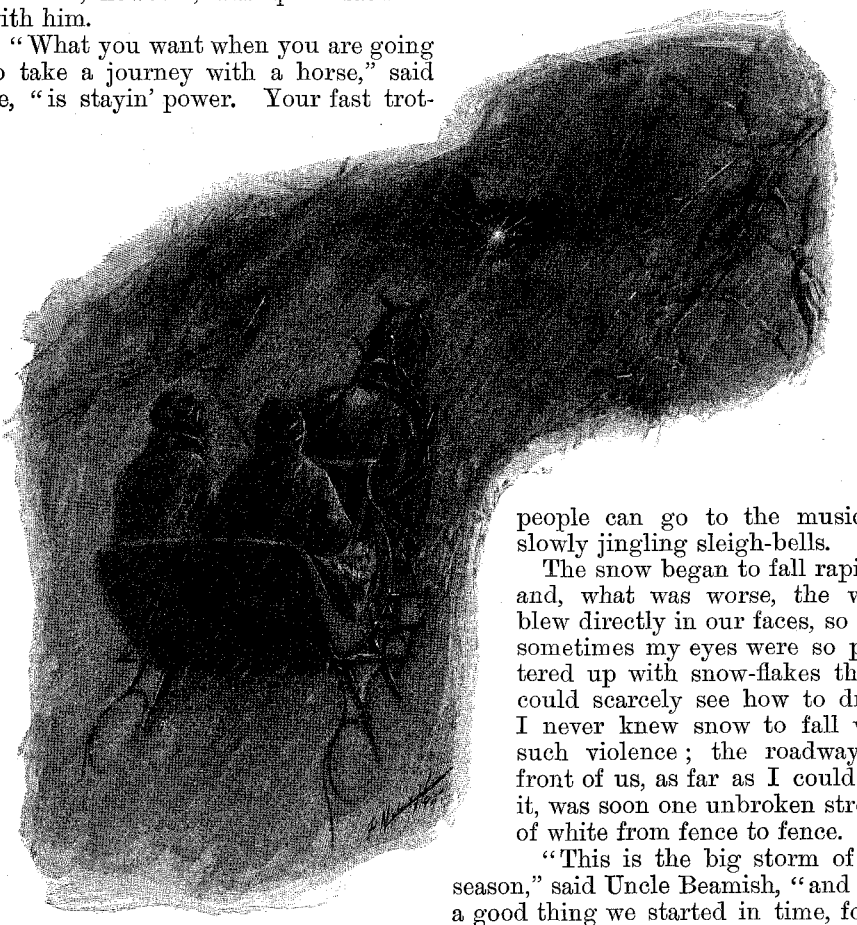
than half a mile after you turn into the turnpike, you pass my sister's house, then you can drop me and go on to the Collingwoods, which I should say isn't more than three miles further."

The arrangement was made, a horse and sleigh ordered, and early in the afternoon we started from Warburton.

The sleighing was good, but the same could not be said of the horse; he was a big roan, powerful and steady, but entirely too deliberate in action. Uncle Beamish, however, was quite satisfied with him.

"What you want when you are going to take a journey with a horse," said he, "is stayin' power. Your fast trotter is all very well for a mile or two, but if I have got to go into the country in winter, give me a horse like this."



At last we saw, not far in front of us, a light.—Page 747.

I did not agree with him, but we jogged along quite pleasantly until the afternoon grew prematurely dark and it began to snow.

"Now," said I, giving the roan a useless cut, "what we ought to have is a fast horse, so that we may get there before there is a storm."

"No, Doctor, you're wrong," said Uncle Beamish. "What we want is a strong horse that will take us there whether it storms or not, and we have got him. And who cares for a little snow that won't hurt nobody."

I did not care for snow, and we turned up our collars and went as merrily as people can go to the music of slowly jingling sleigh-bells.

The snow began to fall rapidly, and, what was worse, the wind blew directly in our faces, so that sometimes my eyes were so plastered up with snow-flakes that I could scarcely see how to drive. I never knew snow to fall with such violence; the roadway in front of us, as far as I could see it, was soon one unbroken stretch of white from fence to fence.

"This is the big storm of the season," said Uncle Beamish, "and it is a good thing we started in time, for if the wind keeps blowin', this road will be pretty hard to travel in a couple of hours."

In about half an hour the wind lulled a little and I could get a better view of our surroundings, although I could not see very far through the swiftly descending snow.

"I was thinkin'," said Uncle Beamish,

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"that it might be a good idee, when we get to Crocker's place, to stop a little, and let you warm your fingers and nose. Crocker's is ruther more than half-way to the pike."

"Oh, I do not want to stop anywhere," I replied, quickly; "I am all right."

Nothing was said for some time and then Uncle Beamish remarked:

"I don't want to stop any more than you do, but it does seem strange that we ain't passed Crocker's yit; we could hardly miss his house, it is so close to the road. This horse is slow, but I tell you one thing, Doctor, he's improvin'; he is goin' better than he did. That's the way with this kind; it takes them a good while to get warmed up, but they keep on gettin' fresher instead of tireder."

The big roan was going better, but still we did not reach Crocker's, which disappointed Uncle Beamish, who wanted to be assured that the greater part of his journey was over.

"We must have passed it," he said, "when the snow was so blindin'."

I did not wish to discourage him by saying that I did not think we had yet reached Crocker's, but I believed I had a much better appreciation of our horse's slowness than he had.

Again the wind began to blow in our faces, and the snow fell faster, but the violence of the storm seemed to encourage our horse, for his pace was now greatly increased.

"That's the sort of beast to have," exclaimed Uncle Beamish, spluttering as the snow blew in his mouth; "he is gettin' his spirits up just when they are most wanted. We must have passed Crocker's a good while ago, and it can't be long before we get to the pike; and it's time we was there, for it's darkenin'."

On and on we went, but still we did not reach the pike. We had lost a great deal of time during the first part of the journey and, although the horse was travelling so much better now, his pace was below the average of good roadsters.

"When we get to the pike," said Uncle Beamish, "you can't miss it, for this road doesn't cross it; all you've got to do is to turn to the left, and in ten minutes you will see the lights in my sister's house; and I'll tell you, Doctor, if you would like to stop there for the night, she'd be mighty glad to have you."

"Much obliged," replied I, "but I shall go on, it's not late yet, and I can reach the Collingwoods in good time."

We now drove on in silence, our horse actually arching his neck as he thumped through the snow. Drifts had begun to form across the road, but through these he bravely plunged.

"Stayin' power is what we want, Doctor," exclaimed Uncle Beamish; "where would your fast trotter be in drifts like these, I'd like to know? We got the right horse when we got this one, but I wish we had been goin' this way all the time."

It grew darker and darker, but at last we saw not far in front of us a light.

"That beats me," said Uncle Beamish, "I don't remember no other house so near the road. It can't be we ain't passed Crocker's yit. If we ain't got no furder than that, I'm in favor of stoppin'. I'm not afraid of a snowstorm, but I ain't a fool nuther, and if we haven't got furder than Crocker's it will be foolhardy to try to push on through the dark and these big drifts which will be gettin' bigger."

I did not give it up so easily. I greatly wished to reach my destination that night. But there were three wills in the party, and one of them belonged to the horse. Before I had any idea of such a thing the animal made a sudden turn, too sudden for safety, passed through a wide gateway, and after a few rapid bounds which, to my surprise, I could not restrain, he stopped suddenly.

"Hello!" exclaimed Uncle Beamish, peering forward, "here's a barn-door," and he immediately began to throw off the fur robe that covered our knees.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I'm goin' to open the barn-door and let the horse go in," said he, "he seems to want to. I don't know whether this is Crocker's barn or not, it don't look like it, but I may be mistaken. Anyway we will let the horse in and then go to the house. This ain't no night

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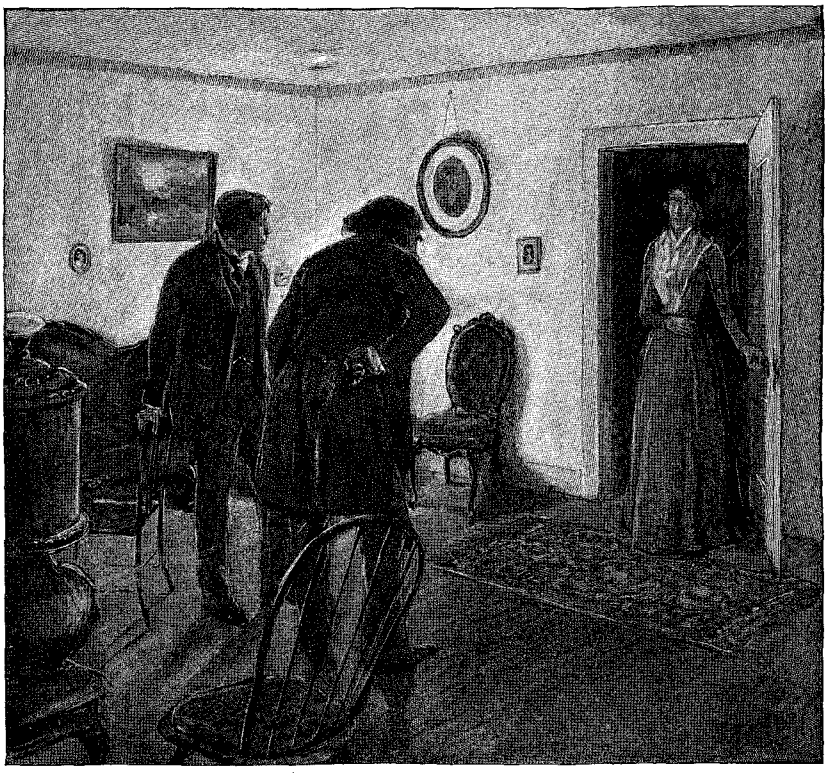

She made but a step into the room and stood holding the door.—Page 749.

to be travellin' any furder, Doctor, and that is the long and the short of it. If the people here ain't Crockers, I guess they are Christians!"

I had not much time to consider the situation, for while he had been speaking, Uncle Beamish had waded through the snow, and finding the barn-door unfastened had slid it to one side. Instantly the horse entered the dark barn, fortunately finding nothing in his way.

"Now," said Uncle Beamish, "if we can get somethin' to tie him so that he don't do no mischief, we can leave him here and go up to the house."

I carried a pocket lantern, and quickly lighted it.

"By George!" said Uncle Beamish, as I held up the lantern, "this ain't much of a barn, it's no more than a wagon-house; it ain't Crocker's—but no matter—we'll go up to the house. Here is a hitchin' rope."

We fastened the horse, threw a robe over him, shut the barn-door behind us, and slowly made our way to the back of the house, in which there was a lighted window. Mounting a little portico we reached a door, and were about to knock, when it was opened for us. A woman, plainly a servant, stood in a kitchen, light and warm.

"Come right in," she said, "I heard your bells. Did you put your horse in the barn?"

"Yes," said Uncle Beamish, "and now we would like to see——"

"All right," interrupted the woman, moving toward an inner door. "Just wait here for a minute; I'm going right up to tell her."

"I don't know this place," said Uncle Beamish, as we stood by the kitchen stove, "but I expect it belongs to a widow woman."

"What makes you think that?" I asked.

"'Cause she said she was goin' to tell *her*. If there had been a man in the house she would have gone to tell *him*."

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In a few moments the woman returned.

"She says you are to take off your wet things, and then go into the sitting-room. She'll be down in a minute."

I looked at Uncle Beamish, thinking it was his right to make explanations, but, giving me a little wink, he began to take off his overcoat. It was plain to perceive that Uncle Beamish desired to assume that a place of refuge would be offered us.

"It's an awful bad night," he said to the woman, as he sat down to take off his Arctic overshoes.

"It's all that," said she. "You may hang your coats over them chairs; it won't matter if they do drip on this bare floor. Now, then, come right into the sitting-room."

In spite of my disappointment, I was glad to be in a warm house, and hoped we might be able to stay there. I could hear the storm beating furiously against the window-panes behind the drawn shades. There was a stove in the sitting-room, and a large lamp.

"Sit down," said the woman, "she will be here in a minute."

"It strikes me," said Uncle Beamish, when we were left alone, "that somebody is expected in this house, most likely to spend Christmas, and that we are mistook for them, whoever they are."

"I have the same idea," I replied, "and we must explain as soon as possible."

"Of course we will do that," said he, "but I can tell you one thing: whoever is expected ain't comin', for they can't get here. But we've got to stay here to-night, no matter who comes or doesn't come, and we've got to be keerful in speaking to the woman of the house. If she is one kind of a person, we can offer to pay for lodgin's and horse-feed; but if she is another kind, we must steer clear of mentionin' any pay, for it will make her mad. You had better leave the explainin' business to me."

I was about to reply that I was more than willing to do so, when the door opened and a person entered—evidently the mistress of the house. She was tall and thin, past middle age, and plainly dressed. Her pale countenance wore a defiant look, and behind her spectacles blazed a pair of dark eyes, which, after an instant's survey of her visitors, were fixed steadily upon me. She made but a step into the room, and stood holding the door. We both rose from our chairs.

"You can sit down again," she said sharply to me, "I don't want you." "Now, sir," she continued, turning to Uncle Beamish, "please come with me."

Uncle Beamish gave a glance of surprise at me, but he immediately followed the old lady out of the room, and the door was closed behind them.

For ten minutes, at least, I sat quietly waiting to see what would happen next; very much surprised at the remark that had been made to me, and wondering at Uncle Beamish's protracted absence. Suddenly he entered the room and closed the door.

"Here's a go," said he, slapping his leg, but very gently; "we're mistook the worst kind, we're mistook for doctors."

"That is only half a mistake," said I. "What is the matter, and what can I do?"

"Nothin'," said he quickly, "that is, nothin' your own self. Just the minute she got me outside that door she began pitchin' into you. 'I suppose that's young Dr. Glover,' said she. I told her it was, and then she went on to say, givin' me no chance to explain nothin', that she didn't want to have anything to do with you, that she thought it was a shame to turn people's houses into paupers' hospitals for the purpose of teaching medical students; that she had heard of you, and what she had heard she hadn't liked. All this time she kept goin' upstairs and I follerin' her, and the fust thing I knowed she opened a door and went into a room and I went in after her, and there, in a bed, was a patient of some kind. I was tuk back dreadful, for the state of the case came to me like a flash. Your uncle had been sent for and I was mistook for him. Now, what to say was a puzzle to me and I began to think pretty fast. It was an awkward business to have to explain things to that sharp-set old woman. The fact is I didn't know

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how to begin and was a good deal afraid besides, but she didn't give me no time for considerin'. 'I think it's her brain,' said she, 'but perhaps you'll know better. Catherine, uncover your head!' and with that the patient turned over a little and uncovered her head, which she had had the sheet over. It was a young woman, and she gave me a good look, but she didn't say nothin'. Now I *was* in a state of mind."

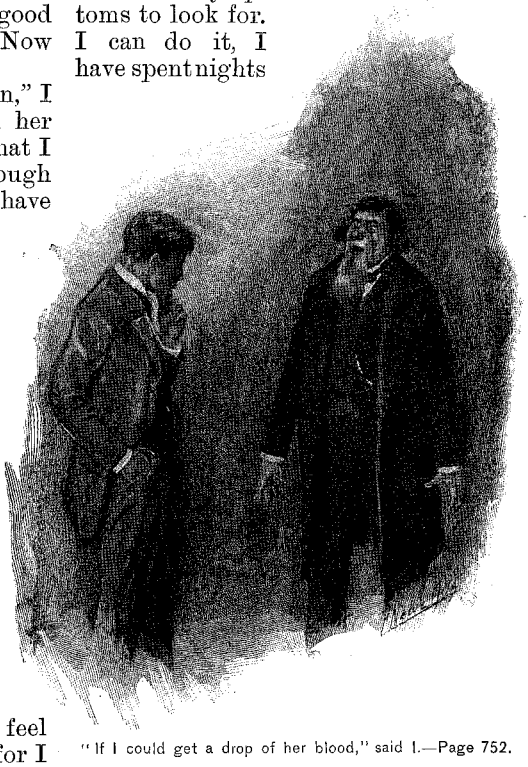
"Of course you must have been," I answered. "Why didn't you tell her that you were not a doctor, but that I was. It would have been easy enough to explain matters; she might have thought my uncle could not come and he had sent me, and that you had come along for company. The patient ought to be attended to without delay."

"She's got to be attended to," said Uncle Beamish, "or else there will be a row and we'll have to travel—storm or no storm; but if you had heard what that old woman said about young doctors, and you in particular, you would know that you wasn't goin' to have anything to do with this case, at least you wouldn't show in it. But I've got no more time for talkin'; I came down here on business. When the old lady said 'Catherine, hold out your hand!' and she held it out, I had nothin' to do but step up and feel her pulse. I know how to do that, for I have done a lot of nussin' in my life, and then it seemed nat'ral to ask her to put out her tongue, and when she did it I gave a look at it and nodded my head. 'Do you think it is her brain?' said the old woman, half whisperin'. 'Can't say anything about that, yit,' said I, 'I must go downstairs and get the medicine case. The fust thing to do is to give her a draught, and I will bring it up to her as soon as it is mixed.' You have got a pocket medicine case with you, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes," said I, "it is in my overcoat."

"I knowed it," said Uncle Beamish. "An old doctor might go visitin' without his medicine case, but a young one would be sure to take it along, no matter where he was goin'. Now you get it, please, quick."

"My notion is," said he, when I returned from the kitchen with the case, "that you mix somethin' that might soothe her a little, if she has got anything the matter with her brain, and what won't hurt her if she hasn't; and then, when I take it up to her, you tell me what symptoms to look for. I can do it, I have spent nights looking for symptoms. Then, when I come down and report, you might send her up somethin' that would keep her from gettin' any wuss till the doctor can come in the mornin', for he ain't comin' here to-night."



"If I could get a drop of her blood," said I.—Page 752.

"A very good plan," said I. "Now, what can I give her? What is the patient's age?"

"Oh, her age don't matter much," said Uncle Beamish, impatiently; "she may be twenty, more or less, and any mild stuff will do to begin with."

"I will give her some sweet spirits of nitre," said I, taking out a little vial. "Will you ask the servant for a glass of water and a teaspoon?"

"Now, then," said I, when I had quickly prepared the mixture, "she

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can have a teaspoonful of this and another in ten minutes, and then we will see whether we will go on with it or not."

"And what am I to look for?" said he.

"In the first place," said I, producing a clinical thermometer, "you must take her temperature; you know how to do that?"

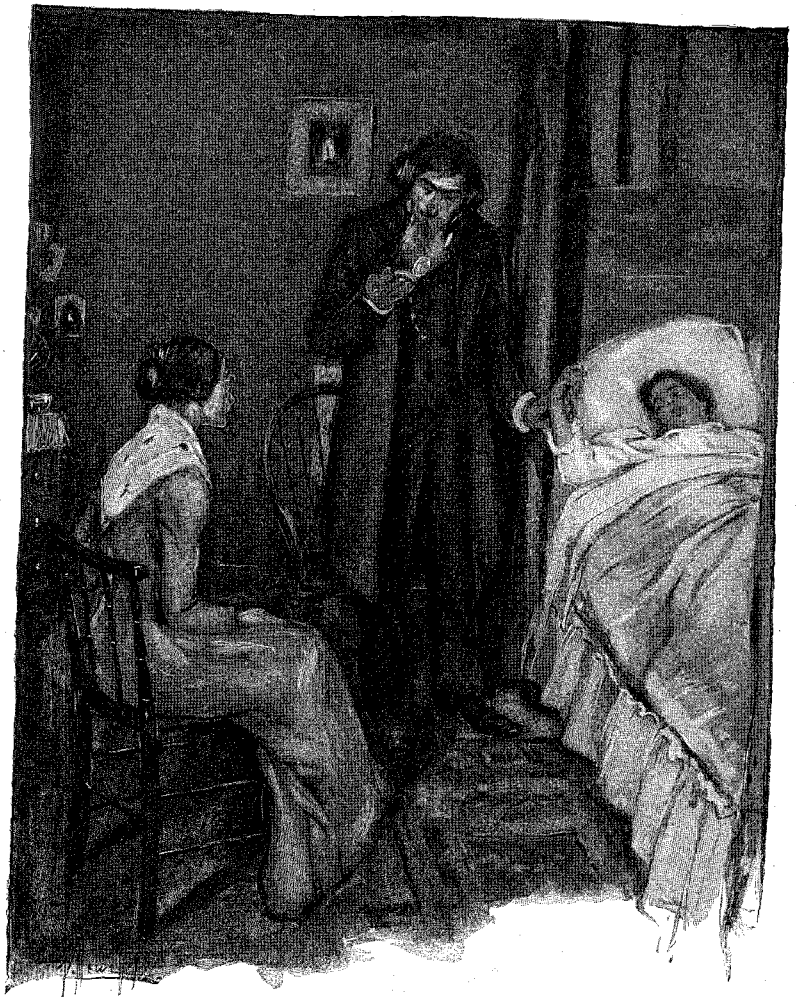
"Oh, yes," said he, "I have done it hundreds of times; she must hold it in her mouth five minutes."

"Yes, and while you are waiting," I continued, "you must try to find out, in the first place, if there are, or have been, any signs of delirium. You might ask the old lady, and besides, you may be able to judge for yourself."

"I can do that," said he, "I have seen lots of it."

"Then, again," said I, "you must observe whether or not her pupils are dilated—you might also inquire whether there had been any partial paralysis or numbness in any part of the body; these things must be looked for in brain trouble. Then you can come down, ostensibly to prepare another prescription, and when you have reported, I have no doubt I can give you something which will modify, or I should say——"

"Hold her where she is till mornin'," I had nothing to do but step up and feel her pulse."—Page 750.



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said Uncle Beamish; "that is what you mean. Now, then, give me that thermometer and the tumbler, and when I come down agin, I reckon you can fit her out with a prescription just as good as anybody."

He hurried away and I sat down to consider. I was full of ambition, full of enthusiasm for the practice of my profession. I would have been willing to pay largely for the privilege of undertaking an important case, by myself, in which it would depend upon me whether or not I should call in a consulting brother. So far, in the cases I had undertaken, a consulting brother had always called himself in; that is, I had practised in hospitals or with my uncle. Perhaps it might be found necessary, notwithstanding all that had been said against me, that I should go up to take charge of this case. I wished I had not forgotten to ask the old man how he had found the tongue and pulse.

In less than a quarter of an hour Uncle Beamish returned.

"Well," said I, quickly, "what are the symptoms?"

"I'll give them to you," said he, taking his seat. "I'm not in such a hurry now, because I told the old woman I would like to wait a little and see how that fust medicine acted. The patient spoke to me this time; when I took the thermometer out of her mouth she says, 'You are comin' up agin, Doctor?' speaking low and quickish, as if she wanted nobody but me to hear."

Valises in hand, we quietly took our way to the kitchen.—Page 755.

"But how about the symptoms?" said I, impatiently.

"Well," he answered, "in the fust place her temperature is ninety-eight and a half, and that's about nat'ral, I take it."

"Yes," I said, "but you didn't tell me about her tongue and pulse."

"There wasn't nothin' remarkable about them," said he.

"All of which means," I remarked, "that there is no fever; but that is not at all a necessary accompaniment of brain derangements. How about the dilatation of her pupils?"

"There isn't none," said Uncle Beamish, "they are ruther squinched up if anything; and as to delirium, I couldn't see no signs of it, and when I asked the old lady about the numbness, she said she didn't believe there had been any."

"No tendency to shiver, no disposition to stretch?"

"No," said the old man, "no chance for quinine."

"The trouble is," said I, standing before the stove and fixing my mind upon the case with earnest intensity, "that there are so few symptoms in brain derangement. If I could only get hold of something tangible——"

"If I was you," interrupted Uncle Beamish, "I wouldn't try to get hold of nothin'. I would just give her somethin' to keep her where she is till mornin'. If you can do that, I'll guarantee that any good doctor can take her up and go on with her to-morrow."

Without noticing the implication contained in these remarks, I continued my consideration of the case.

"If I could get a drop of her blood," said I.

"No, no!" exclaimed Uncle Beamish, "I'm not goin' to do anything of that sort. What in the name of common sense would you do with her blood?"

"I would examine it microscopically,"

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"By George!" whispered the old man, "it's the patient."—Page 755.

I said, "I might find out all I want to know."

Uncle Beamish did not sympathize with this method of diagnosis.

"If you did find out there was the wrong kind of germs, you couldn't do anything with them to-night, and it would just worry you," said the old man. "I believe that nature will git along fust rate without any help, at least till mornin'. But you've got to give her some medicine, not so much for her good as for our good. If she's not treated we're bounced. Can't you give her somethin' that would do anybody good, no matter what's the matter with 'em? If it was the spring of the year I would say sassaparilla. If you could mix her up somethin' and put it into some of them benevolent microbes the doctors talk about, it would be a good deed to do to anybody."

"The benign bacilli," said I; "unfortunately I haven't any of them with me."

"And if you had," he remarked, "I'd be in favor of givin' 'em to the old woman. I take it they would do her more good than anybody else. Come along now, Doctor, it is about time to go upstairs and see how the other stuff acted—not on the patient, I don't mean, but, on the old woman. The fact is, you know it's her we're dosin'."

"Not at all," said I, speaking a little severely, "I am trying to do my very best for the patient, but I fear I cannot do it without seeing her. Don't you think if you told the old lady how absolutely necessary——"

"Don't say anything more about that," exclaimed Uncle Beamish. "I hoped I wouldn't have to mention it, but she told me agin that she would never have one of those unfledged medical students, just out of the egg-shell, experimentin' on any of her family, and from what she said about you in particular, I should say she considered you as a medical chick without even down on you."

"What can she know of me?" I asked, indignantly.

"Give it up," said he, "can't guess it; but that ain't the pint—the pint is, what are you goin' to give her? When I was young the doctors used to say, when you are in doubt, give calomel, as if you were playin' trumps."

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"Nonsense, nonsense," said I, my eyes earnestly fixed upon my open medical case.

"I suppose a mustard plaster on the back of her neck——"

"Wouldn't do at all," I interrupted. "Wait a minute now—yes—I know what I will do, I will give her sodium bromide, ten grains."

"'Which will hit if it's a deer and miss if it's a calf,' as the hunter said?" inquired Uncle Beamish.

"It will certainly not injure her," said I, "and I am quite sure it will be a positive advantage. If there has been cerebral disturbance, which has subsided temporarily, it will assist her to tide over the interim before its recurrence."

"All right," said Uncle Beamish, "give it to me and I'll be off; it's time I showed up agin."

He did not stay upstairs very long, this time.

"No symptoms yit, but the patient looked at me as if she wanted to say somethin', but she didn't git no chance, for the old lady set herself down as if she was planted in a garden-bed and intended to stay there; but the patient took the medicine as mild as a lamb."

"That is very good," said I. "It may be that she appreciates the seriousness of her case better than we do."

"I should say she wants to git well," he replied, "she looks like that sort of a person to me. The old woman said she thought we would have to stay awhile till the storm slackened, and I said, yes, indeed, and there wasn't any chance of its slackenin' to-night; besides, I wanted to see the patient before bedtime."

At this moment the door opened and the servant woman came in.

"She says you are to have supper, and it will be ready in about half an hour. One of you had better go out and attend to your horse, for the man is not coming back to-night."

"I will go to the barn," said I, rising. Uncle Beamish also rose and said he would go with me.

"I guess you can find some hay and oats," said the woman, as we were putting on our coats and overshoes in the kitchen, "and here's a lantern. We don't keep no horse now, but there's feed left."

As we pushed through the deep snow into the barn, Uncle Beamish said:

"I've been tryin' my best to think where we are, without askin' any questions, and I'm dead beat; I don't remember no such house as this on the road."

"Perhaps we got off the road," said I.

"That may be," said he as we entered the barn; "it's a straight road from Warburton to the pike near my sister's house, but there's two other roads that branch off to the right and strike the pike furder off to the east; perhaps we got on one of them in all that darkness and perplexing whiteness, when it wasn't easy to see whether we were keepin' a straight road or not."

The horse neighed as we approached with a light.

"I would not be at all surprised," said I, "if this horse had belonged here and that was the reason why, as soon as he got a chance, he turned and made straight for his old home."

"That isn't unlikely," said Uncle Beamish, "and that's the reason we did not pass Crocker's. But here we are, wherever it is, and here we've got to stay till mornin'."

We found hay and oats and a pump in the corner of the wagon-house, and, having put the horse in the stall and made him as comfortable as possible with some old blankets, we returned to the house, bringing our valises with us.

Our supper was served in the sitting-room because there was a good fire there, and the servant told us we would have to eat by ourselves, as she was not coming down.

"We'll excuse her," said Uncle Beamish, with an alacrity of expression that might have caused suspicion.

We had a good supper, and were then shown a room on the first floor on the other side of the hall, where the servant said we were to sleep.

We sat by the stove a while, waiting for developments, but, as Uncle Beamish's bedtime was rapidly approaching, he sent word to the sick-chamber that he was coming up for his final visit.

This time he stayed upstairs but a few minutes.

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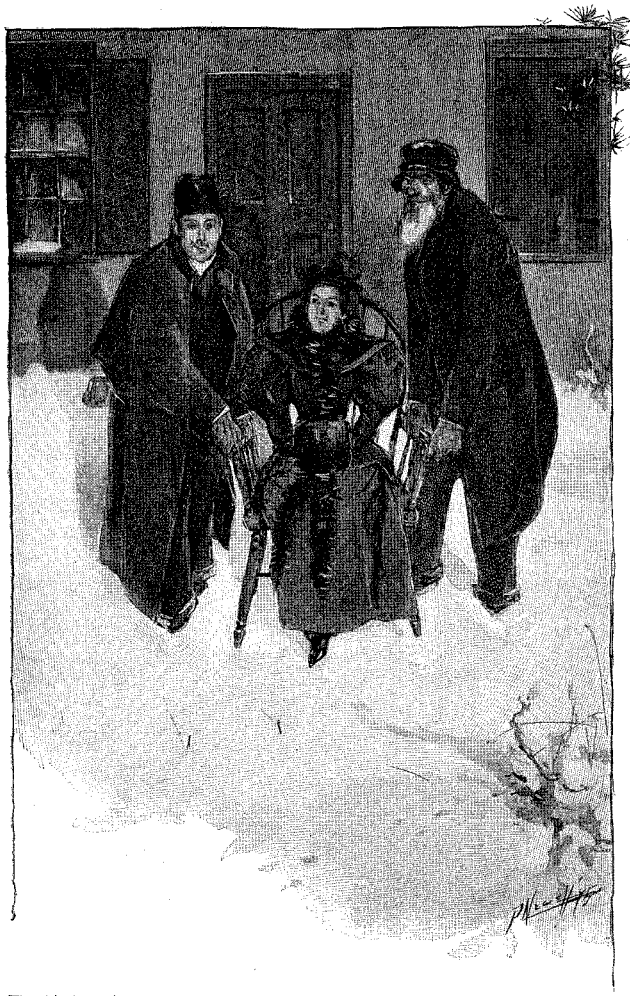
"She's fast asleep," said he, "and the old woman says she'll call me if I'm needed in the night, and you'll have to jump up sharp and overhaul that medicine case, if that happens."



The kitchen door was softly closed behind us and we were carrying Miss Burroughs to the barn.—Page 756.

The next morning, and very early in the morning, I was awaked by Uncle Beamish, who stood at my side.

"Look here," said he, "I've been outside; it's stopped snowin' and it's clearin' off. I've been to the barn and I've fed the horse, and I tell you what I'm in favor of doin'. There's nobody up yit and I don't want to stay here and make no explanations to that old woman. I don't fancy gettin' into rows on Christmas mornin'. We've done all the good we can here, and the best thing we can do now is to get away before anybody is up and leave a note sayin' that we've got to go on without losing time, and that we will send another doctor as soon as possible. My sister's doctor don't live fur away from her, and I know she will be willin' to send for him. Then our duty will be done, and what the old woman thinks of us won't make no difference to nobody."

"That plan suits me," said I, rising; "I don't want to stay here and, as I am not to be allowed to see the patient, there is no reason why I should stay. What we have done will more than pay for our supper and lodgings, so that our consciences are clear."

"But you must write a note," said Uncle Beamish. "Got any paper?"

I tore a leaf from my note-book and went to the window, where it was barely light enough for me to see how to write.

"Make it short," said the old man, "I'm awful fidgetty to get off."

I made it very short, and then, valises in hand, we quietly took our way to the kitchen.

"How this floor does creak!" said Uncle Beamish. "Get on your overcoat and shoes as quick as you can, we will leave the note on this table."

I had just shaken myself into my overcoat when Uncle Beamish gave a subdued exclamation, and quickly turning, I saw entering the kitchen a female figure in winter wraps and carrying a hand-bag.

"By George!" whispered the old man, "it's the patient!"

The figure advanced directly toward me.

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"Oh, Dr. Glover!" she whispered, "I am so glad to get down before you went away."

I stared in amazement at the speaker, but even in the dim light I recognized her. This was the human being whose expected presence at the Collingwood mansion was taking me there to spend Christmas.

"Kitty!" I exclaimed—"Miss Burroughs, I mean—what is the meaning of this?"

"Don't ask me for any meanings now," she said, "I want you and your uncle to take me to the Collingwoods. I suppose you are on your way there, for they wrote you were coming—and, oh! let us be quick, for I'm afraid Jane will come down and she will be sure to wake up Aunty. I saw one of you go out to the barn and knew you intended to leave, so I got ready just as fast as I could. But I must leave some word for Aunty."

"I have written a note," said I. "But are you well enough to travel?"

"Just let me add a line to it," said she; "I am as well as I ever was."

I gave her a pencil and she hurriedly wrote something on the paper which I had left on the kitchen-table. Then quickly glancing around, she picked up a large carving-fork and sticking it through the paper into the soft wood of the table, she left it standing there.

"Now it won't blow away when we open the door," she whispered. "Come on."

"You cannot go out to the barn," I said, "we will bring up the sleigh."

"Oh, no, no, no," she answered, "I must not wait here. If I once get out of the house I shall feel safe. Of course I would go, anyway, but I don't want any quarrelling on this Christmas morning."

"I'm with you there," said Uncle Beamish, approvingly. "Doctor, we can take her to the barn without her touching the snow. Let her sit in this arm-chair, and we can carry her between us. She's no weight."

In half a minute the kitchen-door was softly closed behind us and we were carrying Miss Burroughs to the barn. My soul was in a wild tumult; dozens of questions were on my tongue, but I had no chance to ask any of them.

Uncle Beamish and I returned to the porch for the valises, and then, closing the barn-door, we rapidly began to make preparations for leaving.

"I suppose," said Uncle Beamish, as we went into the stable, leaving Miss Burroughs in the wagon-house, "that this business is all right? You seem to know the young woman, and she is of age to act for herself."

"Whatever she wants to do," I answered, "is perfectly right; you may trust to that. I do not understand the matter any more than you do, but I know she is expected at the Collingwoods and wants to go there."

"Very good," said Uncle Beamish, "we'll get away fust and ask explanations afterward."

"Doctor Glover," said Miss Burroughs as we led the horse into the wagon-house, "don't put the bells on him; stuff them gently under the seat, as softly as you can. But how are we all to go away? I have been looking at that sleigh, and it is intended only for two."

"It's rather late to think of that, Miss," said Uncle Beamish, "but there's one thing that's certain. We're both very polite to ladies, but neither of us is willin' to be left behind on this trip. But it's a good-sized sleigh and we'll all pack in, well enough. You and me can sit on the back seat, and the Doctor can stand up in front of us and drive. In old times it was considered the right thing for the driver of the sleigh to stand up and do his drivin'."

The baggage was carefully stowed away, and, after a look around the dimly lighted wagon-house, Miss Burroughs and Uncle Beamish got into the sleigh and I tucked the big fur-robe around them.

"I hate to make a journey before breakfast," said Uncle Beamish, as I was doing this, "especially on Christmas mornin', but somehow or other, there seems to be somethin' jolly about this business, and we won't have to wait so long for breakfast, nuther. It can't be far from my sister's, and we'll all stop there and have breakfast; then you two can leave me and go on. She'll be

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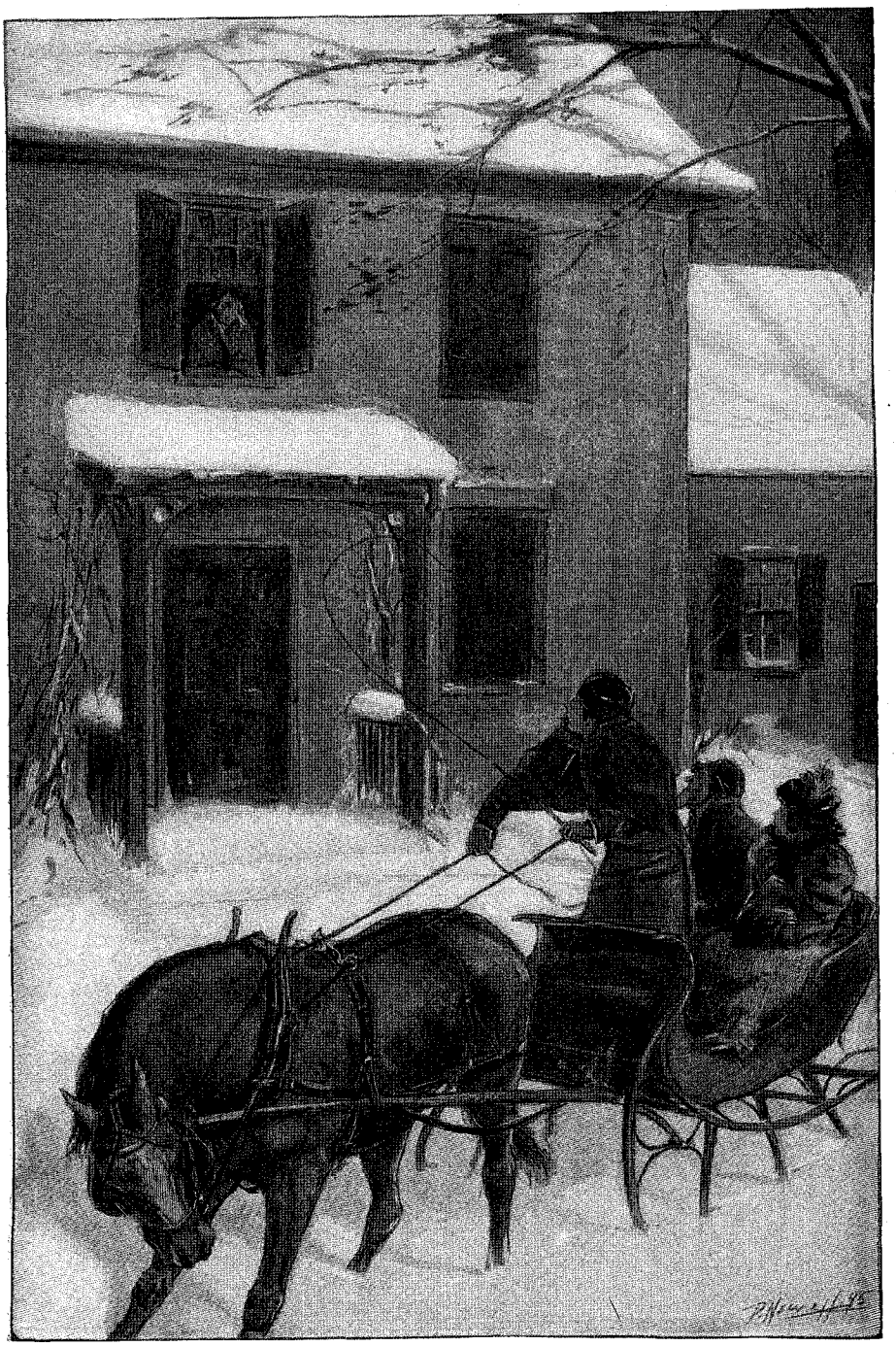

"You cut a powerful queer figure, young man, with that horse-blanket."—Page 759.

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as glad to see any friends of mine as if they were her own. And she'll be pretty sure, on a mornin' like this, to have buckwheat-cakes and sausages."

Miss Burroughs looked at the old man with a puzzled air, but she asked him no questions.

"How are you going to keep yourself warm, Doctor Glover?" she said.

"Oh, this long ulster will be enough for me," I replied, "and as I shall stand up, I could not use a robe if we had another."

In fact, the thought of being with Miss Burroughs and the anticipation of a sleigh-ride alone with her, after we had left Uncle Beamish at his sister's, had put me into such a glow that I scarcely knew it was cold weather.

"You'd better be keerful, Doctor," said Uncle Beamish, "you won't want to git rheumatism in your jints on this Christmas mornin'. Here's this horse-blanket that we are settin' on; we don't need it and you'd better wrap it round you, after you get in, to keep your legs warm."

"Oh, do!" said Miss Burroughs, "it may look funny, but we will not meet anybody so early as this."

"All right!" said I, "and now we are ready to start."

I slid back the barn-door and then led the horse outside. Closing the door, and making as little noise as possible in doing it, I got into the sleigh, finding plenty of room to comfortably stand in front of my companions. Now I wrapped the horse-blanket about the lower part of my body, and, as I had no belt with which to secure it, Miss Burroughs kindly offered to fasten it round my waist by means of a long pin which she took from her hat. It is impossible to describe the exhilaration that pervaded me as she performed this kindly office. After thanking her warmly, I took the reins and we started.

"It is so lucky," whispered Miss Burroughs, "that I happened to think about the bells. We don't make any noise at all."

This was true; the slowly uplifted hoofs of the horse descended quietly into the soft snow, and the sleigh-runners slipped along without a sound.

"Drive straight for the gate, Doctor," whispered Uncle Beamish, "it don't matter nothin' about goin' over flower-beds and grass-plats in such weather."

I followed his advice, for no roadway could be seen. But we had gone but a short distance when the horse suddenly stopped.

"What's the matter?" asked Miss Burroughs, in a low voice. "Is it too deep for him?"

"We're in a drift," said Uncle Beamish. "But it's not too deep; make him go ahead, Doctor."

I clicked gently and tapped the horse with the whip, but he did not move.

"What a dreadful thing," whispered Miss Burroughs, leaning forward, "for him to stop so near the house. Doctor Glover, what does this mean?" and, as she spoke, she half rose behind me. "Where did Sir Rohan come from?"

"Who's he?" asked Uncle Beamish, quickly.

"That horse," she answered. "That's my aunt's horse; she sold him a few days ago."

"By George!" ejaculated Uncle Beamish, unconsciously raising his voice a little, "Wilson bought him, and his bringin' us here is as plain as a-b-c. And now he don't want to leave home."

"But he has got to do it," said I, jerking the horse's head to one side and giving him a cut with the whip.

"Don't whip him," whispered Miss Burroughs, "it always makes him more stubborn. How glad I am I thought of the bells! The only way to get him to go is to mollify him."

"But how is that to be done?" I asked, anxiously.

"You must give him sugar and pat his neck. If I had some sugar and could get out——"

"But you haven't it, and you can't get out," said Uncle Beamish. "Try him again, Doctor!"

I jerked the reins impatiently. "Go along!" said I, but he did not go along.

"Haven't you got somethin' in your medicine case you could mollify him with?" said Uncle Beamish. "Somethin' sweet that he might like?"

For an instant I caught at this absurd suggestion, and my mind ran over the contents of my little bottles. If I had known his character, some sodium

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bromide in his morning feed might, by this time, have modified his obstinacy.

"If I could be free of this blanket," said I, fumbling at the pin behind me, "I would get out and lead him into the road."

"You could not do it," said Miss Burroughs. "You might pull his head off but he wouldn't move; I have seen him tried."

At this moment a window-sash in the second story of the house was raised, and there, not thirty feet from us, stood an elderly female, wrapped in a gray shawl, with piercing eyes shining through great spectacles.

"You seem to be stuck," said she, sarcastically. "You are worse stuck than the fork was in my kitchen-table."

We made no answer. I do not know how Miss Burroughs looked or felt, or what was the appearance of Uncle Beamish, but I know I must have been very red in the face. I gave the horse a powerful crack and shouted to him to go on; there was no need for low speaking now.

"You needn't be cruel to dumb animals," said the old lady, "and you can't budge him. He never did like snow, especially in going away from home. You cut a powerful queer figure, young man, with that horse-blanket around you. You don't look much like a practising physician."

"Miss Burroughs," I exclaimed, "please take that pin out of this blanket. If I can get at his head I know I can pull him around and make him go."

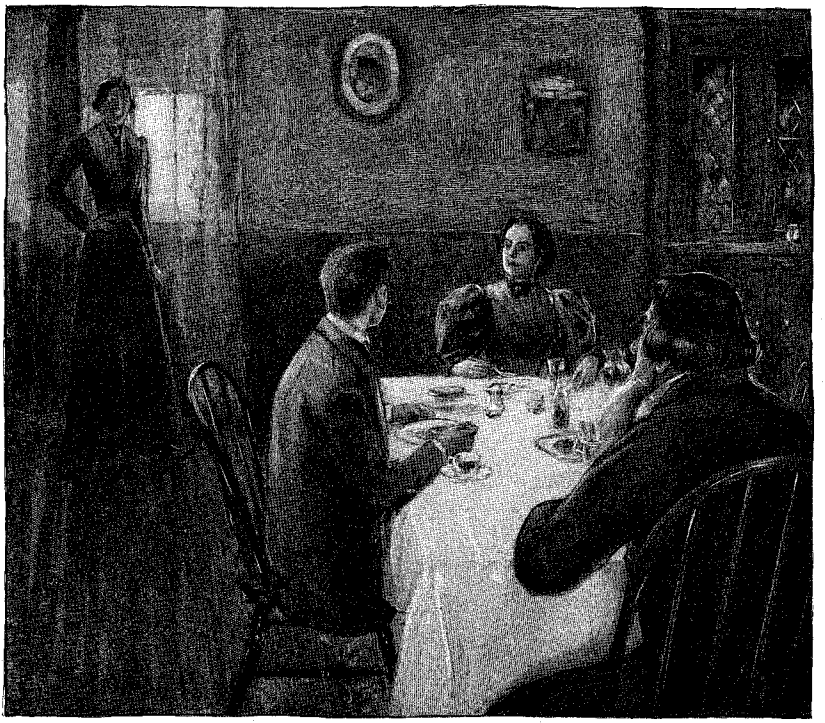
But she did not seem to hear me. "Aunty," she cried, "it's a shame to stand there and make fun of us. We have got a perfect right to go away if we want to, and we ought not to be laughed at."

The old lady paid no attention to this remark.

"And there's that false doctor," she said; "I wonder how he feels just now."

"False doctor!" exclaimed Miss Burroughs, "I don't understand."

"Young lady," said Uncle Beamish, "I'm no false doctor. I intended to tell you all about it as soon as I got a chance, but I haven't had one. And, old lady, I'd like you to know that I don't



"There!" said she, turning toward us. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish!"—Page 761.

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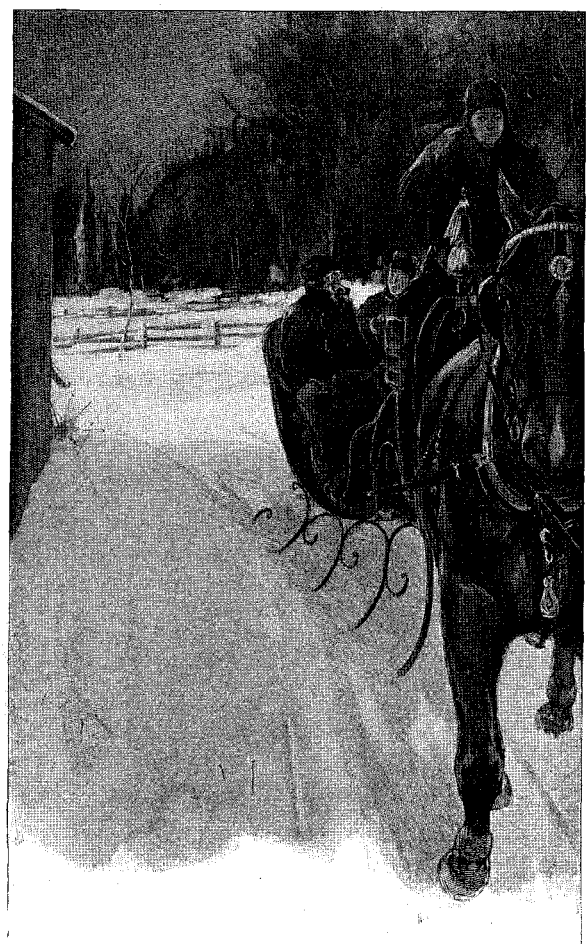
say I'm a doctor, but I do say I'm a nuss, and a good nuss, and you can't deny it."

To this challenge the figure at the window made no answer.

"Catherine," said she, "I can't stand here and take cold, but I just want to know one thing. Have you positively made up your mind to marry that young doctor in the horse-blanket?"

This question fell like a bomb-shell into the middle of the stationary sleigh.

I had never asked Kitty to marry me. I loved her with all my heart and soul, and I hoped, almost believed, that she loved me. It had been my intention when we should be left together in the sleigh this morning, after dropping Uncle Beamish at his sister's, to ask her to marry me.



"The story was a much longer one than I expected it to be."—Page 761.

The old woman's question pierced me as if it had been a flash of lightning, coming through the frosty air of a winter morning. I dropped the useless reins and turned. Kitty's face was ablaze; she made a movement as if she was about to jump out of the sleigh and flee.

"Oh, Kitty!" said I, bending down toward her, "tell her yes, I beg, I entreat, I implore you to tell her yes! Oh, Kitty! if you don't say yes I shall never know another happy day."

For one moment Kitty looked up into my face, and then said she:

"It is my positive intention to marry him."

With the agility of a youth, Uncle Beamish threw the robe from him and sprang out into the deep snow; then turning toward us, he took off his hat.

"By George!" said he, "you're a pair of trumps. I never did see any human bein's step up to the mark more prompt. Madam," he cried, addressing the old lady, "you ought to be the proudest woman in this county at seein' such a thing like this happen under your window of a Christmas mornin'. And now the best thing that you can do is to invite us all in to have breakfast."

"You'll have to come in," said she, "or else stay out there and freeze to death, for that horse isn't going to take you away. And if my niece really intends to marry the young man and has gone so far as to start to run away with him—and a false doctor—of course I've got no more to say about it, and you can come in and have breakfast;" and with that she shut down the window.

"That's talkin'," said Uncle Beamish; "sit still, Doctor, and I'll lead him around to the back door. I guess he'll move quick enough when you want him to turn back."

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Without the slightest objection Sir Rohan permitted himself to be turned back and led up to the kitchen-porch.

"Now you two sparklin' angels get out," said Uncle Beamish, "and go in. I'll attend to the horse."

Jane, with a broad grin on her face opened the kitchen-door.

"Merry Christmas to you both!" said she.

"Merry Christmas!" we cried, and each of us shook her by the hand.

"Go in the sitting-room and get warm," said Jane, "she'll be down pretty soon."

I do not know how long we were together in that sitting-room. We had thousands of things to say, and we said most of them. Among other things we managed to get in some explanations of the occurrences of the previous night. Kitty told her tale briefly. She and her aunt, to whom she was making a visit, and who wanted her to make her house her home, had had a quarrel two days before. Kitty was wild to go to the Collingwoods, and the old lady, who, for some reason, hated the family, was determined she should not go. But Kitty was immovable and never gave up until she found that her aunt had gone so far as to dispose of her horse, thus making it impossible to travel in such weather, there being no public conveyances passing the house. Kitty was an orphan, and had a guardian who would have come to her aid, but she could not write to him in time, and, in utter despair, she went to bed. She would not eat or drink, she would not speak, and she covered up her head.

"After a day and a night," said Kitty, "Aunty got dreadfully frightened and thought something was the matter with my brain; her family are awfully anxious about their brains. I knew she had sent for the doctor, and I was glad of it, for I thought he would help me. I must say I was surprised when I first saw that Mr. Beamish, for I thought he was Doctor Morris. Now tell me about your coming here."

"And all the time," she said, when I had finished, "you didn't know you were prescribing for me. Please do tell me what were those medicines you sent up to me and which I took like a truly good girl."

"I didn't know it at the time," said I, "but I sent you sixty drops of the deepest, strongest love in a glass of water, and ten grains of perfect adoration."

"Nonsense!" said Kitty, with a blush, and at that moment Uncle Beamish knocked at the door.

"I thought I'd just step in and tell you," said he, "that breakfast will be comin' along in a minute. I found they were goin' to have buckwheat-cakes anyway, and I prevailed on Jane to put sausages in the bill of fare. Merry Christmas to you both! I would like to say more, but here comes the old lady and Jane."

The breakfast was a strange meal, but a very happy one. The old lady was very dignified; she made no allusion to Christmas or to what had happened, but talked to Uncle Beamish about people in Warburton.

I have a practical mind and, in spite of the present joy, I could not help feeling a little anxiety about what was to be done when breakfast was over; but, just as we were about to rise from the table, we were all startled by a great jingle of sleigh-bells outside. The old lady arose and stepped to the window.

"There!" said she, turning toward us. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish! There's a two-horse sleigh outside with a man driving and a gentleman in the back seat which I am sure is Doctor Morris, and he has come all the way, on this bitter cold morning, to see the patient I sent to him to come to. Now, who is going to tell him he has come on a fool's errand?"

"Fool's errand!" I cried. "Everyone of you wait in here and I'll go out and tell him."

When I dashed out of doors and stood by the side of my Uncle's sleigh, he was truly an amazed man.

"I will get in, Uncle," said I, "and if you will let John drive the horses slowly around the yard, I will tell you how I happen to be here."

The story was a much longer one than I expected it to be, and John must have driven those horses backward and forward for half an hour.

"Well," said my uncle at last, "I never saw your Kitty, but I knew her

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father and her mother, and I will go in and take a look at her. If I like her, I will take you all on to the Collingwoods and drop Uncle Beamish at his sister's house."

"I'll tell you what it is, young Doctor," said Uncle Beamish at parting, "you ought to buy that big roan horse, he has been a regular guardian angel to us, this Christmas."

"Oh, that would never do at all," cried Kitty. "His patients would all die before he got there."

"That is, if they had anything the matter with them," added my uncle.

THE RIVER SYNDICATE

By Charles E. Carryl

IT being, as a rule, the appointed lot of the police force to find their experience in criminal matters somewhat narrowly confined to the sphere of the poor and ignorant, it is a natural impulse, peculiar to these functionaries, to greet, with something approximating relish, those exceptional cases where crime diverges from its customary channel and involves the clever and well-to-do. Thus it happened that when, on a certain morning in June, the inspector in charge at Scotland Yard was informed that a visitor desired an immediate interview, he received the intelligence with the indifferent habitude of his class, and presently found himself agreeably surprised by the entrance of a well-dressed and prosperous-looking man, evidently in a condition of extreme excitement. Accepting these surface indications as a promise of something out of the usual line, the inspector invited his visitor to be seated and awaited what he had to say with considerable interest.

"About a year ago," began the stranger, throwing his hat upon the inspector's table and coming to the point without the least circumlocution, "I was prospecting in Colorado, when I fell in with a fellow named Blair. We make acquaintance easily in those parts, and I took to him from the first. He was a smooth article, fair-mannered and soft-spoken, and I trusted him—like a North American ass, as I was—threw in my lot with his, and in forty-eight hours we were partners. *My* name is Snedecor—by the way, do you object to my smoking? I can talk better when I smoke," and without awaiting the inspector's reply, Mr. Snedecor lighted a large cigar and, puffing appreciatingly, continued his narrative.

"The claim I had staked didn't promise to pan out very big, and Blair and I made a deal. He was to peg away at what I had opened, and I was to make a new venture farther up the river. We were to share and go halves on both claims, honor bright; signed papers in proper shape—he's got one and I've got the other——" and here Mr. Snedecor tapped his breast-pocket as indicating the location of the document. The inspector nodded responsively and his visitor went on.

"The up-river experiment wasn't worth a damn, and at the end of six months I went back to Blair, found he had struck a line of pockets, taken out a cool fifty thousand, sold the claim for a hundred and seventy-five thousand, and cleared out with a quarter of a million, half of which was mine. I followed him," continued Mr. Snedecor, resuming his hat with great vehemence, and flinging his half-smoked cigar into the grate, "tracked him to El Paso, up to Chicago, east to New York, up into Canada, and finally here—and I want him;" and here the victim of misplaced confidence brought down his large

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hand with a slam on the table and sat staring earnestly at the inspector.

"How do you know he's here?" inquired the inspector.

"I've *seen* him," replied Snedecor, lighting another cigar as if the idea of smoking had just occurred to him. "He was fat and sleek, and was dressed up in your English fashion, but I'd know him anywhere—and I want him."

"But, my dear sir," explained the inspector, "there are many formalities to be observed before *we* can touch a case of this sort. The man has done nothing here, and you must get a requisition from your minister, apply for a warrant and extradition papers, and all that sort of thing."

"Oh, that's all been done. I'm no child," exclaimed Snedecor, impatiently.

"Then why didn't you point him out to the nearest constable when you saw him, and have him taken into custody at once?" inquired the inspector.

"Because I don't want him in that way," said the American, leaning forward and laying his forefinger impressively on the inspector's knee. "You don't know Blair. He's an ass about some things, such as travelling about without changing his name, for instance, but he is infernally deep where money is concerned; and if I don't find where that pile is before he's nabbed, I'll never see a cent of it. My idea is to have him shadowed, find out where he has cached the plunder, pre-empt it, and *then* jug him." And having thus delivered himself of his views on detective procedure, Mr. Snedecor fell a-rocking to and fro on the back legs of his chair, contemplating the inspector meanwhile with an indescribably knowing air.

The inspector, gathering the purport of this dialectical communication without much difficulty, at once recognized that instead of a high-grade criminal mystery, nothing lay ahead of him save a prosaic hunt for stolen money. This induced an immediate collapse of interest in Mr. Snedecor and his affairs, and assuming a stony official glare, he pushed a pad toward his visitor and said, coldly, "Give me your full name and address, and I will send you a man in the course of an hour or so."

"Plain clothes man, I suppose?" said Snedecor, inquisitively.

"Well, we shall hardly put a fancy costume on the job," replied the inspector, stiffly, and the American, in nowise abashed, leisurely wrote his name and the address, "5 Oakley Crescent, Chelsea," on the pad, and withdrew.

Two hours later Mr. Snedecor, who had with some difficulty occupied the interim by smoking a number of cigars while vacuously contemplating the glories of Chelsea Reach, repaired to his lodgings and found awaiting him, in the shabby drawing-room, a spare man of inscrutable countenance, who introduced himself as Mr. Moale, of Scotland Yard, adding, with commendable directness, that the sooner the party referred to was pointed out to him, the better. This suggestion was met with remarkable promptness by Snedecor, who, happening at the moment to glance from the window, suddenly collared Mr. Moale, and dragging him behind the curtain, exclaimed, impetuously, "There he comes now—the fellow with the silk dicer and gray pants. Size him up and don't forget him."

Thus admonished, the detective, peering from behind the shelter of the curtain, observed a well-dressed, soldierly-looking man walking leisurely past the house in the direction of the river, and with professional instinct seized his hat, with the obvious intention of setting out at once and keeping the quarry in view; but Snedecor interposed a restraining hand. "He'll keep," he explained. "He lives close by in Cheyne Walk. Before you start, just tell me how this thing is going to be run. I'd like to take a hand in it myself."

"Well, really, sir," replied Mr. Moale, surveying him with a wintry smile, "if *you* are going to hang about here, we might as well get out sandwich-men at once and have done with it—unless your party is blind."

Snedecor looked blank for an instant and then smiled in his turn. "It *would* be a little like hunting with a brass band," he said. "Where shall I go?"

"Well, not too far," said Moale. "I'll put you up to a nice place just out of Pimlico Road, where you can be got at." Snedecor acquiescing in this proposal,

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the necessary details were soon arranged, and nightfall found the American comfortably established at a small house in Westbourne Street, and Moale fairly started on the trail.

In selecting this man for what, on the surface, appeared to be a simple matter of ferreting out a base of supplies, the inspector had been influenced by Moale's well-known sagacity in eliminating, from cases in his charge, useless complications, and devoting his attention to important clews. He also knew that if there were any side villany concealed in the case in hand, Moale would infallibly detect its presence and shape his investigation accordingly, while ostensibly confining himself to his original purpose. It may be added that, in the present instance, the sequel proved that the confidence reposed in the detective's astuteness was amply justified. Within twenty-four hours from his parting with the American, Moale had discovered that the objective point of his quest was obscured by some curious complications, and he had accordingly entered upon a side issue of investigation which can be best described by quoting his report to the inspector on the evening following his visit to Oakley Crescent.

"Snedecor's man," said Moale, reporting to his attentive superior, "passes by the name of Arthur Beveridge. He lives at 9 Cheyne Walk. Took the house, furnished, for a quarter, a month ago; undesirable premises, but agent for the property says tenant insisted on gas in his bed-room, and this was the only house obtainable that had it. So-called Mrs. Beveridge lives with him."

"Why 'so-called'?" cut in the inspector.

"Well, it's only a surmise on my part," replied Moale, indifferently. "When a man does a ha'penny business at all the shops for a mile around, and crams the woman with him down the shop-keepers' throats as his wife, it somehow seems as if he wanted to call particular attention to the fact."

"Well, let that go," said the inspector.

"As to his money," resumed Moale, "I don't know where he keeps it, nor how he gets it—unless it's at one place. Do you remember the River Syndicate, sir?" The inspector nodded. "Well, two of them are back again, in Duke Street, close to the pier—about a stone's throw from Beveridge's house."

"Which two?" inquired the inspector.

"Sondheim and the Baron," replied Moale. "If the Baroness is there she hasn't shown herself."

"How do you know?" said the inspector. "You never saw her."

"Quite so, sir," replied Moale, "but one of our men tells me there's no woman about the place. Only a boots. They're living very quiet."

"Well, let that go too," said the inspector, impatiently. "Get back to your man."

"I was coming to him," resumed Moale, with a sort of suppressed relish in his tone. "*He* goes there, and I'm blessed if I don't think it's some sort of a game. B 804 says he's seen him going in of a night often enough, and his relief swears that Sondheim and the Baron don't know him. Swears they pass him in the street with no notice whatsoever."

The inspector reflected for a moment, and then asked, "Is the boat there?"

"Lying off the pier, sir, without a sign of life aboard her," replied Moale. "They're not trying to land anything—in fact the revenue men have been aboard and found her as empty as a drum."

"What do *you* think of it?" said the inspector, after another pause.

"I think she's there to get away in," said Moale, promptly.

"So do I," exclaimed the inspector. "Have you men enough to watch the whole job?"

"Benning and Scott watching the Cheyne Walk place, and Copley and Tyke on the syndicate house," said Moale. "I think we'll do, sir," and so saying the detective took his departure.

Snedecor, meanwhile, was already chafing under his banishment from the scene of action. After the weary hours and repeated disappointments of his recent pursuit, he had found a certain grim solace in having his recreant part-

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ner in sight, and had even at times contemplated something in the way of a tragical climax, such as picking off Blair with his revolver from the window of his lodgings, or something equally preposterous; now, brooding over the situation at a distance, he gradually began to be disquieted by the apprehension that Moale would let the game slip through his fingers, and this grew upon him to such a degree that he ventured forth upon the second evening of his seclusion, and prowled about in the vicinity of Cheyne Walk in the hope that a chance sight of Blair might reassure him. It was a curious vagary of fate that this violation of his tacit agreement with Moale resulted in supplying the detective with a fresh clew, which left him for the moment quite free to concentrate his attention upon his new line of investigation. Moale, shadowing his man, had followed the *soi-disant* Beveridge to Cremorne Gardens, and there came suddenly upon Snedecor, sitting at a table smoking, and absorbed in reading a newspaper. It may be admitted that the imperturbable detective was somewhat startled by this awkward rencounter, but to his astonishment Beveridge glanced at the unconscious American without the faintest indication of recognition, and sitting down at an adjoining table composedly ordered a tankard of beer, drank it, and then went leisurely on his way through the gardens, leaving Snedecor still engrossed in his newspaper. Moale, who was quick at jumping to conclusions, immediately inferred that Snedecor had, by some singular facial resemblance, been misled as to the identity of his man, and promptly deferring any present consideration of his case, instantly decided to follow up Beveridge from the point of view of the River Syndicate. He subsequently justified this course by the argument that in either case he was still keeping his man under surveillance.

The point of interest was now shifted to the "game" which the Syndicate had, presumably, in hand, and Moale, with all his astuteness, presently found his detective ability taxed to its utmost. He was perfectly well aware that he was dealing with a community of the smoothest and most accomplished criminals known to England or the Continent. Both fields had been the scene of a series of adroit rascalities so cleverly conceived and carried out that, while repeatedly traced to the very door of the so-called Syndicate, all efforts at conviction had failed for lack of some link of evidence obliterated with consummate skill. The continental record laid to their credit more than one occult crime involving the taking of life; but their supposed operations in England had been thus far confined to certain clandestine enterprises with a small steamer along the line of the Thames, from which the party had derived its sobriquet of the River Syndicate. It need hardly be added that these operations had baffled the misdirected and precipitate efforts of the local police, and it was this repeated miscarriage of justice through premature action which now determined Moale to let the game be carried out to the end, even at the risk of its ultimate success.

The Baron, a well-educated Pole of unknown antecedents, was assumed to be the head of the association; but the fertility of invention that characterized its various ventures was almost universally ascribed by the police to the female member of the confederacy, known as the Baroness, without, it may be said, any presumption of a matrimonial connection. This ascription of evil eminence was peculiarly current in England, where, by a process of dexterous self-effacement, the Baroness had succeeded in almost entirely concealing her identity from the detective force. The third member of the Syndicate was a Jew named Sondheim, who was presumed to be the decoy, or go-between, from the fact of his constant travels from place to place, and from his apparently inexhaustible variations in the matter of hair and beard. He was a slightly built, swarthy man of excellent address, and was somewhat fondly regarded by the police of London as the probable "Queen's Evidence" when the supreme moment of retribution should arrive. Beveridge was a new man on the scene, and his connection with the

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party was as yet an unknown quantity.

Moale, at the outset, got little for his pains. Sondheim had left the Duke Street house on the day following the report to the inspector, and had been followed to the Charing Cross terminus, where he had bought a Paris ticket and taken the tidal express, presumably to look after the continental end of some new bit of deviltry. The Baron remained housed, the Beveridges seemed to have temporarily suspended their conjugal rounds of the neighboring shops, and the detective found his horizon of observation suddenly narrowed down to the exterior of the two houses, with no means of knowing what was transpiring within. This was dull work, and he was therefore correspondingly relieved, when the Baron himself unexpectedly set the game again in motion, on the second day after Sondheim's departure, by suddenly emerging from his house and setting off in the direction of the nearest underground station.

The Baron, a large, loosely built man, with something of the appearance of a prosperous pawnbroker, was easy game to stalk, and Moale, who felt himself rather committed to keeping an eye on Beveridge, entrusted the duty of following the Pole to one of his men. The work was faithfully done, and the report made by Copley, the "shadower," satisfied Moale that the machinery of villany was about to be set in full operation. The Baron had gone to an obscure bar in Leicester Square, where he was met by Sondheim, whom, after a brief interview, he had accompanied to the Charing Cross terminus, where the Jew had again bought a Paris ticket and taken the tidal express, as before. The Baron had then made his way leisurely to a large jewellers' shop in Bond Street, where he had remained for half an hour or more, and had then taken a Brompton Road omnibus to the underground station at Onslow Crescent, where he had mailed a letter and disappeared in the station. Subsequent inquiry at Duke Street showed that he had returned to his house, from the direction of Queen's Road, early in the afternoon.

Moale's first business on the ensuing morning was a visit to the jewellers' shop in Bond Street, where a confidential interview with one of the principals revealed a new complication which puzzled him extremely. The Baron had made inquiry, ostensibly as an agent for parties unknown, as to whether or not the firm was prepared to supply, from their stock in hand, a selection of unset stones to the value of forty thousand pounds sterling in cash, the prospective buyers being about to sail for a venture in the Argentine Republic. The reply had been in the affirmative, and the Baron had, in the private office of the firm, written to his principals and departed, suavely expressing the hope that the sale might be effected, and affirming that he had no interest in the matter beyond the mere commission of making the inquiry. With the knowledge at his command, it required no particular astuteness on Moale's part to recognize at once that some subtle scheme of fraud on a large scale lay beneath this seemingly straightforward proposition; yet he found himself utterly in the dark as to how it could be successfully carried out against men entirely capable of protecting themselves in their own line of business. He therefore contented himself with a general caution against affording any opening for downright robbery, and went direct to Scotland Yard for a conference with the inspector.

That official, who had begun to find that his soundings in Mr. Snedecor's affairs were opening up some channels of rather deep water, was quite as perplexed as Moale by the Baron's latest move; and the conference merely resulted in the joint conviction that the best chance of success lay in permitting the game to be played out to the very verge of completion. The inspector, however, quite unexpectedly to Moale, contributed a bit of evidence which eventually proved to be of enormous importance.

"By the way," he said, suddenly handing a letter to the somewhat crestfallen detective, "here is a description of the Baroness just received from Felsen. I wrote for it, happening to re-

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member that he had charge of the letter-of-credit case at Homburg. Read it over and see if it suggests anything." Moale read the paper and handed it back with a singular expression on his face. "Mrs. Beveridge has black hair," he said, "but otherwise——"

"Just what I suspected," exclaimed the inspector, replacing the letter in a drawer. "Now, I think you've been jollied on one point. Snedecor's man ought to have about two hundred thousand dollars. The Baron's scheme, provided the stones are bought, involves the equivalent—forty thousand pounds—and I tell you Beveridge is your man, whether he recognized Snedecor or not."

"Then he's the gamest lot I ever met," said Moale, emphatically. "Sat within two yards of the other for ten minutes and never turned a hair. I'll take him up again, of course, but I'll lay you a fiver he isn't Blair."

"Done!" said the inspector, with a grim smile, and the two parted.

The following morning brought Moale news of an unfortunate miscarriage of his elaborately arranged plans. Beveridge had left the house in Cheyne Walk shortly after midnight, and Scott, being alone, had attempted to follow him, and after a wearisome walk had lost him in the neighborhood of Covent Garden. Moale, with a proper sense of obligation to his principal, went at once to Westbourne Street, where a heated discussion with Snedecor ensued, terminated by the American's angry determination to set out at once and run down the missing man himself. This, following so closely upon the new developments of the preceding evening, irritated the usually imperturbable detective to the point of peremptorily sending the delinquent watcher back to Scotland Yard and substituting another man in his place. This bit of discipline, as will be seen, chanced, curiously enough, to have a considerable influence in eventually bringing the Syndicate to grief.

It was small wonder that Mr. Moale swore softly to himself, as he set about the blind task of looking up Beveridge's whereabouts, yet the inferential process by which he was led to undertake it in person was clearly enough defined. He simply assumed that the rendezvous at the Leicester Square bar, Sondheim's use of the Charing Cross terminus as a point of arrival and departure, and the coincidence of Beveridge's disappearance near Covent Garden, all pointed to that locality as a spot to be particularly watched, notwithstanding the inspector's opinion that this part of the game was simply a blind on the part of the Syndicate. Without, therefore, relaxing the watch at Cheyne Walk and Duke Street, Moale himself concentrated his attention for the time being on the West Strand and its immediate vicinity, perfectly confident that, even if the trail eventually led back to Chelsea, it would start from here. Two or three experts from Scotland Yard were supplied with minute descriptions of the men to be watched for, and detailed to co-operate with him.

As might be assumed, this patrol was, for two or three days, absolutely fruitless. More than once intelligence of Snedecor was brought to Moale, showing that the American was also prowling about the neighborhood, but nothing was to be gained by interfering with him, and he was not even accosted. Nothing came from Chelsea, and the detective was therefore assured that neither had the Baron again left home, nor had either of his supposed confederates returned. The inspector once or twice ironically inquired if the neighborhood were safe, and this made up the sum of Moale's experiences until about noon of the fourth day, when, as he was leaving the terminus after scanning the arrivals by the Paris train, a rapid signal was made by one of his men standing a little east of Charing Cross, calling attention to a cab that was just turning into Cockspur Street. Moale instantly divined an arrival by way of Blackfriars, and without stopping to make any inquiry, jumped into a hansom and directing the driver to keep the other cab in view, started in pursuit. Beyond a surmise that it was Sondheim, he had no idea whom he was following.

The chase led through Pall Mall, up St. James Street to Piccadilly, and through that thoroughfare to Hyde Park Corner, where the cab in front

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drew up and two men alighted. One was Sondheim, whose personality was recognizable even from the point where Moale had stopped, about a hundred paces distant; the other was a man wearing a long, light-colored mackintosh, and carrying a valise, but the day being overcast and somewhat obscured by a fine, drizzling rain, the detective was unable to make him out. The two turned into Green Park and walked rapidly southward, taking the path bordering on Constitution Hill with Moale following at a safe distance, until they emerged from the park at the lower end and turned into the Mall. The spot, compared to the adjacent thoroughfares, was unfrequented, and a solitary hansom was the only vehicle in sight. To Moale's chagrin this was promptly hailed, the two men jumped in, and before he could get near enough to take the man's number, they were driven rapidly away in the direction of the palace road.

Moale damned his luck under his breath, and then smiled sardonically, recalling how recently he had disciplined one of his own men for a similar slip; yet a moment's reflection tempered his discomfiture. He recognized the trick, common to most violators of the law, of breaking the trail instead of going direct to an objective point, and believing that Sondheim and his companion were bound ultimately for the jewellers', he scribbled to the inspector requesting him to meet him at the shop, despatched the note by a commissionaire, and hailing the first cab that came along, hurried off to Bond Street. His surmise, as was usual when he trusted to his intuition, was correct, and after a brief stroll up and down the opposite pavement he had the grim satisfaction of seeing his two men drive up in a third cab and enter the shop. As they did so, Sondheim's companion turned to dismiss the cab, and despite a curious change in his apparel and bearing, Moale recognized him as Beveridge.

At this juncture a dilemma suddenly suggested itself with unpleasant distinctness. If Beveridge was, as the detective now believed, Snedecor's man, he probably had the money with him, and the American, whose presence was essential for identification and claim, was nowhere within reach. Moale began to wish ardently for the inspector. It had been his intention to have him enter the shop to watch the game, in the fear that his own personality might, from his constant presence in the Cheyne Walk neighborhood, have become known to such a clever criminal as Sondheim, and in the awkward contingency that had just obtruded itself he was somewhat at a loss how to proceed. But the inspector did not come, and Moale, walking by the shop, could see the two confederates within busily engrossed, with several clerks in attendance on them, and with one of the proprietors, evidently mindful of the caution he had received, standing by with a watchful eye on the proceedings. Half expecting an alarm at any moment, and keeping an eye on the policeman at the adjacent corner in view of an emergency, he paced back and forth, revolving in his mind various schemes of action, when suddenly, in what appeared to him an incredibly short space of time, Sondheim and Beveridge came out and walked rapidly away, and in a fever of anxiety he entered the shop.

"Everything is all right," exclaimed the principal whom he had seen on his previous visit, rubbing his hands with an air of supreme complacency; "it is altogether one of the most satisfactory transactions we have ever had. The stones were accepted at our valuation without demur, and the entire amount of the purchase money has been paid over in Bank of England notes."

"But are you sure of the notes?" inquired Moale, quite taken aback by this simple outcome of the affair.

"That is the most extraordinary part of the business," said the proprietor, with a satisfied smile. "Mr. Hartz, the dark man, is evidently a man of business methods, and it was his own proposition that we should retain the jewels until we had verified the notes."

"Then both the money and the stones are here?" exclaimed Moale, with something like a gasp of relief.

"Both are here," rejoined the proprietor; "the stones in a sealed packet

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"If I don't find where that pile is before he's nabbed, I'll never see a cent of it."—Page 763.

to be called for to-morrow. And here again Mr. Hartz was most business-like in guarding against contingencies. He proposed that receipts in duplicate should be given — one to himself and the other to his companion. Mr. Blair, I think, was the name." Moale, with a qualmish thought of his five-pound note, gave a concurring nod, and the jeweller continued: "You see, both receipts must consequently be presented by the two men in company in order to obtain the goods. It is really a very pretty arrangement"—and here the proprietor again rubbed his hands in a sort of financial ecstasy.

At this moment the inspector entered the shop, and the proprietor, with something less of affability in his smile, again went over his story with a close adherence to its main points, but supplying a number of minor details in reply to a cross-fire of interrogations from the two officers. At its conclusion the inspector turned to Moale, and the two men stared at each other with inscrutable countenances, as if mutually awaiting a lead in the matter of opinion.

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Awaiting him, in the shabby drawing-room, a spare man of inscrutable countenance.—Page 763.

"It beats me," said Moale, after a reflective pause.

"And it beats me," echoed the inspector, promptly following the lead.

"Well, it satisfies us," broke in the proprietor, with a slight touch of impatience in his tone. "Perhaps you gentlemen can arrange to meet our purchasers here to-morrow and satisfy *your*selves as well. Meanwhile, if you'll excuse me—" and here the proprietor was politely bowing himself out of the argument, when he was checked by a remark from the inspector.

"We'll excuse you with pleasure," said that official, smoothly, "but I have to notify you that you are at present in possession of forty thousand pounds, most of which is stolen money, that the authorities propose to claim it at your hands, and that you will be held responsible if you otherwise part with it. Of course you will follow your own discretion in the matter of handing over the jewels to your customers." And with this parting shot the inspector withdrew, Moale following him out of the shop with a corroborative wink at the discomfited jeweller.

"Moale," said the inspector, sententiously, as they were parting at Scotland Yard a little later in the day, "there's a choice bit of villany in all this that hasn't yet come to the surface, and it will show itself within the next twenty-four hours or you can call me a stoker."

"And what are you going to do about it?" inquired Moale, with a momentary solicitude as to his laurels.

"I shall put a notice in every newspaper in London to-night," replied the inspector, "calling on Snedecor to report himself here in the morning. If he doesn't turn up, I shall take the responsibility of nabbing both men at the jewellers' to-morrow and taking them to Bow Street. If the court doesn't see fit to hold them and take charge of the money, we're out of the mess, and Snedecor can go to the devil. Now, are you good for a night's work?"

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"I'm good for a week's if there's anything in it," said Moale, promptly.

"Then look up Sondheim again as soon as possible," said the inspector, "and stick to him like a barnacle. If he attempts to leave the city, take him in charge at a venture and bring him here. Ten to one he goes to Bond Street in the morning, and I'll be there when the shop opens. I won't leave there until I hear from you. Beveridge may be in the game or he may not; but Sondheim is your man."

"Do you know," interrupted Moale, tentatively, "*I* have a sort of fancy that Beveridge himself is the game they're after."

"I'd be a little of that way of thinking myself, except for his playing off the Baroness as his wife," replied the inspector, "but whichever way it is, it takes the brace of them together to touch the jewels now, so they won't part company just yet. Let your men watch the Baron and the lady, and keep Beveridge in sight if you can, but Sondheim is your man. Stick to him like a leech," and Moale, with a hard night's work cut out for him, took himself off to Chelsea.

The old-time suburb was the picture of peaceful and innocent repose when the detective returned to his former post in the early twilight of the June evening. The traffic of the day had ceased, the streets were almost deserted, and even the broad thoroughfare of Cheyne Walk was at intervals as devoid of bustle as a country road. The only spot offering an aspect at all approaching animation was the end of the bridge, where a motley crowd of watermen and dockhands was assembled, smoking their pipes and looking down from either parapet upon the calm surface of the river, silvered here and there by quivering reflections from the lights of vessels anchored in the Reach. So far as individuals were concerned, there were no surface indications of any imminent change. The Baron and Mrs. Beveridge had been remaining quietly indoors in the interim, and the policeman on

The Baron had gone to an obscure bar in Leicester Square, where he was met by Sondheim.—Page 766.

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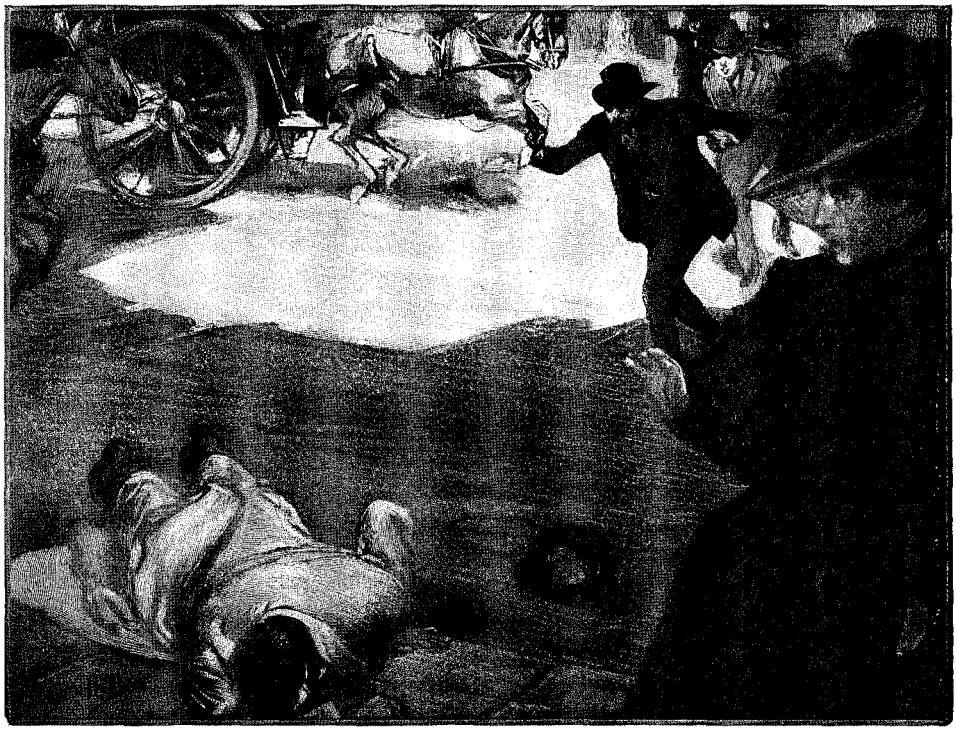

And fell forward, face-downward, on the pavement.—Page 777.

the corner, who was accredited with a liking for Mrs. Beveridge's maid, reported that the girl had gone to Hampstead for a two days' visit. Beveridge had returned home alone during the afternoon, and had been admitted by Mrs. Beveridge after a brief and apparently purposeless colloquy at the door, and Sondheim himself was now in plain view, standing in the open doorway of the Duke Street house, complacently smoking a cigar. From the police point of view, therefore, the situation was sufficiently reassuring, all the parties to the supposed plot being now once more within the original radius of inspection. This, briefly reviewed, was the condition of affairs on the eve of what was to be a most eventful day, the night being fair and having the peculiar atmospheric clearness which frequently follows the passing off of a summer rain, and both houses, excepting a light in Beveridge's bed-room, being dark and silent. Moale and one of his men, considerably embarrassed by Sondheim's continued presence in the doorway, were lurking as close in as the situation would permit, while the watch in Cheyne Walk was being maintained with comparative ease.

Half an hour later, as subsequently reported, the light in the bed-room was extinguished, and Beveridge left the house and strolled leisurely eastward, apparently indifferent to observation. As he came opposite to the house in Duke Street Sondheim hailed him, and coming down to the walk shook hands with some effusion. Simultaneously the Baron appeared in the doorway and Sondheim introduced the two men, explaining, with unnecessary audibility, that he had casually made Beveridge's acquaintance on the train from Dover, immediately following which bit of by-play all three entered the house and closed the door. Moale's inference from all this was immediate, and, to his own mind, conclusive. The Syndicate, made wary by long experience, would unquestionably take into consideration the chance of being under surveillance. The game up to this time had, for some

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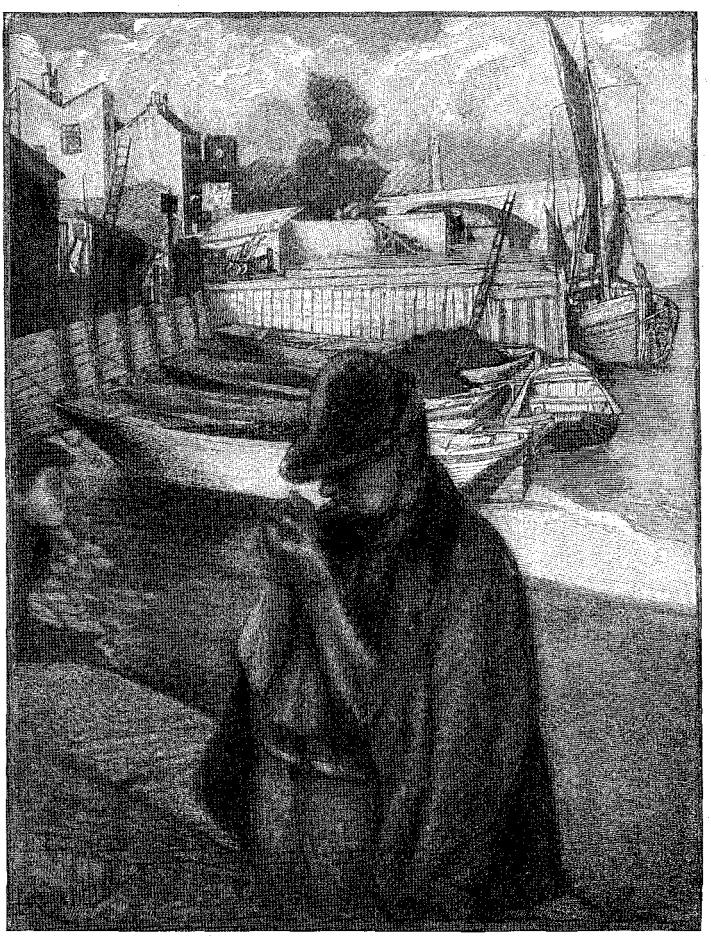
reason yet unknown, required that the occupants of the two houses should be apparently strangers to each other. The time had come when it became necessary for the three men to act together, and the device just witnessed had been adopted for the benefit of possible spies on their movements.

A long and weary watch ensued, so interminably prolonged that Moale began to fear the night was to pass without further developments. The ships' bells sounded at intervals from the adjacent river, marking the time as the hours rolled tediously by, and Moale and his fellow-watcher, reinforced by one of the men from Cheyne Walk, stood silently at their posts, not daring to approach each other, nor to attempt conference, for fear of observation from the silent house confronting them. This suspense continued until shortly after one o'clock, when the door was suddenly opened, throwing a broad beam of light from the hallway out upon the pavement, and in this vista of illumination the Baron and Sondheim emerged from the house, supporting between them the inert and apparently incapable figure of Beveridge. The man, evidently thoroughly stupefied, was with infinite difficulty got down the steps and set upon his feet on the sidewalk, where Sondheim took him firmly by the arm and led his staggering footsteps homeward. The Baron, with his huge bulk outlined in broad relief against the background of light, stood for a moment gazing after the receding figures and then abruptly disappeared within doors.

And now followed the curious outcome of Moale's substitution of a new watcher at Cheyne Walk. This man, patrolling the opposite walk, was presently hailed by Sondheim, who, not having seen him before, evidently took him for a casual night loiterer and asked for his assistance. There being no plausible way out of the dilemma, the officer crossed over, and between them the almost unconscious man was got up the steps and inside the house, Sondheim getting a latch-key from Beveridge's pocket, and explaining that his friend had been overcome by excessive con-



The old-time suburb was the picture of peaceful and innocent repose.—Page 771.

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viviality at a neighboring house. A folded bit of paper fell from Beveridge's pocket during the search for the key, and the officer, covering it with his foot, secured it after the door was closed, and handed it a few moments later to Moale. It proved to be a leaf, evidently torn from a note-book, on which was written in pencil the words "This is our man," with the signature "Franz" beneath them. Moale recognized this as Sondheim's given name, but, at the moment, found himself utterly unable to comprehend this evident purpose of establishing an identity; yet it was this scrap of paper which eventually gave him, at what might be called a parting of the ways, a clew which led him straight to the exposure of a most extraordinary crime.

The light in Beveridge's bed-room had meanwhile reappeared, and a considerable time elapsed, presumably occupied in the complicated business of disposing of the unfortunate inebriate for the remainder of the night; but at the expiration of perhaps half an hour Moale, who, it need hardly be said, was again on watch in Cheyne Walk, saw the door open and Sondheim looked cautiously out and evidently reconnoitred the situation. It was the dark hour before the dawn, everything was absolutely quiet in the apparently deserted street, and Sondheim again stepped inside and immediately reappeared, closing the door softly behind him and carrying the valise which Moale had seen in Beveridge's possession the previous day. With this in his hand he crossed the street, and standing within ten feet of where Moale was concealed, waited calmly until the light in the bedroom was extinguished. Then, facing westward, he walked leisurely to the end of the bridge, and turning abruptly to the left, went rapidly across it and struck into Albert Road, with the detective in wary but vigorous pursuit.

Had Moale ever been in doubt as to Mr. Sondheim's devious methods, the turnings of the chase that ensued would have effectually dispelled it. The hunted man at the end of Albert Road turned again to the left, and skirted the edge of Battersea Park, to the extreme eastern corner, where he entered the park and, seating himself on a bench, put the valise out of sight under the seat and composedly lighted a cigar. Here he sat, the detective maintaining his watch with increasing impatience, until the hour for the early morning trains, when Sondheim, finishing his fourth cigar, again took up his burden and crossed Victoria Road to the branch station, where he took a Sydenham train, changing at that point to a main-line train, and eventually emerging from the Blackfriars terminus with the exasperated Moale at his heels. The hour was still early, and Sondheim leisurely crossed the bridge, took a cab at Fleet Street, and finally alighted at the Tavistock, where, after a brief colloquy at the office, he disappeared upstairs.

Moale, thoroughly fagged out, ventured to dash into an adjacent bar for a biscuit and a pint of stout, and was again waiting near the door of the hotel when his eyes were gladdened by the sudden reappearance of the missing American. Snedecor, who looked haggard and dishevelled, had evidently been drinking heavily, and without preliminaries began to declaim, with somewhat incoherent utterance, against the shortcomings of Scotland Yard in losing sight of Blair. Moale, in excellent humor at this unexpected encounter, laughed good-humoredly and assured him that his partner was again at Cheyne Walk, and this time as good as in custody.

"The devil he is!" exclaimed the American, scornfully. "Why, he's in the Tavistock at this moment."

Moale, completely taken aback, stared incredulously at Snedecor, half imagining that the man had gone out of his mind.

"I know what I am talking about," added the American, divining the detective's thought with a readiness that at once disproved any possible aberration. "I saw him in the coffee-room ordering his breakfast, not fifteen minutes ago. Your shadowing doesn't amount to a row of pins. I ran him down myself, and he's been here, off and on, for a week."

Moale, running over past events in his mind, instantly saw that this possibly might be true, and could only conclude

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The Baroness, clad in a wrapper, stood on the stairs.—Page 778.

that the episode of the past night had been a blind to throw him off the scent. This view, in fact, coincided with the inspector's prophecy that Sondheim and Beveridge must necessarily keep together, and without attempting to conjecture how the watch at Cheyne Walk had been eluded since his departure, he promptly addressed himself to explaining the existing situation to Snedecor. This proved to be dangerous ground to venture upon, as the American became so obstreperous upon learning that his property had been definitely located, that it was with the utmost difficulty Moale quieted him by pointing out that the juxtaposition of the man and the money was essential to the establishment of his claim, and that any false step at this juncture would probably do much to facilitate the escape of Blair and his confederates. At this point the argument, carried on in the shelter of the bar entrance, was suddenly cut short by the simultaneous appearance at the hotel door of Sondheim and Blair—or Beveridge, as the detective still professionally ticketed him. Moale, curiously scrutinizing this one of the pair, saw that, although the morning was warm, he still wore the light-colored mackintosh, and that he was haggard and deadly pale, and he was again inclining to the belief that the scene of the preceding night had actually been the outcome of a debauch, when Sondheim called a cab and got into it with his companion. The detective, forewarned by his past experience, had a cab of his own standing near the bar entrance, and Snedecor followed him into it with such extraordinary agility that they turned the corner not thirty feet behind the other hansom.

To Moale's chagrin Sondheim's man turned eastward, and the detective's heart sank as he thought of the entanglements of the Strand. The move, however, proved to be merely another of the clever Jew's devious methods. A moment after the leading cab turned into Drury Lane, rattled through it to Oxford Street, and following that thoroughfare westwardly, presently turned to the

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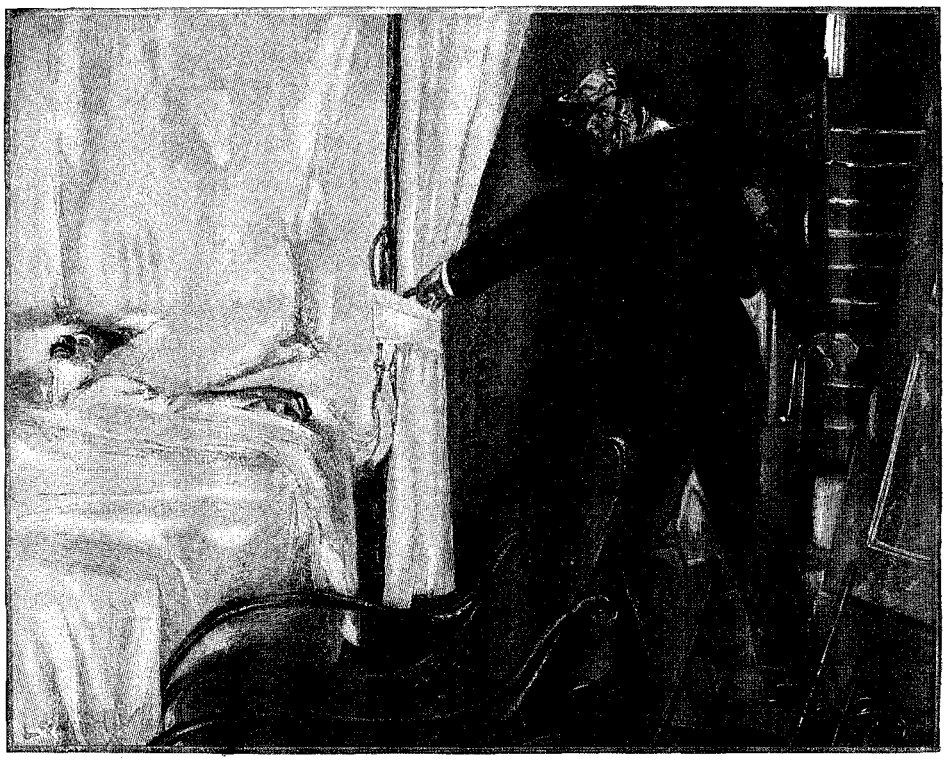
south again and landed its fare in New Bond Street, about two hundred yards from the jeweller's. The supreme moment had evidently arrived, and Moale, cautioning the excited American to keep himself well in hand, followed the two men to the shop.

Moale's plan, evolved during the few moments of this final pursuit, was to leave Snedecor outside until the very moment of exposure, so that no possible chance of his recognition by Beveridge might hamper the full development of whatever scheme of fraud might be in train. He was as much in the dark as ever as to what the Syndicate was after, beyond the profound conviction that the game as originally planned was not to end with a perfectly legitimate purchase of precious stones; and he was correspondingly curious to see what Sondheim and his confederate would do when they found themselves balked by the inspector's caution to the firm. It had occurred to him, indeed, that it might be necessary to follow them farther, dropping Snedecor out of hand, and with all this in mind he entered the shop alone, casually noticing that a couple of men from Scotland Yard were apparently absorbed in looking at the display in the show-window. A quick glance about the interior showed him the inspector standing at the further end of the shop, and near him the two men, already engaged in a vehement discussion with the proprietor already mentioned.

What followed happened so quickly that it seemed to Moale to cover less than a moment of time. Sondheim had taken out the two receipts and was angrily forcing them upon the proprietor, when Beveridge, whose eyes had been roving uneasily about him, suddenly detected a signal exchanged between the proprietor and the inspector. Without an instant's hesitation he made a dash for the door, knocked down one of the men who attempted to intercept him outside, and was half-way across the street when the sharp crack of a pistol-shot rang out upon the air. Beveridge gave a convulsive leap, staggered wildly forward for half a dozen



"It's him. What a damned unholy job!"—Page 778.

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paces or more, and fell forward, face downward, on the pavement. Quick as Moale was to follow, he found Snedecor already standing over the man when he reached him, and knew instinctively what had happened.

"Damn him!" said the American, savagely, as he replaced his smoking revolver in his hip-pocket, "he's given me the slip twice, and that's enough. No man gets away from me three times running, unless he draws first."

The street was already swarming with a crowd that had closed in from every direction, and Moale, taking Snedecor by the arm, had Beveridge, who was still breathing faintly, carried into a chemist's shop close at hand. The inspector, who had turned over Sondheim to one of his men, followed, and the man who had been so unceremoniously felled by Beveridge, took the door and savagely repelled the mob of curious spectators. Beveridge had been laid upon his back on the floor, and the chemist, bending over him, had torn open his shirt at the neck in his search for the wound, when Snedecor, who had been watching him, unmoved, suddenly shook himself free from Moale and stooped over, gazing intently at the uncovered throat.

"Why, damn it all, I've shot the wrong man," he exclaimed, straightening up with an expression of indignant astonishment that, under less appalling circumstances, would have been ludicrous. "Blair had a bullet-hole as big as my thumb through his neck, and this chap hasn't even a scar. Who is the fellow, anyhow?"

"Your inquiry comes somewhat late," said the chemist, quietly, as he rose from his examination. "The man is quite dead."

"Well, you've made a precious mess of it, I'm thinking," exclaimed the inspector, turning wrathfully upon Snedecor. "What in the devil is the meaning of it all! I'm blessed if ever I saw such a tangled-up affair in my life."

Moale stepped excitedly forward. A flash of something like inspiration had suddenly shown him how this final catastrophe threw a baleful light upon more than one dark spot in the road he had been travelling, and the plot, in all its brutality, had begun to shape itself in his mind. "Let me take Mr. Snedecor with me," he said hurriedly to the inspector. "I'll be responsible for him. Let me have him for a couple of hours, and I'll make daylight shine through the whole job."

The inspector glanced at him keenly for a moment, and a half light of intelligence passed over his face. "By George!" he exclaimed, irritably, "I seem to see it too, and yet I don't. But do as you like—only get away at once," and Moale, taking the astonished American once more by the arm, hurriedly left the shop, pushed his way roughly through the crowd outside, and called the first cab he saw.

"Is your horse fresh?" he demanded, peremptorily. "No nonsense, or I'll summons you. This is a matter of life or death."

"Just out, on my word, sir," said the man, earnestly.

"All right," said Moale, shoving Snedecor into the cab and springing in after him. "No. 7, Cheyne Walk—and drive like the devil!"

The man, with that remarkable apprehension of locality which makes the London hansom driver the cleverest man in the world in his vocation, instantly cut for the Mall, swung around past the palace gates, and striking the open stretch of Buckingham Palace Road, drove furiously south.

Moale, rapidly working out the involved scheme of deviltry that had so suddenly dawned upon him, said nothing for the first few minutes of the drive, and the American sat silently at his side, doggedly staring ahead and nervously gnawing at his mustache. It was not until they had turned into Queen's Road and were nearing their destination, that the detective, moved by a sudden impulse, turned and said, peremptorily, "Give me your revolver." Snedecor surrendered his weapon without objection, and resumed his moody stare ahead until they pulled up in Cheyne Walk, when he drew a long breath and said, with remorseful abstraction, "Poor old Blair," and Moale knew that he had at last divined the truth.

The house, hiding within its walls

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a grewsome probability, seemed to be staring blankly out upon the river with inanimate unconcern, while in the morning sunlight an unheeding tide of life swept eastward and westward before its door. Benning, unconscious of the secret that had defied the watch of the night, was loitering in cover on the opposite side of the way, and Moale, but for his premonition, could have discerned nothing sinister in the absolute quiet that seemed to pervade the premises. In this, however, it required no prescience on his part to detect a certain deadly significance, and peremptorily recalling Benning from his cover, he ran up the steps and rang the bell.

Awaiting a response to this summons, Benning reminded him of the absence of the maid, and informed him that the boy employed about the place was also absent on an errand. This left the Baroness, as Moale reflected with a curious thrill, virtually alone in the house, and he rang the bell insistently again and again. At this juncture the boy appeared, running down the street, and promising to admit them without delay, went in through the lower door.

In the interim that followed, Moale and Benning stood on the steps gazing significantly at one another, while Snedecor waited on the walk with his hands in his pockets, staring up at the house. From this point, as he afterward told Moale, he saw the Baroness suddenly appear at an upper window, look down with a startled glance at the group below, and then instantly withdraw. A moment after the door was opened, and the three men entered the house.

The Baroness, clad in a wrapper, stood on the stairs, and surveying the party with every evidence of startled surprise, inquired the meaning of this peremptory visit. Moale, evidently prepared for this, replied that he must see Mr. Beveridge at once on business of imperative importance, and the woman, after gazing at him steadily for a moment, turned and disappeared in the upper hall. A sound of knocking at a door followed, repeated again and again with increasing vehemence, and the Baroness presently reappeared, and with what was apparently a supreme effort at self-control, began an incoherent explanation, when Moale, with a rapid signal to Benning, pushed by her and ran up the stairs with the American at his heels. There was a strong odor of escaping gas in the upper hall, and Moale, without an instant's hesitation, threw his shoulder against the door of the bed-room and burst it in. The air was almost suffocating with the density of the vapor, and the detective, dashing through the darkened room and overturning several chairs in the obscurity, threw open both windows. He leaned out for a moment to inhale the air, and turning back, shut off the open cock of the burner, and then saw that Snedecor was standing by the bed. With a sudden shrinking from what he now knew was to come, Moale paused and mechanically replaced upon one of the overturned chairs a pile of what he recognized as Beveridge's clothing, and then pulling himself together, stepped to Snedecor's side. The American, who was bending over the inanimate figure lying on the bed, suddenly drew himself up with a colorless face, and pointing to a terrible scar in the neck of the dead man, said, in a broken voice, "It's him. What a damned unholy job!"

. . . . . .

True to anticipation, Sondheim weakened at once and told the story. Beveridge was an Australian gambler who had been broken at Homburg, and his extraordinary resemblance to Blair, afterward accidentally met in Paris, had suggested to the fertile mind of the Baroness the utilization of the likeness. The American was found to have a large sum in ready money, but all attempts to bring this into available play had failed, until his cupidity had been finally aroused by a pretended scheme to purchase a lot of jewels, and resell them at an exorbitant advance to the Baron, that accomplished man contributing a masterly character sketch of a buyer for a Russian countess, with an ostensible willingness to further the transaction and share the profits. The scheme required time and extraordinary patience, involving a prolonged residence in Cheyne Walk for the purpose of exploiting Beveridge and his

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pretended wife, and actually having in view the audacious idea of having the Baroness remain there, as the bereaved widow, for a sufficiently impressive period after Blair's apparently accidental death. Every detail had been worked out with a sort of infernal craft, even down to the device of having a suit of Beveridge's clothes left on the chair at the bedside, Sondheim, with characteristic prudence, having undertaken the conveyance of the unfortunate American's apparel to the Tavistock, so as to leave to the Baroness the grewsome duty of extinguishing and then turning on the gas. Curiously enough, the comparatively commonplace device of drugging Blair, during the pretended conference at the Baron's apartment, indirectly brought about the wreck of the entire scheme. It was the scrap of paper, given by Sondheim to Blair as a passport to the ostensible lodging-house, and accidentally pulled from Blair's pocket while in his helpless condition, which eventually put Moale directly on the trail.

It may be added, as an anti-climax, that when the surviving members of the Syndicate had been securely bagged, Moale turned to the inspector, with a broad smile of relief, and remarked, "I'll trouble you for that five-pound note."

SING AGAIN

By M. L. van Vorst

You sang me a song,
'Twas the close of the year,
Sing again!
I cannot remember the name
Or the words,
'Tis the same
We listen to hear
When the windows are open in spring,
And the air's full of birds;
One calls from the branch some sweet thing,
And one sings on the wing
The refrain.

You sang me a song,
My heart thrilled to hear.
The refrain
Has run like a filet of gold
Through the woof
Of the cold
Dark days of a year.
To-night there's a year at its start,
All the birds are aloof,
Your eyes hold the sun for my part,
And the Spring's in your heart,
Sing again!

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THE HEROISM OF LANDERS

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

I

"HOW you feelin', son?"

"Thirsty, dad."

The answer came without a particle of expression in a weary little voice.

"But doc says ye mustn't drink often, son," answered the man, gently. "I dastn't let ye drink yet. Now shet your eyes an' see if ye can't ketch a little nap."

The man who was bending over the bed laid his hand gently on the sick child's forehead. The child did not move or reply. Its face was worn and shrunken to its little bones; its great blue eyes protruded in a way that made one feel that sleep never visited them, and that, nevertheless, they saw nothing.

"Well, Jim," had said a friend, cheeringly, who had come up to see how Landers's child was getting along, and whose attention was at once fixed by those eyes, "I guess 'tain't so bad. They ain't a tear 'ithin five feet of him."

"No, nur a smile either," Landers had answered, hopelessly.

And now Landers sat down and gazed on the apathetic face, as he had been wont to do of late, with mournful fascination.

"Yes, it's bad, bad," he murmured. "He's goin' the same way his pore ma did, the very same way."

To be sure, the doctor had not given up hope, which was kind of him, as he never expected to be paid for his services. Not that there was a more honest man in the town than Landers. But the mill had been closed now for two months on account of hard times, and there was no present prospect of its being reopened. Most of Landers's savings had gone to meet the expenses caused by his wife's illness. She, too, had had typhoid fever; she had died two weeks before, and had been buried with little ostentation. Landers was an undemonstrative, earnest sort of a man, and, moreover, had the serious condition of his only child to think about. He was obliged, perhaps, to neglect the dead for the living.

For the last week he and the child had been subsisting on credit, which, Landers could not help feeling, was only another name for charity. The child had been failing under the *régime* of economy which Landers tried to introduce. And the doctor now said that it could pull through only if it had good nursing and the proper things to eat. The proper things to eat! Landers inquired what they were, and his heart sank as the delicacies were named over. Once more he went through that unproductive, harsh reasoning to which he had hardened himself. All the money came from the mill; now that the mill was closed people must soon begin to buy altogether on credit, but the stores could not go on indefinitely selling on credit. The end was near.

With this ruthless fact confronting him, he had gone out, day after day, in search of work, while, in the meantime, a neighbor, Mrs. Lennan, watched over the child. Each day his search had been equally vain; he knew beforehand that it would be. Men were standing idle on the corners and growing riotous through lack of food and work. Yet on this afternoon, when Mrs. Lennan came up to sit with the child, he went out as usual.

He made his ordinary unsuccessful round. As he was passing a group of idlers, who were sitting in front of the grocery, one of the men, who had a newspaper, called out to him.

"I'd like to git into somethin' like this, wouldn't you, Landers?" said the man. Landers took the newspaper and read, in a half-hearted way, how somebody somewhere with a little trouble, though without risk, had saved a railroad train from being wrecked, and had received on the spot a purse of over a hundred dollars.

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Landers sat down and gazed on the apathetic face.—Page 780.

"No train ever come near bein' wrecked roun' here," said the man, complainingly. "Queer how some fellers git all the luck."

"Luck ain't fur me," said Landers, quietly. "The only way I could ever git anything was by work. I can't git nothin' there now."

He walked away when the men began to discuss the advantages of socialism. He knew that they meant nothing practical, and that they were merely amusing themselves. He could not amuse himself; his whole mind was constantly with his child. As he walked home, looking idly down at the puffs of dust that shot out from beneath his feet, he felt utterly discouraged.

"I guess we both of us might's well jus' lay on our backs till our noses is covered," he said, despairingly.

Then, suddenly, when he reached the foot of the stairway that led up between two walls to the sick-room, he smote his thigh, and exclaimed:

"I won't give up. I'm a-goin' up to argue this thing out with God."

And argue it out with God he did. He waited till those weary, doleful, blue eyes had for a few moments forgotten themselves and fallen asleep. Then he rose from his seat by the bed and tiptoed to the window to collect and arrange his thoughts. Down below was Mrs. Lennan's garden, filled with rich purple larkspurs and sweet-williams and verbenas. A small pear-tree stood beside the garden and threw its shadow across half of it. And then in front of the pear-tree and the garden ran a clean yellow picket fence, which Landers had helped Lennan to build several years before. These small familiar sights Landers took in unconsciously as he stood at the window. Somehow, he found his mind running away from the argument back to the day when he had helped build the fence. It had been a pleasant, cool, summer evening, he remembered, and his wife had come out to sit on the

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front "stoop" with the baby and look on. Then Mrs. Lennan had gone over to sit with her, and there they both had sat while the hammers rang merrily on the nail-heads. And after the fence had been built, they had all gone down to the river for a row, and——

Landers stopped remembering. He turned from the window, and walking solemnly to the centre of the room, looked up and said, in a business-like voice:

"God, what am I to do? You know, God, that if they was *any* work, the humbles' or meanes' or mos' dang'rous, at *any* wages, I'd be willin' an' glad to do it. But, God, I've been through this whole town day in an' day out fur a week, an' there ain't any work; there won't be any till the mill starts. People ain't able to give a body work; they're all in the same fix as me, only mebbe not so bad. An' you know, God, I can't leave the chil' to go an' hunt a job in some other town. If you've made up your mind, God, that it's right an' ness'ry the chil' should die—w'y, I know we've all got to die, an' lonely as I'll be, I'll try to comfort myself thinkin' his ma couldn't git 'long 'ithout her little son. Only don't you think, God, you'd ought to give him a fair show? It don't seem fair to me to starve him to death. It don't seem to me his ma, no matter how much she longed fur him, 'd want that. Now, God, I know you kin tell, I know you kin inspire it in my heart, an' I ask you, jus' as if I was a little brother askin' his big brother, or a son askin' his father, 'God, what am I to do?'"

II

"You're not hurt, are you?" asked the conductor, excitedly.

He was kneeling beside a man who lay prostrate in the ditch below the track. A group of passengers had collected round him; others were descending from the steps of the train, and others were running up along the ditch. Brakemen with their lanterns were hurrying this way and that. The man lying in the ditch moved.

"No," he said, faintly, "I guess I ain't hurt. The log kind o' fell on me, but there ain't no bones broke, I guess."

The conductor and two others half lifted him to his feet. He leaned against the embankment for a moment; then he suddenly started up.

"Did you ketch them?" he cried, anxiously.

"Who?" asked the conductor.

"The robbers—wreckers. They were down in them bushes."

He pointed. The brakemen made an enthusiastic and energetic dash for the bushes, swinging their lanterns violently, but they soon returned, bringing only their lanterns.

"How do you know they were there?" asked somebody.

"They fired on me," answered Landers, for it was he. "When I begun tryin' to pull that log off the track, bang, bang, went a couple of guns from them bushes. It kin' o' made me jump an' hesitate. Then I heard the train a-rushin' behin' that curve, an' thinks I, 'My God, I can't stan' here an' see this,' so I ups with the log again, an' again off went them guns. I seemed to feel bullets whistlin' through my hair an' on both sides o' me. But I hung on an' heaved away at the log. It was that heavy, seemed 's if I could git it jus' so high an' no more, an' that train come rushin' nearer an' nearer. An' once again bang went the guns. I guess they wasn't much on shootin', though I did think I felt my hat kind o' givin' way."

"You weren't mistaken," said one of the bystanders, taking off Landers's hat. "Two bullet-holes." He held up the hat and pointed at the crown.

"Well, I gave one more heave, an' I tell ye I never till that moment knowed the stren'th 'at was in me. I got the end o' the log up on my shoulder that time, an' jus' then the head-light o' the engine come flashin' roun' the curve. I took one long breath, an' then with all my might I took one step an' threw that log from me. An' then I jumped to follow it, but I caught my foot an' went tumblin' an' rollin' down the bank. Then I heard the train go hissin' an whistlin' an' clangin' bells an' lettin' off steam up above. That's all there is to it, I guess."

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The people could see that Landers's voice was striving hard to be modest. They mentioned it to each other afterward when they got on the train. The men struggled round him to shake hands. The engineer lifted up his voice.

"I seen him fall. Caught his foot in the rail an' went head over heels. He got that log out o' the way just in the nick o' time. A little more an' we'd all be grindin' to mince-meat in the bottom of the culvert just ahead. The skunks chose their groun', they did."

A little stout man, who had been bobbing impatiently on the outskirts of the crowd during Landers's story and the engineer's epilogue, now shouted,

"Boys, a man who risks his life to save ours that way deserves something, I say. I'm going to start the hat with a ten-dollar bill. Pass her round."

"I take the liberty of thinking I'm more valuable," said the man who took the hat, with an attempt at jocularity. He was a florid gentleman, naturally, but he was still pale, and his hands still trembled as he dropped in fifteen dollars.

Landers tried to protest.

"I did nothin'," he said; "nothin' anybody else wouldn't ha' done."

As he walked home looking idly down.—Page 781.

But they would not listen to him. The hat went round. When each person outside had testified his gratitude, somebody carried the hat into one of the cars and went through the train with it. Meanwhile, Landers was besieged with questions as to his name, home, age, business, and so on.

Finally the man who had been passing the hat returned and delivered it to the owner. Being in this way made the spokesman, the stout gentleman advanced to Landers.

"Hold your hat, Mr. Landers," he said, "and stop up the bullet-holes with your fingers, so that the dimes, if there are any, won't roll out. There oughtn't to be any dimes. I don't know how much there is here, but whatever it is, it isn't enough. God bless you, my friend."

He poured the money into the hat that Landers held sheepishly.

"If you ever get into trouble and want help, come to me," said the stout gentleman, handing him his card.

"And me," said several others, producing their cards.

"Thank ye," said Landers, and made as if to go on, but his voice choked, and he turned his head away.

"And now, boys," cried the stout gentleman, with enthusiasm, "three times three for Landers! One, two, three!"

The cheers were given with a will, and the stout gentleman was left panting and searching for his handkerchief. When he found it, he wiped his eyes. Then he pressed Landers's hand.

"Good-by," he said. "God sends such men as you."

They all mounted into their cars. The whistle blew, the bell clanged, and the train moved away. Landers was left alone in the darkness with the money.

III

It was a cold afternoon late in November. The court-room at Alinda was a boon to the idle and the talkative on such days, for at the back end of it was a great stove, round which people could congregate and gossip, undisturbed. Furthermore, one did not feel obliged to leave one's seat to seek the spittoon

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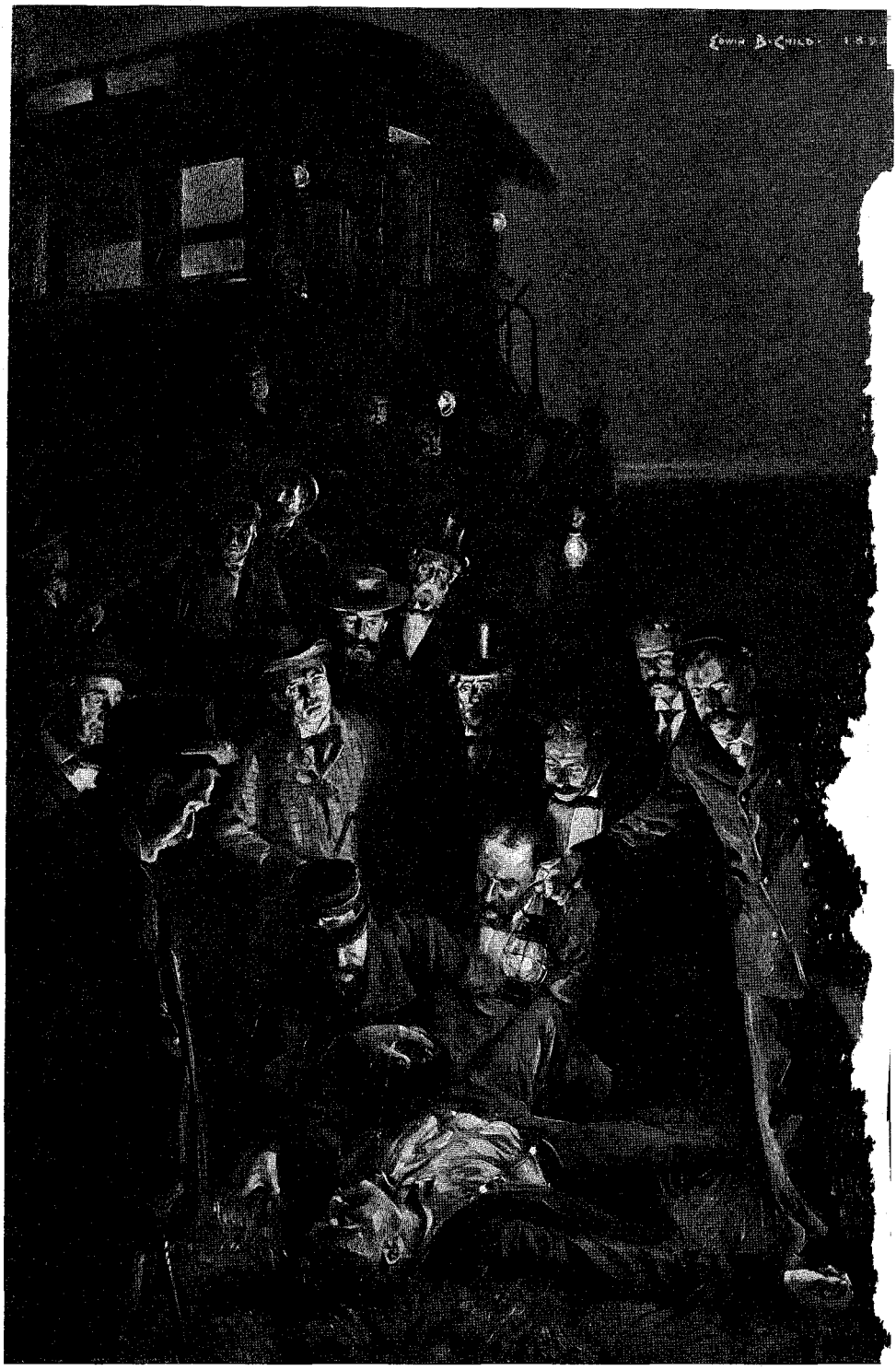

"You're not hurt, are you?" asked the conductor, excitedly.—Page 782.

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in a far corner of the room when the tobacco-juice in one's mouth attained a degree of superfluity incongruous with comfortable or cleanly chewing; the floor of the Alinda court-room having been consecrated from time immemorial the divine right of the American citi—the right of spitting what, where, when he pleases. The floor of the rt-room was now a mottled brown, people said that if it lasted long ough it would look as if it had been nted.

On this afternoon a case was being d in the court-room, but that made difference to the company round the ve, and the company round the stove d not interfere with the case. It was ery stupid, tedious, and unimportant e, and even the judge was bored. w and then, when the conversation nd the stove became too loud, or en somebody laughed forgetfully and isterously, the judge would frown and in a loud voice, "Order, order!" en the conversation would subside in, and the judge would settle back his seat, and try to become inter- in the will of Hiram Jones. The lawyers pecked at the witnesses rangled with each other, and got " and gesticulated as country ys of small and infrequent prac- will do on the most trivial occa- s. But nobody in the jolly group nd the stove minded them.

ward the end of the afternoon the opened, and a man in an old slouch ragged brown overcoat, and muddy e-boots entered, leading a little boy the hand. The little boy was pale sickly looking; round his neck wound several folds of red woollen orter; his shoes seemed much too e, especially round the tops, and ked as if they wobbled on his feet. e man wore an uneasy look as he moved his hat and cast his eyes hesi- ingly down the room. The group by e stove ceased their hum for a mo- nt and watched him. He was a anger to all of them, and was, there- ore, a stranger in the town. Strangers re always of interest to country loafers, nd the preoccupied, troubled air with hich this one, leading the little child, alked down the aisle till he came to a vacant seat, fascinated the students of character by the stove. The man sat quietly, however, and most people soon forgot about him. A few wondered from time to time what he had come for, as he apparently took no interest in the case or in anything but the little child.

"Free heat, I reckon," suggested one sagacious person, and the suggestion was accepted.

Now and then the man drew the child closer and laid his sandy mustache and beard against its cheek. The rest of the time he sat, looking downward, holding one of the child's hands in one of his, and stroking it occasionally.

Suddenly papers began to rustle and crackle round the judge's desk, and there was a slight bustle. Then the judge cried, in a loud voice,

"Court is adjourned. Officer, clear the court-room!"

The stranger sprang to his feet, still holding the child by the hand.

"Jedge," he cried, in a loud, clear voice, "Jus' wait one minute, please!"

The judge, having been sufficiently bored that afternoon, was ready for anything that promised excitement. He motioned for everybody to be still and nodded to the man.

"I don't know," began the man slowly, "whether any o' you folks heard about the savin' of a train near Belwood, this county, some four months ago—July twenty-sixth it was. The account was in all the newspapers an' there was a good many pomes writ about it. It was all how a feller named Jim Landers saved a train f'm bein' wrecked at the resk of his life, him movin' a log train-robbers had put on the track, while they was shootin' at him. He got the log off jus' barely in time.

"'An' he fell, an' the log fell with him, an' they rolled in the ditch below,"

was the way one o' the pomes put it. An' they took up a collection fur this man Landers on the train, an' gave it to him—about two hundred dollars. Now what I come here to-day to say,"—the man paused a moment and clasped the child's hand tightly and looked gravely at one particular stain on the floor—"what I come here to-day to say

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is that I'm Jim Landers, that I put that log on the track, that I fired them bullet-holes in my hat, that I took that log off an' told them damnable lies—all fur the sake of gittin' a reward."

He paused, still looking at the stain. There was a dead silence. Then the child, understanding only that its father had done something wrong, and frightened lest something might happen to him, burst into tears. Landers stooped over, and lifting the boy in his arms held him against his breast. Then he drew out his big red handkerchief and wiped the child's eyes gently.

"There, there, son, don't cry," he said, soothingly. "They won't hurt *you*, son. There, there, daddy's got him; don't cry."

The child convulsively hushed his sobs. The crowd meanwhile were silent, feeling instinctively that there was more to come.

"That's the story," said Landers, looking up bravely. Somehow the weight of his boy in his arms seemed to give him strength. "If you don't mind list'ning, Jedge, I'll tell you how it happened. At that time my little boy was sick with the typhoid—ye kin see how light the little tyke is yet. His ma had died o' the typhoid jus' before, an' I seemed to see him, my only little chil', goin' the same way. I was out o' work—mills shet down—an' the money was all gone, an' the doctor said all that 'd pull him through 'd be the dainties' kin' o' food, an' the carefulles' nursin'. But try as I would, Jedge, I couldn't git work, an' day after day I saw the boy jus' peakin' away 'fore my eyes. An' when I was jus' desp'rate, I read how somebody 'd got a big reward by savin' a train. I didn't think of it at the time, but I went home that day, jus' ready to give in, an' I ast God to put it in my mind what I was to do. An' as I stood there askin', firs' that story come back into my mind, an' then followin' it, an' ye might say crowdin' it, it come so clost, the way I was to use it. I didn't stop to think, Jedge, whether it was God or the devil that put that notion there. I jus' sat down to plan an' reason it all out, jus' as if 'twas the mos' righteous thing I could do. I saw I'd have to git in some resk to myself or people mightn't think I'd done anything to be rewarded. An' I didn't jus' feel like reskin' to wait movin' the log till the last minute, which would be too oncertain's well as dang'rous. An' so, gradual like, the plan o' havin' robbers fire on me worked itself out. Jedge, I don't b'lieve I ever was so happy in my life as I was when I'd got that plan all fixed up nice. I can't understand it now, Jedge, but, honest, the right an' the wrong of it never wunst entered my head, an' I jus' kep' sayin' to myself, 'Ain't that cute!' an' then lookin' over to my little boy an' kind o' murmurin', 'You'll be all right now, son.' An' then I made out the story jus' as I'd tell it to the train folks, an' learned it pat, an' then at night I went an' did the thing It wasn't till I begun tellin' them th lie an' they begun praisin' me up, th I felt I'd done a mean, an' a low, an' wicked thing. Then I almos' bro down, but I remembered the boy. got the money, an' the child lived. I I'd ruther I'd died! I saw my na published in the newspapers as a he an' I read pomes in the papers ab me, an' I was serenaded by the ne bors when the boy got well enough I was always pointed out to any stra that happened along as a hero. the worst of all was about two after the thing when I got a gold i from the man that started takin' up collection fur me. It was all engra about my heroic deed an' so on. T was times when I wonder I didn't s myself. An' there was other times w I ackully fur the moment felt as if done all everybody thought I'd d An' at last I made up my mind th couldn't stand it no longer. I wro the people that had given me m that night an' had left me their dresses, returnin' what they'd given as near as I could remember, an' tel 'em I was goin' to confess, an' if t wanted to prosecute me to be here t day. I don't care what you do to Jedge; nothin' ye kin do'll be as as what I've gone through. Only, Jed whatever ye do, please see that the bo looked after. His life *was* saved any how."

Landers, still holding his boy in his arms, looked straight at the judge. A

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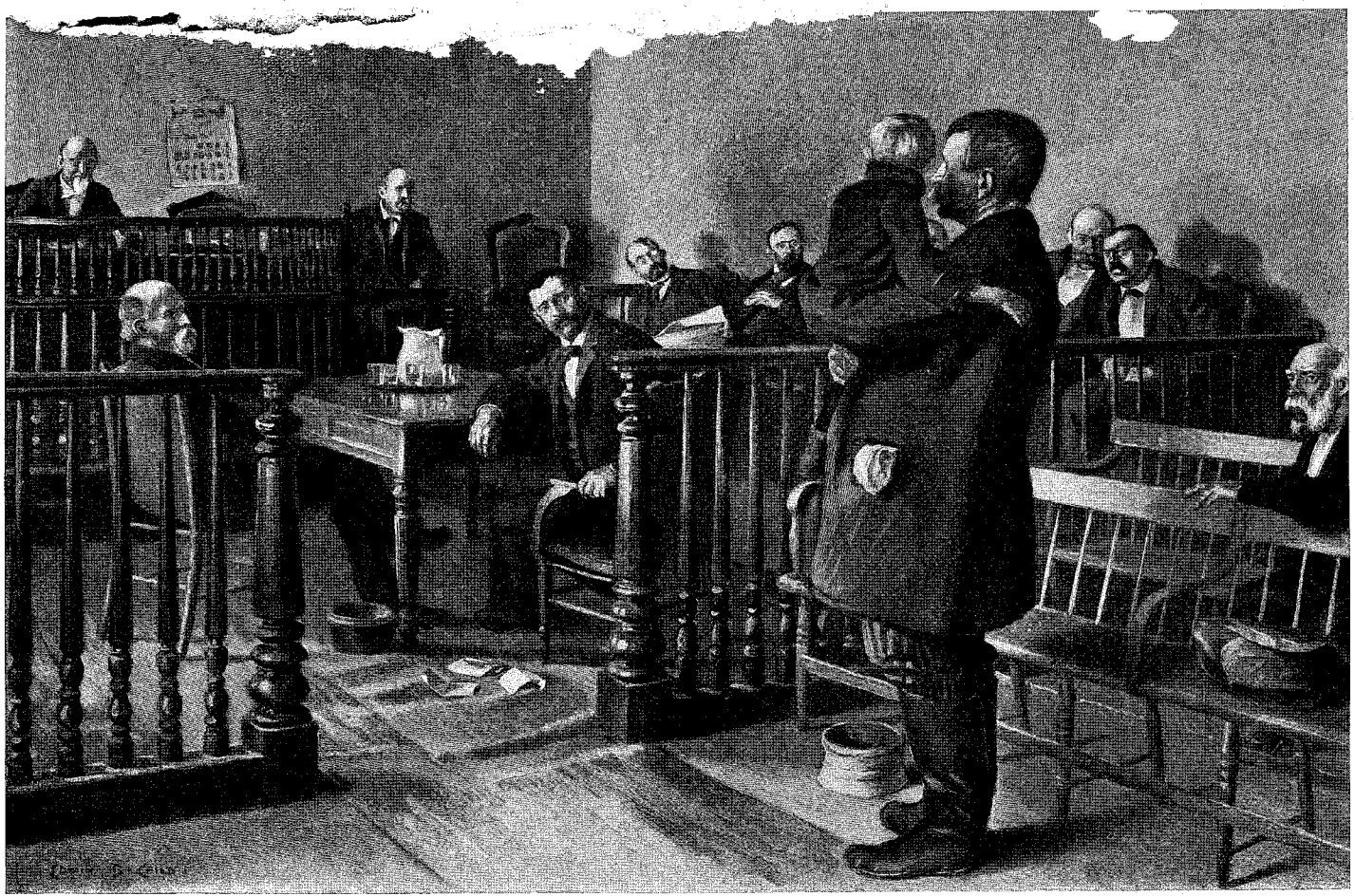

Landers, still holding his boy in his arms, looked straight at the judge.—Page 786.

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murmur rose in the audience, a murmur of applause. It swelled into cheering, clapping, and stamping, and it was long before the judge could quell it. Landers stood through it all immovable, waiting for his sentence. But when everything was still, the judge, with a queer twinkle in his eyes, and a huskiness in his voice, said,

"I think it was through lack of opportunity that you weren't really a hero, Mr. Landers."

Then the crowd, which had been waiting in impatient dread, burst into another mighty shout of applause. Landers, white and quivering, sank back into his seat. But again the judge stilled the tumult, and spoke, and this time his voice was official:

"Does anyone appear against this man?"

There was no response. The moments seemed like hours.

"The case is dismissed."

HAPPINESS

By Elizabeth C. Cardozo

I did not dream, I could not know,
That life contained such bliss,
That from a tiny germ could grow
Such happiness as this.

At last I read the lesson taught
In Joy's mysterious eyes
As in some sweet wild creature's, caught
And brought me as a prize.

And this is life—that irksome gift
I longed to put away—
This headlong force that strong and swift
Throbs in my veins to-day!

There is a host of secret signs
And symphonies half sung,
As if I read between the lines
In some forgotten tongue.

And through it all a meaning runs
I surely used to know;
I must have lived and felt it once
Long centuries ago.

A sweet new message lurks between
The pulsing waves of light;
Dear God, till now I have not seen
Thy lovely world aright.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

WE are beginning to feel richer. Already our circumstances are much easier than they were: mills that were closed are running again; wages that were cut down in the hard times have moved up to their former level; the bugbear of free silver has been chased nearly out of sight, and the hope of effectual treatment of the thing disease that has affected the reserve is vivid enough to allay anxiety. As a nation we are making money and however straightened the circumstances of individuals may have been during the year, as a nation we have been prosperous and have had money to spare.

We are much more comfortable in the mind when matters tend that way. Folks have better spirits; the newspapers give cheerfuller reading. We all look forward sympathetically with those whose coal is in the fire and who see a profit in the heating of them. We have not yet forgotten the economies we learned two years ago, and if we have enlarged our expenditure a little we have done it cautiously and within prudent limitations. We know a good deal about thrift now, and the taste we acquired for it with so much pain and difficulty has not all worn off yet, for indeed, we have not quite done with it. If we have not quite become rich again, we hope to become so; and reviving hope in our fortunes has almost as good an effect on our spirits as though we had the fortunes in hand. Christmas is not so hard to meet this year. It is a pity that material conditions should affect our attitude toward it, but they do. If we can express our affection and goodwill through the medium of tolerably substantial tokens, we like it better that way. No doubt that is partly because it saves us trouble, for it is easier to buy things and give them than to devise other means of expressing ourselves. But it is also because money and money values have come to be a convenient measure for very many things, and in some degree for good-will among the rest. Let us not repine that we are not so rich in spiritual gifts as to be able to do without material manifestations altogether, but, buying what we may, let us scatter our material offerings according to the dictates of our hearts and the length of our pockets.

There was once a person who confessed to a constitutional disposition to save in his Christmas expenditures at the expense of those who were the nearest to him, and for whom his regard was the most natural and obvious. The ordinary way for people who can contrive a reasonably bountiful Christmas disbursement seems to be to give the most expensive gifts to their nearest relations or their dearest friends, and to express sentiments of less intensity with gifts of less importance. But this person of peculiar views declared that as he never had anything like enough money to spare at Christmas-time, it seemed to him a waste of funds to make expensive presents to people toward whom his goodwill was so notorious that they could not need to be reminded of it. He spent his money without compunction on servants and children and people poorer than himself, who had a claim on him, feeling that gifts to them were necessaries which it would be painful to him to go without.

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But though he did always make as fine a present to his wife as he could bring himself to buy, he used to complain about it—the poor creature!—as an expenditure that left him just where he was before; since nothing that he could give his wife could make her think any differently of him or persuade her of any new-grown fervor in his sentiments toward her. He declared that it was just like giving a present to himself, and that he did not get his due share of satisfaction out of it; but he realized that his wife did not exactly echo his views about it, so that when it came to the point he always gave her a Ben Adhem gift that led all the rest.

The practical part of this person's example is commended for imitation rather than the theoretical end of it. No husband who neglects to pay a proper Christmas tribute to his wife need point to anything in these pages for his justification. But it is recommended not to suffer Christmas to degenerate too far into a mere swapping of merchandize among relatives. It is well to get some new life into it every year; to avoid too cut-and-dried an exchange of expected presents, and to rejoice the hearts, or at least the self-esteem, of some persons who did not know until your gifts came to them that you had it in your heart to send them. Such unlooked-for Christmas presents are apt to be the ones that produce the liveliest emotions. They may be the merest trifles, but the news of a continuing affection which they bring is all the more gratifying, and all the more proper for Christmas because it is news.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, in a current article, calls attention to the fact that people are not reading George Eliot as much as they once did. He thinks this is because of a reaction from the perhaps exaggerated fame that she enjoyed during life; but however that may be the fact is unmistakable, and it is to be regretted. George Eliot as a personality was, as someone said in one of the quarterlies a short time after her death, one of the most remarkable examples in literary history of the fact that force of intellect may exist to an extraordinary degree entirely disassociated from force of character; and fanciful as it may seem, I incline to think that some small part of what Mr. Harrison notices may come from our being too near to her to separate the two phases. But she was a great novelist, of a kind more nearly unique than is generally appreciated; and if there is not a great and permanent revival, ultimately, of interest in her work, the analogies of literary history are misleading.

She stands alone in the extent to which she directed her appeal to the purely intellectual side of the reader, and the peculiar modernness, so to speak, of the methods she employed in making it. Even in the earlier and simpler books—in "Scenes of Clerical Life," "Adam Bede," and "Silas Marner"—where there might at first thought seem to be ground for qualifying such a statement, closer consideration, I think, will show it to be fully true. Of the later books, "Felix Holt," "Middlemarch," "Daniel Deronda," it is, of course, hardly less than a platitude.

In "The Mill on the Floss," which might be cited in opposition by virtue of certain passages, a most complex and subtle psychological situation is established by purely intellectual methods before the emotions are reached at all. Everywhere in all her novels the intellectual conditions precedent are elaborated, fixed beyond a doubt, before the appeal to feeling comes; there are no leaps and bounds, no gaps to be filled by intuition or sympathy; the masterly analysis of the intellectual attitude and point of view of even characters like Hetty and Tessa — to stretch a point to its utmost — is made with no devices of concealment and comparatively little dramatic machinery, before the emotional side which is their attribute is brought out—coming then with the force of a corollary rather than of the main proposition.

And there is always the appeal to a highly sophisticated audience—an audience educated, even if unconsciously, under the methods of modern scientific thought. You can imagine a public of the past enjoying—indeed strongly appealed to by—certain greater modern novelists: Thackeray, Dickens—even Balzac,

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because with all his psychologist's methods he dealt with a world and complications largely of his own creation. But for George Eliot there is none but a latter-half-of-the-nineteenth-century audience; it is not too much to say that no other would know what her later books meant. This very fact increases the probability of a strong revival of interest in her work; we may read her less at the moment, but I question whether the public capable of reading her with full understanding is not greater now than at the time of say "Middlemarch," which, in spite of Mr. Harrison's somewhat extraordinary remarks on its dealing with a set of provincials, has succeeded like perhaps no other book in reproducing a certain sense of intricacy of motive, of different threads pulling different ways, of the pressure of a highly sophisticated civilization, which every year grows more characteristic of life. Lydgate, for example, is probably more typical of the intellectual tragedy of modern life to-day than he was twenty years ago.

In this time of specialization and the invention of divisions on fine lines, I am surprised that no one has called George Eliot a "psychological realist" or "realistic psychologist." She did for that side of her contemporary human beings what the ordinary realistic novelist (if there is one) supposes himself to want to do for their outer life. She applied what her eulogists rightly enough called "an extraordinary knowledge of the human heart" to giving a reproduction, so true as sometimes to be startling, of human thought and motive *of the kind that can be so analyzed* and so set forth. If this sentence sounds like an utterance of Bunsby, and any reader thinks it a meaningless limitation, let him imagine her creating Colonel Newcome, or Becky Sharp, or Lord Kew, or George Warrington (to go to only one writer for characters), and he will understand why I write it. Within that limitation she worked with a positive mastery — such a mastery that it is impossible to turn back to even her most familiar book without increasing wonder at it; and I cannot think either that she has been overpraised by her own generation or will be among the neglected authors of the next.

CIVILIZATION is so apt to put its head down and rush ahead with its eyes shut that it does it good to have someone rap it smartly on the nose now and then, and tell it to look up and take notice what it is about and whither bound. It gets many such raps, and takes such momentary notices, some of which it swiftly concludes to be false alarms and downs its head again and butts along as before. But occasionally somebody's "Whoa!" is effectual, and the "Gee!" or "Haw!" that follows has a perceptible influence in changing the direction of the monster's course.

Somewhat in the nature of such an admonition was the paper lately read by Professor Flinders Petrie before the British Association, in which he warned the wise men of Great Britain that civilization was a progressive growth which must develop naturally, and that the results of one sort of civilization cannot often be grafted with impunity upon the stem of another. Professor Petrie says that it is not possible, for example, to make Englishmen out of Egyptians by teaching them to read and write and cipher. The general impression in England and America is that reading, writing, and arithmetic are elements of civilization, and that the introduction of them is a sure precursor of increased intelligence and power. That may be true here and in England (though it is not undisputed), but it seems that it is not generally true in Egypt. Dr. Petrie, who is an accomplished Egyptologist, declares that in every instance that has come to his notice, the Egyptian who has had reading and writing thrust upon him has acquired them at the cost of health and intelligence, and has turned out to be half-witted and incapable of taking care of himself. Teaching of that sort does not develop the ordinary Egyptian, but stunts and eventually kills him. Dr. Petrie declares that the civilization of Europe is a curse to peoples who have not the stuff in them to endure it, and who have not been educated up to it by centuries of training. "No change," he says, "is legitimate or beneficial to the real character of a people except what flows from conviction and the natural growth of the mind. To the feebler races our

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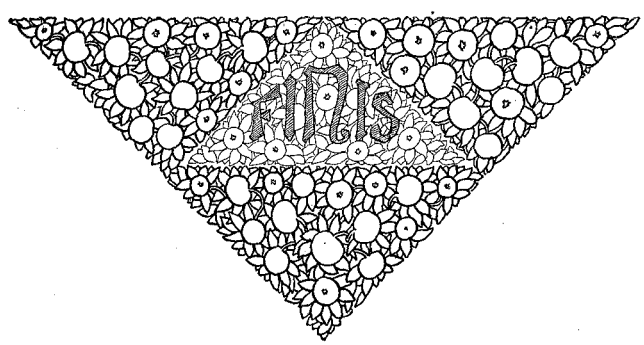
civilization, developed in a cold country, amid one of the hardest, least sympathetic, and most self-denying and calculating peoples in all the world, is death; we make a dead-house and call it civilization. Scarcely a single race can bear the contact and the burden. And then we talk complacently about the mysterious decay of savages before white men." What Professor Petrie would have of his countrymen is that they shall stop trying to force the European system of civilization on peoples which have not had a European development, and try instead to aid the development of such peoples on the lines of such progress as they have made already. He would check the intellectual forcing process which is death to them, and give them something which may lead to fuller life. What his deliverance will be worth when the critics and reviewers get through with it we shall presently see. It seems to be aimed at missionaries as much as at any one else, and no suggestion of an imperfection in missionary methods is likely to get off either in England or America without thorough discussion. But whatever injustice it may do to discreet individuals, it seems a deliverance with sense in it, not too novel to be appreciated, but an authoritative expression of ideas that most of us of this generation have turned over in our own minds. Our civilization often seems too hard, not only for peoples who have not had our training, but for a good many of us who were born and brought up to it. The stoutest of us are glad to take to the woods from time to time and renew our strength. We know the strain of our own system; we recognize its inconsistencies and hypocrisies as well as its great power and the amazing results of its activity, but we know that it is mighty hard work and abounds over-much in "hustling." Our way seems the way to succeed, but we are not so infatuated with its advantages as not sometimes to suspect that there are other and less strenuous ways, whereby people who do not get on so fast as we may have more fun on the road. Our way is ours and must continue to be ours, for no other would satisfy us; but as for all those other and perhaps lazier peoples, ah, good missionaries who go out to help them, be easy with them, and pray do not try to make them too much like us. Get our standards somewhat out of your heads for the time! Try to distinguish between what is truly Christian and what is merely European or American! Instead of endeavoring to make the poor heathen precisely like us, will you not rather steer them toward the likeness of what we should be if we were a good deal more like them? If they can learn our virtues, such as they are, and a little of our knowledge, and escape the responsibilities that come of having our power and our complicated consciences, what comfortable and pleasant folks they may become, and what a refreshment it will be for us to go and dwell with them awhile from time to time when we are tired.



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